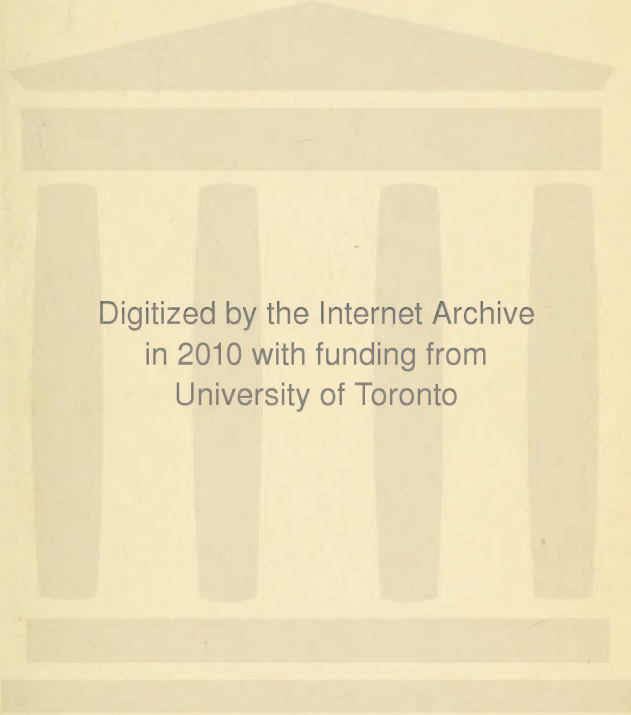


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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A HISTORY

IN THREE PARTS

- I. THE BASTILLE; II. THE CONSTITUTION;
- III. THE GUILLOTINE

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

A NEW EDITION,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND APPENDICES

BY C. R. L. FLETCHER, M.A.

FELLOW AND TUTOR OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II

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METHUEN & CO.

36 ESSEX STREET W.C.

LONDON

1902

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FRENCH REVOLUTION

A HISTORY

IN THREE VOLUMES
I. THE REVOLUTION IN THE CONSTITUTION
II. THE REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCH

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BOOK II

NANCI

CHAPTER I

BOUILLÉ

DIMLY visible, at Metz on the North-Eastern frontier, a certain brave Bouillé,¹ last refuge of Royalty in all straits and meditations of flight, has for many months hovered occasionally in our eye ; some name or shadow of a brave Bouillé : let us now, for a little, look fixedly at him, till he become a substance and person for us. The man himself is worth a glance ; his position and procedure there, in these days, will throw light on many things.

For it is with Bouillé as with all French Commanding Officers ; only in a more emphatic degree. The grand National Federation, we already guess, was but empty sound, or worse : a last loudest universal *Hep-hep-hurrah*, with full bumpers, in that National Lapithæ-feast of Constitution-making ; as in loud denial of the

¹[Bouillé's own Mémoires were first printed in London in 1797 in English, and in 1801 in Paris in French. They are, with the exception of Malouet's, about the soundest and fairest among the writings of those who played any leading part in the Revolution. Bouillé had served as Governor of Guadeloupe with great distinction in the American war—to him in fact more than to any one the safety of the French West Indies was then due. He was 50 years of age when he had to face the complete disorganisation of the French Army caused by the Revolution. His own opinions were entirely those of Malouet and the Constitutional Royalists. When after the failure of the Varennes episode he had to fly for his life, he met with scant courtesy from the *Émigrés*, and would have met with none but for his great military talents. He died in England 1800, and his name is now chiefly remembered because a verse of the *Marseillaise* has handed it down to most unmerited obloquy.]

palpably existing ; as if, with hurrahings, you would shut out notice of the inevitable, already knocking at the gates ! Which new National bumper, one may say, can but deepen the drunkenness ; and so, the *louder* it swears Brotherhood, will the sooner and the more surely lead to Cannibalism. Ah, under that fraternal shine and clangour, what a deep world of irreconcilable discords lie momentarily assuaged, damped down for one moment ! Respectable military Federates have barely got home to their quarters ; and the inflammablest, ‘dying, burnt up with liquors, and kindness,’ has not yet got extinct ; the shine is hardly out of men’s eyes, and still blazes filling all men’s memories,—when your discords burst forth again very considerably darker than ever. Let us look at Bouillé, and see how.

Bouillé for the present commands in the Garrison of Metz, and far and wide over the East and North ; being indeed, by a late act of Government with sanction of National Assembly, appointed one of our Four supreme Generals. Rochambeau¹ and Mailly,² men and Marshals of note in these days, though to us of small moment, are two of his colleagues ; tough old babbling Lückner,³ also of small moment for us, will probably be the third. Marquis de Bouillé is a determined Loyalist ; not indeed disinclined to moderate reform, but resolute against immoderate. A man long suspect to Patriotism ; who has more than once given the august Assembly trouble ; who would not, for example, take the National Oath, as he was bound to do, but always put it off on this or the other pretext, till an autograph of Majesty requested him to do it as a favour. There, in this post, if not of honour yet of eminence and danger, he waits, in a silent concentrated manner ; very dubious of the future. ‘Alone,’ as he says, or almost alone, of all the old military Notabilities, he has not emigrated ; but thinks always, in

¹[Rochambeau, *vid.* note *supr.*, i. 57.]

²[Augustin de Mailly, Marquis d’Haucourt, was made a Marshal of France 1783, guillotined (aged 86) in March ’94. He played a leading part in the defence of the Tuileries on Aug. 10th ’92, at the age of 84.]

³[The Baron de Luckner, a Bavarian soldier of fortune, served in the Seven Years’ War, became Lieut.-Gen. in the French Army 1763, Marshal of France Dec. ’91, was successively in Command of the Army of Alsace and of the North, and was suspended by Dumouriez in the end of ’92, guillotined in Jan. ’94, aged 72.]

atrabiliar moments, that there will be nothing for him too but to cross the marches. He might cross, say, to Treves or Coblenz where Exiled Princes will be one day ranking ; or say, over into Luxemburg where old Broglie loiters and languishes. Or is there not the great dim Deep of European Diplomacy ; where your Calonnes, your Breteuils are beginning to hover, dimly discernible ?

With immeasurable confused outlooks and purposes, with no clear purpose but this of still trying to do his Majesty a service, Bouillé waits ; struggling what he can to keep his district loyal, his troops faithful, his garrisons furnished. He maintains, as yet, with his Cousin Lafayette some thin diplomatic correspondence, by letter and messenger ; chivalrous constitutional professions on the one side, military gravity and brevity on the other ; which thin correspondence one can see growing ever the thinner and hollower, towards the verge of entire vacuity.¹ A quick, choleric, sharply discerning, stubbornly endeavouring man ; with suppressed-explosive resolution, with valour, nay headlong audacity : a man who was more in his place, lionlike defending those Windward Isles, or, as with military tiger-spring, clutching Nevis and Montserrat from the English,—than here in this suppressed condition, muzzled and fettered by diplomatic packthreads ; looking out for a civil war, which may never arrive. Few years ago Bouillé was to have led a French East-Indian Expedition, and reconquered or conquered Pondicherry and the Kingdoms of the Sun : but the whole world is suddenly changed, and he with it ; Destiny willed it not in that way, but in this.

CHAPTER II

ARREARS AND ARISTOCRATS

INDEED, as to the general outlook of things, Bouillé himself augurs not well of it. The French Army, ever since those old Bastille days, and earlier, has been universally in the questionablest state, and growing daily worse. Discipline, which is at all times a kind of miracle, and works by faith, broke down then ; one sees not

¹ Bouillé, Mémoires (London, 1797), i. c. 8.

with what near prospect of recovering itself. The Gardes Françaises played a deadly game ; but how they won it, and wear the prizes of it, all men know. In that general overturn, we saw the Hired Fighters refuse to fight. The very Swiss of Château-Vieux, which indeed is a kind of French Swiss, from Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, are understood to have declined. Deserters glided over ; Royal-Allemand itself looked disconsolate, though stanch of purpose. In a word, we there saw *Military Rule*, in the shape of poor Besenval with that convulsive unmanageable Camp of his, pass two martyr days on the Champ-de-Mars ; and then, veiling itself, so to speak, ‘under cloud of night,’ depart ‘down the left bank of the Seine,’ to seek refuge elsewhere ; *this* ground having clearly become too hot for it.

But what new ground to seek, what remedy to try ? Quarters that were ‘uninfected :’ this doubtless, with judicious strictness of drilling, were the plan. Alas, in all quarters and places, from Paris onward to the remotest hamlet, is infection, is seditious contagion : inhaled, propagated by contact and converse, till the dullest soldier catch it ! There is speech of men in uniform with men not in uniform ; men in uniform read journals, and even write in them.¹ There are public petitions or remonstrances, private emissaries and associations ; there is discontent, jealousy, uncertainty, sullen suspicious humour. The whole French Army, fermenting in dark heat, glooms ominous, boding good to no one.

So that, in the general social dissolution and revolt, we are to have this deepest and dimmest kind of it, a revolting soldiery ? Barren, desolate to look upon is this same business of revolt under all its aspects ; but how infinitely more so, when it takes the aspect of military mutiny ! The very implement of rule and restraint, whereby all the rest was managed and held in order, has become precisely the frightfullest immeasurable implement of misrule ; like the element of Fire, our indispensable all-ministering servant, when it gets the *mastery*, and becomes conflagration. Discipline we called a kind of miracle : in fact, is it not miraculous how one man moves hundreds of thousands ; each

¹ See Newspapers of July 1789 (in Hist. Parl. ii. 35), &c.

unit of whom, it may be, loves him not, and singly fears him not, yet has to obey him, to go hither or go thither, to march and halt, to give death, and even to receive it, as if a Fate had spoken; and the word-of-command becomes, almost in the literal sense, a magic-word?

Which magic-word, again, if it be once *forgotten*; the spell of it once broken! The legions of assiduous ministering spirits rise on you now as menacing fiends; your free orderly arena becomes a tumult-place of the Nether Pit, and the hapless magician is rent limb from limb. Military mobs are mobs with muskets in their hands; and also with death hanging over their heads, for death is the penalty of disobedience, and they have disobeyed. And now if all mobs are properly frenzies, and work frenetically with mad fits of hot and of cold, fierce rage alternating so incoherently with panic terror, consider what your military mob will be, with such a conflict of duties and penalties, whirled between remorse and fury, and, for the hot fit, loaded fire-arms in its hand! To the soldier himself, revolt is frightful, and oftenest perhaps pitiable; and yet so dangerous, it can only be hated, cannot be pitied. An anomalous class of mortals these poor Hired Killers! With a frankness, which to the Moralist in these times seems surprising, they have sworn to become machines; and nevertheless they are still partly men. Let no prudent person in authority remind them of this latter fact; but always let force, let injustice above all, stop short clearly on *this* side of the rebounding-point! Soldiers, as we often say, do revolt: were it not so, several things which are transient in this world might be perennial.¹

Over and above the general quarrel which all sons of Adam maintain with their lot here below, the grievances of the French soldiery reduce themselves to two. First, that their Officers are Aristocrats; secondly, that they cheat them of their Pay. Two

¹[Carlyle does not clearly mention the very important decree of the Assembly on Aug. 10th, enjoining on all officers a new oath 'that they will never use their troops against citizens, save at the request of the Municipal authorities,' which must be read aloud to the soldiers first (but see *infra*, ii. 9). Aulard in *Rév. Fr.* xxxv. 134-5, rightly points out that this was simply breaking the sword in the King's hand (*see App. on the Army*).]

grievances ; or rather we might say one, capable of becoming a hundred ; for in that single first proposition, that the Officers are Aristocrats, what a multitude of corollaries lie ready ! It is a bottomless ever-flowing fountain of grievances this ; what you may call a general raw-material of grievance, wherefrom individual grievance after grievance will daily body itself forth. Nay there will even be a kind of comfort in getting it, from time to time, so embodied. Peculation of one's Pay ! It is embodied ; made tangible, made denounceable ; exhalable, if only in angry words.

For unluckily that grand fountain of grievances does exist : Aristocrats almost all our Officers necessarily are ; they have it in the blood and bone. By the law of the case, no man can pretend to be the pitifullest lieutenant of militia till he have first verified, to the satisfaction of the Lion-King, a Nobility of four generations. Not nobility only, but four generations of it : this latter is the improvement hit upon, in comparatively late years, by a certain War-minister much pressed for commissions.¹ An improvement which did relieve the overpressed War-minister, but which split France still further into yawning contrasts of Commonalty and Nobility, nay of new Nobility and old ; as if already with your new and old, and then with your old, older and oldest, there were not contrasts and discrepancies enough ;—the general clash whereof men now see and hear, and in the singular whirlpool, all contrasts gone together to the bottom ! Gone to the bottom or going ; with uproar, without return ; going everywhere save in the Military section of things ; and there, it may be asked, can they hope to continue always at the top ? Apparently, not.

It is true, in a time of external Peace, when there is no fighting, but only drilling, this question, How you rise from the ranks, may seem theoretical rather. But in reference to the Rights

¹ Dampmartin, *Événemens*, i. 89. [For the Edict of the year 1781, as to qualifications for Commissions, see Appendix on Army, where the relative proportion between noble and *roturier* officers in 1789 is discussed. It is hardly fair for Carlyle to quote this passage from Dampmartin without adding that it occurs in the middle of a long eulogy on the old French Army and a practical defence of the aristocratic system. The reason assigned by Dampmartin for the Edict, *viz.*, the great pressure of candidates for commissions, is not likely—it was prompted rather by a wish to keep out the *nouveaux riches*, who were becoming a nuisance to the service.]

of Man it is continually practical. The soldier has sworn to be faithful not to the King only, but to the Law and the Nation. Do our commanders love the Revolution? ask all soldiers. Unhappily no, they hate it, and love the Counter-Revolution. Young epauletted men, with quality-blood in them, poisoned with quality-pride, do sniff openly, with indignation struggling to become contempt, at our Rights of Man, as at some newfangled cobweb, which shall be brushed down again.¹ Old Officers, more cautious, keep silent, with closed uncurled lips; but one guesses what is passing within. Nay who knows, how, under the plausiblest word of command, might lie Counter-Revolution itself, sale to Exiled Princes and the Austrian Kaiser: treacherous Aristocrats hoodwinking the small insight of us common men?—In such manner works that general raw-material of grievance; disastrous; instead of trust and reverence, breeding hate, endless suspicion, the impossibility of commanding and obeying. And now when this second more tangible grievance has articulated itself universally in the mind of the common man: Peculation of his Pay! Peculation of the despicablest sort does exist, and has long existed; but, unless the new-declared Rights of Man, and all rights whatsoever, *be* a cobweb, it shall no longer exist.²

The French Military System seems dying a sorrowful suicidal death. Nay more, citizen, as is natural, ranks himself against citizen in this cause. The soldier finds audience, of numbers and sympathy unlimited, among the Patriot lower-classes. Nor are the higher wanting to the officer. The officer still dresses and perfumes himself for such sad unemigrated *soirée* as there may still be; and speaks his woes,—which woes, are they not Majesty's and Nature's? Speaks, at the same time, his gay defiance, his firm-set resolution. Citizens, still more Citizenesses, see the right and the wrong; not the Military System alone will die by suicide, but much along with it. As was said, there is yet possible a deeper overturn

¹[Bouillé (127) speaks of the needless multiplication of the oaths to the Constitution, especially referring to the one of Aug. 10th.]

²[Bouillé admits that, under the old system of Inspectors, there were arrears of pay in several regiments, but this system was being rectified at the time. Arrears of pay are a very different thing from peculation, and there is no evidence at all of peculation, a thing in itself most unlikely.]

than any yet witnessed : that deepest *upturn* of the black-burning sulphurous stratum whereon all rests and grows !

But how these things may act on the rude soldier-mind, with its military pedantries, its inexperience of all that lies off the parade-ground ; inexperience as of a child, yet fierceness of a man, and vehemence of a Frenchman ! It is long that secret communings, in mess-room and guard-room, sour looks, thousandfold petty vexations between commander and commanded, measure everywhere the weary military day. Ask Captain Dampmartin ; an authentic, ingenious literary officer of horse ; who loves the Reign of Liberty, after a sort : yet has had his heart grieved to the quick many times, in the hot South-Western region and elsewhere ; and has seen riot, civil battle by daylight and by torchlight, and anarchy hatefuller than death. How insubordinate Troopers, with drink in their heads, meet Captain Dampmartin and another on the ramparts, where there is no escape or side-path ; and make military salute punctually, for we look calm on them ; yet make it in a snappish, almost insulting manner : how one morning they 'leave all their chamois shirts' and superfluous buffs, which they are tired of, laid in piles at the Captains' doors ; whereat 'we laugh,' as the ass does eating thistles : nay how they 'knot two forage-cords together,' with universal noisy cursing, with evident intent to hang the Quartermaster :—all this the worthy Captain, looking on it through the ruddy-and-sable of fond regretful memory, has flowingly written down.¹ Men growl in vague discontent ; officers fling up their commissions, and emigrate in disgust.

Or let us ask another literary Officer ; not yet Captain ; Sub-lieutenant only, in the Artillery Regiment La Fère : a young man of twenty-one ; not unentitled to speak ; the name of him is *Napoleon Buonaparte*. To such height of Sublieutenancy has he now got promoted, from Brienne School, five years ago ; 'being found qualified in mathematics by La Place.' He is lying at Auxonne, in the West, in these months ; not sumptuously lodged — 'in the house of a Barber, to whose wife he did not pay the 'customary degree of respect ;' or even over at the Pavillon, in a

¹ Dampmartin, *Événemens*, i. 122-146.

chamber with bare walls; the only furniture an indifferent 'bed without curtains, two chairs, and in the recess of a window a table covered with books and papers: his Brother Louis sleeps on a coarse mattress in an adjoining room.' However, he is doing something great: writing his first Book or Pamphlet,—eloquent vehement *Letter to M. Matteo Buttafuoco*, our Corsican Deputy, who is not a Patriot, but an Aristocrat unworthy of Deputyship. Joly of Dôle is Publisher. The literary Sublieutenant corrects the proofs; 'sets out on foot from Auxonne, every morning at four o'clock, for Dôle: after looking over the proofs, he partakes of an extremely frugal breakfast with Joly, and immediately prepares for returning to his Garrison; where he arrives before noon, having thus walked above twenty miles in the course of the morning.'¹

This Sublieutenant can remark that, in drawing-rooms, on streets, on highways, at inns, everywhere men's minds are ready to kindle into a flame. That a Patriot, if he appear in the drawing-room, or amid a group of officers, is liable enough to be discouraged, so great is the majority against him: but no sooner does he get into the street, or among the soldiers, than he feels again as if the whole Nation were with him. That after the famous Oath, *To the King, to the Nation, and Law*, there was a great change; that before this, if ordered to fire on the people, he for one would have done it in the King's name; but that after this, in the Nation's name, he would not have done it. Likewise that the Patriot officers, more numerous too in the Artillery and Engineers than elsewhere, were few in number; yet that having the soldiers on their side, they ruled the regiment; and did often

¹[Napoleon's regiment at Auxonne had mutinied, Aug. 16th '89; he left for Corsica on Sept. 15th, where he occupied himself in openly expressing his Revolutionary views. He issued a vehement manifesto to the deputy for the Corsican *Noblesse* (Matteo Buttafuoco) dated *de son cabinet de Milleli* (which was really a volcanic grotto in the Ajaccio mountains), on Jan. 23rd 1791. He returned to France and rejoined his regiment at Auxonne in Feb. '91, accompanied by his brother Louis. (See Chuquet, *La Jeunesse de Napoléon* (Paris, 1897—9), i. 308; ii. 138-148.) I find in Chuquet (who is scrupulously exact) no mention of the barber's shop, and Napoleon appears to have occupied on his return the same rooms as before his departure, *viz.*, in one of the *pavillons* attached to the barracks. Louis occupied his brother's *cabinet de domestique*. Carlyle is correct as to the walks to Dôle.]

deliver the Aristocrat brother officer out of peril and strait. One day, for example, 'a member of our own mess roused the mob, 'by singing, from the windows of our dining-room, *O Richard, O my King*; and I had to snatch him from their fury.'¹

All which let the reader multiply by ten thousand; and spread it, with slight variations, over all the camps and garrisons of France. The French Army seems on the verge of universal mutiny.

Universal mutiny! There is in that what may well make Patriot Constitutionalism and an august Assembly shudder.² Something behoves to be done; yet what to do no man can tell. Mirabeau proposes even that the Soldiery, having come to such a pass, be forthwith disbanded, the whole Two Hundred and Eighty Thousand of them; and organised anew.³ Impossible this, in so sudden a manner! cry all men. And yet literally, answer we, it is inevitable, in one manner or another. Such an army, with its four-generation Nobles, its peculated Pay, and men knotting forage-cords to hang their Quartermaster, cannot subsist beside such a Revolution. Your alternative is a slow-pining chronic dissolution and new organisation; or a swift decisive one; the agonies spread over years, or concentrated into an hour. With a Mirabeau for Minister or Governor, the latter had been the choice; with no Mirabeau for Governor, it will naturally be the former.

CHAPTER III

BOUILLÉ AT METZ

To Bouillé, in his North-Eastern circle, none of these things are altogether hid. Many times flight over the marches gleams out on him as a last guidance in such bewilderment: nevertheless he continues here; struggling always to hope the best, not from new organisation, but from happy Counter-Revolution and return to the old. For the rest, it is clear to him that this same National

¹ Norvins, *Histoire de Napoléon*, i. 47; Las Cases, *Mémoires* (translated into Hazlitt's *Life of Napoleon*, i. 23-31).

² [On Aug. 6th '90 the Assembly prohibited Clubs and deliberative assemblies in the army, and appointed a series of Inspectors, of whom Malseigne (*vid. infr.* cap. v.) was one, to examine the accounts of the regiments.]

³ *Moniteur*, 1790, No. 233.

Federation, and universal swearing and fraternising of People and Soldiers, has done 'incalculable mischief.' So much that fermented secretly has hereby got vent, and become open : National Guards and Soldiers of the line, solemnly embracing one another on all parade-fields, drinking, swearing patriotic oaths, fall into disorderly street-processions, constitutional unmilitary exclamations and hurrahings. On which account the Regiment Picardie, for one, has to be drawn out in the square of the barracks, here at Metz, and sharply harangued by the General himself ; but expresses penitence.¹

Far and near, as accounts testify, insubordination has begun grumbling louder and louder. Officers have been seen shut up in their mess-rooms ; assaulted with clamorous demands, not without menaces. The insubordinate ringleader is dismissed with 'yellow furlough,' yellow infamous thing they call *cartouche jaune* : but ten new ringleaders rise in his stead, and the yellow *cartouche* ceases to be thought disgraceful. 'Within a fortnight,' or at furthest a month, of that sublime Feast of Pikes, the whole French Army, demanding Arrears, forming Reading Clubs, frequenting Popular Societies, is in a state which Bouillé can call by no name but that of mutiny. Bouillé knows it as few do ; and speaks by dire experience. Take one instance instead of many.

It is still an early day of August, the precise date now undiscoverable, when Bouillé, about to set out for the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, is once more suddenly summoned to the barracks of Metz. The soldiers stand ranged in fighting order, muskets loaded, the officers all there on compulsion ; and required with many-voiced emphasis to have their arrears paid. Picardie was penitent ; but we see it has relapsed : the wide space bristles and lours with mere mutinous armed men. Brave Bouillé advances to the nearest Regiment, opens his commanding lips to harangue ; obtains nothing but querulous-indignant discordance, and the sound of so many thousand livres legally due. The moment is trying ; there are some ten thousand soldiers now in Metz, and one spirit seems to have spread among them.

¹ Bouillé, Mémoires, i. 111.

Bouillé is firm as the adamant; but what shall he do? A German Regiment, named of Salm, is thought to be of better temper: nevertheless Salm too may have heard of the precept, *Thou shalt not steal*; Salm too may know that money is money. Bouillé walks trustfully towards the Regiment de Salm, speaks trustful words; but here again is answered by the cry of forty-four thousand livres odd sous. A cry waxing more and more vociferous, as Salm's humour mounts; which cry, as it will produce no cash or promise of cash, ends in the wide simultaneous whirr of shouldered muskets, and a determined quick-time march on the part of Salm—towards its Colonel's house, in the next street, there to seize the colours and military chest. Thus does Salm, for its part; strong in the faith that *meum* is not *tuum*, that fair speeches are not forty-four thousand livres odd sous.

Unrestrainable! Salm tramps to military time, quick consuming the way. Bouillé and the officers, drawing sword, have to dash into double-quick *pas-de-charge*, or unmilitary running; to get the start; to station themselves on the outer staircase, and stand there with what of death-defiance and sharp steel they have; Salm truculently coiling itself up, rank after rank, opposite them, in such humour as we can fancy, which happily has not yet mounted to the murder-pitch. There will Bouillé stand, certain at least of *one* man's purpose: in grim calmness, awaiting the issue. What the intrepidest of men and generals can do is done. Bouillé, though there is a barricading picket at each end of the street, and death under his eyes, contrives to send for a Dragoon Regiment with orders to charge: the dragoon officers mount; the dragoon men will not: hope is none there for him. The street, as we say, barricaded; the Earth all shut out, only the indifferent heavenly Vault overhead: perhaps here or there a timorous householder peering out of window, with prayer for Bouillé; copious Rascality, on the pavement, with prayer for Salm: there do the two parties stand;—like chariots locked in a narrow thoroughfare; like locked wrestlers at a dead-grip! For two hours they stand: Bouillé's sword glittering in his hand, adamantine resolution clouding his brows: for two hours by the

clocks of Metz. Moody-silent stands Salm, with occasional clangour ; but does not fire. Rascality, from time to time, urges some grenadier to level his musket at the General ; who looks on it as a bronze General would : and always some corporal or other strikes it up.

In such remarkable attitude, standing on that staircase for two hours, does brave Bouillé, long a shadow, dawn on us visibly out of the dimness, and become a person. For the rest, since Salm has not shot him at the first instant, and since in himself there is no variableness, the danger will diminish. The Mayor, 'a man infinitely respectable,' with his Municipals and tricolor sashes, finally gains entrance ; remonstrates, perorates, promises ; gets Salm persuaded home to its barracks. Next day, our respectable Mayor lending the money, the officers pay down the *half* of the demand in ready cash. With which liquidation Salm pacifies itself ; and for the present all is hushed up, as much as may be.¹

Such scenes as this of Metz, or preparations and demonstrations towards such, are universal over France : Dampmartin, with his knotted forage-cords and piled chamois-jackets, is at Strasburg in the South-East ; in these same days or rather nights, Royal Champagne is 'shouting *Vive la Nation, au diable les Aristocrates*, with some thirty lit candles,' at Hesdin, on the far North-West. "The garrison of Bitche," Deputy Rewbell is sorry to state, "went out of the town with drums beating ; deposed its officers ; and then returned into the town, sabre in hand."² Ought not a National Assembly to occupy itself with these objects ? Military France is everywhere full of sour inflammatory humour, which exhales itself fuliginously, this way or that : a whole continent of smoking flax ; which, blown on here or there by any angry wind, might so easily start into a blaze, into a continent of fire.

Constitutional Patriotism is in deep natural alarm at these things. The august Assembly sits diligently deliberating ; dare nowise resolve, with Mirabeau, on an instantaneous disbandment

¹ Bouillé, i. 134-5.

² *Moniteur* (in *Hist. Parl.* vii. 29).

and extinction ; finds that a course of palliatives is easier. But at least and lowest, this grievance of the Arrears shall be rectified. A plan, much noised of in those days, under the name 'Decree of the Sixth of August,' has been devised for that. Inspectors shall visit all armies ; and, with certain elected corporals and 'soldiers able to write,' verify what arrears and peculations do lie due, and make them good. Well if in this way the smoky heat be cooled down ; if it be not, as we say, ventilated overmuch, or, by sparks and collision somewhere, sent *up* !

CHAPTER IV

ARREARS AT NANCY

WE are to remark, however, that of all districts, this of Bouillé's seems the inflammablest. It was always to Bouillé and Metz that Royalty would fly : Austria lies near ; here more than elsewhere must the disunited People look over the borders, into a dim sea of Foreign Politics and Diplomacies, with hope or apprehension, with mutual exasperation.

It was but in these days that certain Austrian troops, marching peaceably across an angle of this region, seemed an Invasion realised ; and there rushed towards Stenai, with musket on shoulder, from all the winds, some thirty thousand National Guards, to inquire what the matter was.¹ A matter of mere diplomacy it proved ; the Austrian Kaiser, in haste to get to Belgium,² had bargained for this short cut. The infinite dim movement of European Politics waved a skirt over these spaces, passing on its way ; like the passing shadow of a condor ; and such a winged flight of thirty thousand, with mixed cackling and crowing, rose in consequence ! For, in addition to all, this

¹ Moniteur, Séance du 9 Août 1790.

² [The Austrian troops were being moved up from Luxemburg to Belgium, to stamp out the insurrection which had been sputtering there since Kaiser Joseph's reforms, and which his successor, Leopold, had not entirely succeeded, by his conciliatory measures, in putting down. At Mercy's request Montmorin had given permission for these troops to pass through the department of the Ardennes. A petition was drawn up by the inhabitants of this department and presented to the Assembly by Dubois-Crancé against this passage of the Austrian troops ; the Assembly thereon annulled the leave granted by Montmorin (Aug. 7th '90).]

people, as we said, is much divided : Aristocrats abound ; Patriotism has both Aristocrats and Austrians to watch. It is Lorraine, this region ; not so illumined as old France : it remembers ancient Feudalisms ; nay, within man's memory it had a Court and King¹ of its own, or indeed the splendour of a Court and King, without the burden. Then, contrariwise, the Mother Society, which sits in the Jacobins Church at Paris, has Daughters in the Towns here ; shrill-tongued, driven acrid : consider how the memory of good King Stanislaus, and ages of Imperial Feudalism, may comport with this New acrid Evangel, and what a virulence of discord there may be ! In all which, the Soldiery, officers on one side, private men on the other, takes part, and now indeed principal part ; a Soldiery, moreover, all the hotter here as it lies the denser, the frontier Province requiring more of it.

So stands Lorraine : but the capital City more especially so. The pleasant city of Nanci, which faded Feudalism loves, where King Stanislaus personally dwelt and shone, has an Aristocrat Municipality, and then also a Daughter Society : it has some forty thousand divided souls of population ; and three large Regiments,² one of which is Swiss Château-Vieux, dear to Patriotism ever since it refused fighting, or was thought to refuse, in the Bastille days. Here unhappily all evil influences seem to meet centred ; here, of all places, may jealousy and heat evolve itself. These many months, accordingly, man has been set against man, Washed against Unwashed ; Patriot Soldier against Aristocrat Captain, ever the more bitterly : and a long score of grudges has been running up.

Nameable grudges, and likewise unnameable : for there is a punctual nature in Wrath ; and daily, were there but glances of the eye, tones of the voice, and minutest commissions or

¹[Stanislas Leszczyński, titular King of Poland and father-in-law of Louis XV. Lorraine was given to him for life by the Treaty of 1738, and on his death in 1766 passed to France.]

²[The garrison of Nancy consisted of four battalions of *Régiment-du-Roi*, two of the Swiss *Château-Vieux*, and the Cavalry Regiment of *Mestre-de-Camp* (Bouillé, 145).]

omissions, it will jot down somewhat, to account, under the head of sundries, which always swells the sum-total. For example, in April last, in those times of preliminary Federation, when National Guards and Soldiers were everywhere swearing brotherhood, and all France was locally federating, preparing for the grand National Feast of Pikes, it was observed that these Nanci Officers threw cold water on the whole brotherly business; that they first hung back from appearing at the Nanci Federation; then did appear, but in mere *redingote* and undress, with scarcely a clean shirt on; nay that one of them, as the National Colours flaunted by in that solemn moment, did, without visible necessity, take occasion to *spit*.¹

Small 'sundries as per journal,' but then incessant ones! The Aristocrat Municipality, pretending to be constitutional, keeps mostly quiet;² not so the Daughter Society, the five thousand adult male Patriots of the place, still less the five thousand female: not so the young, whiskered or whiskerless, four-generation Noblesse in epaulettes; the grim Patriot Swiss of Château-Vieux, effervescent infantry of Régiment du Roi, hot troopers of Mestre-de-Camp! Walled Nanci, which stands so bright and trim, with its straight streets, spacious squares, and Stanislaus' Architecture on the fruitful alluvium of the Meurthe; so bright, amid the yellow cornfields in these Reaper-Months,—is inwardly but a den of discord, anxiety, inflammability, not far from exploding. Let Bouillé look to it. If that universal military heat, which we liken to a vast continent of smoking flax, do anywhere take fire, his beard, here in Lorraine and Nanci, may the most readily of all get singed by it.

Bouillé, for his part, is busy enough, but only with the general superintendence; getting his pacified Salm, and all other still

¹ *Deux Amis*, v. 217.

² [Bouillé states that he intercepted letters from the Jacobin members of the Assembly to soldiers of the mutinous regiments, giving instructions for insurrection. M. Aulard, in his '*Recueil de Documents relatifs au Club Jacobin*,' Paris, 1889, *sqq.*, shows what an enormous proportion of the debates of that Society were taken up with the Nancy affair; the deputies of the mutineers were received at the Club with open arms until the Assembly ordered their arrest.]

tolerable Regiments, marched out of Metz, to southward towns and villages; to rural Cantonments as at Vic,¹ Marsal and thereabout, by the still waters; where is plenty of horse-forage, sequestered parade-ground, and the soldier's speculative faculty can be stilled by drilling. Salm, as we said, received only half payment of arrears; naturally not without grumbling. Nevertheless that scene of the drawn sword may, after all, have raised Bouillé in the mind of Salm; for men and soldiers love intrepidity and swift inflexible decision, even when they suffer by it. As indeed is not this fundamentally the quality of qualities for a man? A quality which by itself is next to nothing, since inferior animals, asses, dogs, even mules have it; yet, in due combination, it is the indispensable basis of all.

Of Nanci and its heats, Bouillé, commander of the whole, knows nothing special: understands generally that the troops in that City are perhaps the *worst*.² The Officers there have it all, as they have long had it, to themselves; and unhappily seem to manage it ill. 'Fifty yellow furloughs,' given out in one batch, do surely betoken difficulties. But what was Patriotism to think of certain light-fencing Fusileers 'set on,' or supposed to be set on, 'to insult the Grenadier-club,'—considerate speculative Grenadiers and that reading-room of theirs? With shoutings, with hootings; till the speculative Grenadier drew his side-arms too; and there ensued battery and duels! Nay more, are not swashbucklers of the same stamp 'sent out' visibly, or sent out presumably, now in the dress of Soldiers, to pick quarrels with the Citizens; now, disguised as Citizens, to pick quarrels with the Soldiers? For a certain Roussière, expert in fence, was taken in the very fact; four Officers (presumably of tender years) hounding him on, who thereupon fled precipitately! Fencemaster Roussière, haled to the guard-house, had sentence of three months' imprisonment: but his comrades demanded 'yellow furlough' for *him* of all

¹[Aug. 25th.]

²Bouillé, i. c. 9. [Bouillé on the contrary *had* received full instruction from La Tour-du-Pin, the War Minister, of the events at Nancy and Lunéville, and he calculates that of his whole Command (90 battalions of infantry and 104 squadrons of cavalry) he can rely only on some 20 and 60 respectively.]

persons; nay, thereafter they produced him on parade; capped him in paper-helmet, inscribed *Iscariot*; marched him to the gate of the City; and there sternly commanded him to vanish forevermore.

On all which suspicions, accusations and noisy procedure, and on enough of the like continually accumulating, the Officer could not but look with disdainful indignation; perhaps disdainfully express the same in words, and 'soon after fly over to the Austrians.'

So that when it here, as elsewhere, comes to the question of Arrears, the humour and procedure is of the bitterest: Régiment Mestre-de-Camp getting, amid loud clamour, some three gold louis a-man,—which have, as usual, to be borrowed from the Municipality; Swiss Château-Vieux applying for the like, but getting instead instantaneous *courrois*, or cat-o'-nine-tails,¹ with subsequent unsufferable hisses from the women and children: Régiment du Roi, sick of hope deferred, at length seizing its military chest, and marching it to quarters,² but next day marching it back again, through streets all struck silent:—unordered parading and clamours, not without strong liquor; objurgation, insubordination; your military ranked Arrangement going all (as the Typographers say of set types, in a similar case) rapidly *to pie!*³ Such is Nanci in these early days of August; the sublime Feast of Pikes not yet a month old.

Constitutional Patriotism, at Paris and elsewhere, may well quake at the news. War-Minister Latour du Pin runs breathless to the National Assembly, with a written message that 'all is burning, *tout brûle, tout presse.*'⁴ The National Assembly, on the spur of the instant, renders such *Décret*, and 'order to submit

¹[Aug. 11th. It was two soldiers of *Château-Vieux* who were flogged; they were delivered by their comrades and both *Roi* and *Château-Vieux* drew up in battle array on the *Place Royale*. Colonel Denoue thereon had the incredible feebleness to give way, indemnify the two men flogged with 100 *louis* each, and distribute the 27,000 *livr.* referred to in the next note but one. (Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 55-6.)]

²[Aug. 10th.]

³*Deux Amis*, v. c. 8. [There are some slight inaccuracies in Carlyle's citations from *Deux Amis*, which does not call the Club of the soldiers a 'Grenadier Club' (215); *Château-Vieux* did force its officers to give it 27,000 *livr.* (225), but (230) after the military chest was returned *Château-Vieux* and *Roi* repented and took the oath of fealty again. (Cf. also Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 53.)]

⁴[Aug. 16th.]

and repent,' as he requires; if it will avail anything.¹ On the other hand, Journalism, through all its throats, gives hoarse outcry, condemnatory, elegiac-applausive. The Forty-eight Sections lift up voices; sonorous Brewer, or call him now *Colonel* Santerre, is not silent, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. For, meanwhile, the Nanci Soldiers have sent a Deputation of Ten, furnished with documents and proofs; who will tell another story than the 'all-is-burning' one. Which deputed Ten, before ever they reach the Assembly Hall, assiduous Latour du Pin picks up, and on warrant of Mayor Bailly, claps in prison! Most unconstitutionally; for they had officers' furloughs. Whereupon Saint-Antoine, in indignant uncertainty of the future, closes its shops. Is Bouillé a traitor then, sold to Austria? In that case, these poor private sentinels have revolted mainly out of Patriotism?

New Deputation, Deputation of National Guardsmen now, sets forth from Nanci to enlighten the Assembly. It meets the old deputed Ten returning, quite unexpectedly *unchanged*; and proceeds thereupon with better prospects; but effects nothing. Deputations, Government Messengers, Orderlies at hand-gallop, Alarms, thousand-voiced Rumours, go vibrating continually; backwards and forwards,—scattering distraction. Not till the last week of August does M. de Malseigne, selected as Inspector, get down to the scene of mutiny; with Authority, with cash, and 'Decree of the Sixth of August.' He now shall see these Arrears liquidated, justice done, or at least tumult quashed.

CHAPTER V

INSPECTOR MALSEIGNE

OF Inspector Malseigne² we discern, by direct light, that he is 'of Herculean stature;' and infer, with probability, that he is of

¹[This seems to confuse the decree of Aug. 6th, already referred to, with that of the 16th, which ordered the instigators of the revolt to be punished.]

²[The Chevalier Guyot de Malseigne served in San Domingo in early life, and became *Maréchal de Camp* in 1788. He emigrated soon after the events at Nancy, served the campaign of 1792 in Condé's army with the Prussians, and entered the Prussian army with the rank of General at the close of the war, became *Aide-de-Camp* to the King of Prussia 1795, and refused to join the Breton Royalists in 1795, although they offered him a high command; died at Anspach 1800. (See Documents inédits sur l'Emigration, Journal de Thiboult de Puisact (Paris, 1882), p. 66.)]

truculent moustachioed aspect,—for *Royalist* Officers now leave the upper lip unshaven; that he is of indomitable bull-heart; and also, unfortunately, of thick bull-head.

On Tuesday the 24th of August 1790, he opens session as Inspecting Commissioner; meets those ‘elected corporals, and soldiers that can write.’ He finds the accounts of Château-Vieux to be complex; to require delay and reference: he takes to haranguing, to reprimanding; ends amid audible grumbling. Next morning, he resumes session, not at the Townhall as prudent Municipals counselled, but once more at the barracks. Unfortunately Château-Vieux, grumbling all night, will now hear of no delay or reference; from reprimanding on his part, it goes to bullying,—answered with continual cries of “*Jugez tout de suite*, Judge it at once;” whereupon M. de Malseigne will off in a huff. But lo, Château-Vieux, swarming all about the barrack-court, has sentries at every gate; M. de Malseigne, demanding egress, cannot get it, not though Commandant Denoue backs him; can get only “*Jugez tout de suite.*” Here is a nodus!

Bull-hearted M. de Malseigne draws his sword; and will force egress. Confused splutter. M. de Malseigne’s sword breaks: he snatches Commandant Denoue’s: the sentry is wounded. M. de Malseigne, whom one is loath to kill, does force egress,—followed by Château-Vieux all in disarray; a spectacle to Nanci. M. de Malseigne walks at a sharp pace, yet never runs; wheeling from time to time, with menaces and movements of fence; and so reaches Denoue’s house, unhurt; which house Château-Vieux, in an agitated manner, invests,—hindered as yet from entering, by a crowd of officers formed on the staircase. M. de Malseigne retreats by back ways to the Townhall, flustered though undaunted; amid an escort of National Guards. From the Townhall he, on the morrow, emits fresh orders, fresh plans of settlement with Château-Vieux; to none of which will Château-Vieux listen: whereupon he finally, amid noise enough, emits order that Château-Vieux shall march on the morrow morning, and quarter at Sarre Louis. Château-Vieux flatly refuses marching; M. de Malseigne ‘takes act,’ due notarial protest of such refusal,—if happily that may avail him.

This is the end of Thursday ; and, indeed, of M. de Malseigne's Inspectorship, which has lasted some fifty hours. To such length, in fifty hours, has he unfortunately brought it. Mestre-de-Camp and Régiment du Roi hang, as it were, fluttering ; Château-Vieux is clean gone, in what way we see. Overnight, an Aide-de-Camp of Lafayette's, stationed here for such emergency, sends swift emissaries far and wide to summon National Guards. The slumber of the country is broken by clattering hoofs, by loud fraternal knockings ; everywhere the Constitutional Patriot must clutch his fighting-gear, and take the road for Nanci.

And thus the Herculean Inspector has sat all Thursday, among terror-struck Municipals, a centre of confused noise : all Thursday, Friday, and till Saturday towards noon. Château-Vieux, in spite of the notarial protest, will not march a step. As many as four thousand National Guards are dropping or pouring in ; uncertain what is expected of them, still more uncertain what will be obtained of them. For all is uncertainty, commotion and suspicion : there goes a word that Bouillé, beginning to bestir himself in the rural Cantonments eastward, is but a Royalist traitor ; that Château-Vieux and Patriotism are sold to Austria, of which latter M. de Malseigne is probably some agent. Mestre-de-Camp and Roi flutter still more questionably : Château-Vieux, far from marching, 'waves red flags out of two carriages,' in a passionate manner, along the streets ; and next morning answers its Officers : "Pay us, then ; and we will march with you to the world's end !"

Under which circumstances, towards noon on Saturday, M. de Malseigne thinks it were good perhaps to inspect the ramparts,—on horseback. He mounts, accordingly, with escort of three troopers. At the gate of the City, he bids two of them wait for his return ; and with the third, a trooper to be depended upon, he—gallops off for Lunéville ; where lies a certain Carbineer Regiment not yet in a mutinous state ! The two left troopers soon get uneasy ; discover how it is, and give the alarm. Mestre-de-Camp, to the number of a hundred, saddles in frantic haste, as if sold to Austria ; gallops out pellmell in chase of its Inspector. And so they spur, and the Inspector spurs ; careering, with noise

and jingle, up the valley of the River Meurthe, towards Lunéville and the midday sun: through an astonished country; indeed almost to their own astonishment.

What a hunt; Actæon-like;—which Actæon de Malseigne happily *gains*. To arms, ye Carbineers of Lunéville: to chastise mutinous men, insulting your General Officer, insulting your own quarters;—above all things, fire *soon*, lest there be parleying and ye refuse to fire! The Carbineers fire soon, exploding upon the first stragglers of Mestre-de-Camp; who shriek at the very flash, and fall back hastily on Nanci, in a state not far from distraction. Panic and fury: sold to Austria without an *if*; so much per regiment, the very sums can be specified; and traitorous Malseigne is fled! Help, O Heaven; help, thou Earth,—ye unwashed Patriots; ye too are sold like us!

Effervescent Régiment du Roi primes its firelocks, Mestre-de-Camp saddles wholly: Commandant Denoue is seized, is flung in prison with a 'canvass shirt (*sarreau de toile*)' about him; Château-Vieux bursts up the magazines; distributes 'three thousand fusils' to a Patriot people: Austria shall have a hot bargain. Alas, the unhappy hunting-dogs, as we said, have *hunted away* their huntsman; and do now run howling and baying, on what trail they know not; nigh rabid!

And so there is tumultuous march of men through the night, with halt on the heights of Flinval, whence Lunéville can be seen all illuminated. Then there is parley, at four in the morning; and reparley; finally there is agreement: the Carbineers gave in; Malseigne is surrendered, with apologies on all sides. After weary confused hours, he is even got under way; the Lunévillers all turning out, in the idle Sunday, to see such departure: home-going of mutinous Mestre-de-Camp with its Inspector captive. Mestre-de-Camp accordingly marches; the Lunévillers look. See! at the corner of the first street, our Inspector bounds off again, bull-hearted as he is; amid the slash of sabres, the crackle of musketry; and escapes, full gallop, with only a ball lodged in his buff-*jerkin*. The Herculean man! And yet it is an escape to no purpose. For the Carbineers, to whom after the hardest Sunday's

ride on record, he has come circling back, 'stand deliberating by their nocturnal watch-fires;' deliberating of Austria, of traitors, and the rage of Mestre-de-Camp. So that, on the whole, the next sight we have is that of M. de Malseigne, on the Monday afternoon, faring bull-hearted through the streets of Nanci; in open carriage, a soldier standing over him with drawn sword; amid the 'furies of the women,' hedges of National Guards, and confusion of Babel: to the Prison beside Commandant Denoue! That finally is the lodging of Inspector Malseigne.¹

Surely it is time Bouillé were drawing near. The Country all round, alarmed with watchfires, illuminated towns, and marching and rout, has been sleepless these several nights. Nanci, with its uncertain National Guards, with its distributed fusils, mutinous soldiers, black panic and redhot ire, is not a City but a Bedlam.

CHAPTER VI

BOUILLÉ AT NANCI

HASTE with help, thou brave Bouillé:² if swift help come not, all is now verily 'burning;' and may burn,—to what lengths and breadths! Much, in these hours, depends on Bouillé; as it shall now fare with him, the whole Future may be this way or be that. If, for example, he were to loiter dubitating, and not come; if he were to come, and fail: the whole Soldiery of France to blaze into mutiny, National Guards going some this way, some that; and Royalism to draw its rapier, and Sansculottism to snatch its pike; and the Spirit of Jacobinism, as yet young, girt with sun-rays, to grow instantaneously mature, girt with hell-fire,—as mortals, in one night of deadly crisis, have had their heads turned gray!

Brave Bouillé is advancing fast, with the old inflexibility; gathering himself, unhappily 'in small affluences,' from East,

¹ Deux Amis, v. 206-251; Newspapers and Documents (in Hist. Parl. vii. 59-162).

² [Bouillé's determination to march was taken when he heard of the advance of the Nancy garrison on Lunéville on Aug. 28th (147).]

from West and North; and now on Tuesday morning, the last day of the month,¹ he stands all concentrated, unhappily still in small force, at the village of Frouarde, within some few miles. Son of Adam with a more dubious task before him is not in the world this Tuesday morning. A weltering inflammable sea of doubt and peril, and Bouillé sure of simply one thing, his own determination. Which one thing, indeed, may be worth many. He puts a most firm face on the matter: 'Submission, or unsparring battle and destruction; twenty-four hours to make your choice:' this was the tenor of his Proclamation; thirty copies of which he sent yesterday to Nanci:—all which, we find, were intercepted and not posted.²

Nevertheless, at half-past eleven this morning, seemingly by way of answer, there does wait on him at Frouarde some Deputation from the mutinous Regiments, from the Nanci Municipals, to see what can be done. Bouillé receives this Deputation 'in a large open court adjoining his lodging:' pacified Salm, and the rest, attend also, being invited to do it,—all happily still in the right humour. The Mutineers pronounce themselves with a decisiveness, which to Bouillé seems insolence; and happily to Salm also. Salm, forgetful of the Metz staircase and sabre, demands that the scoundrels 'be hanged' there and then. Bouillé represses the hanging; but answers that mutinous Soldiers have one course, and not more than one: To liberate, with heartfelt contrition, Messieurs Denoue and De Malseigne; to get ready forthwith for marching off, whither he shall order; and 'submit and repent,' as the National Assembly has decreed, as he yesterday did in thirty printed Placards proclaim. These³ are his terms, unalterable as the decrees of Destiny. Which terms as they, the Mutineer deputies, seemingly do not accept, it were good for them to vanish from this spot, and even to do it promptly; with him too, in few instants, the word will be, Forward! The

¹[Aug. 30th.]

²Compare Bouillé, Mémoires, i. 153-176; Deux Amis, v. 251-271; Hist. Parl. *ubi supra*.

³[And the surrender of the ringleaders, to be sent to Paris to be tried.]

Mutineer deputies vanish, not unpromptly ; the Municipal ones, anxious beyond right for their own individualities, prefer abiding with Bouillé.

Brave Bouillé, though he puts a most firm face on the matter, knows his position full well : how at Nanci, what with rebellious soldiers, with uncertain National Guards, and so many distributed fusils, there rage and roar some ten thousand fighting men ; while with himself is scarcely the third part of that number, in National Guards also uncertain, in mere pacified Regiments,—for the present full of rage, and clamour to march ; but whose rage and clamour may next moment take such a fatal *new* figure. On the top of one uncertain billow, therewith to calm billows ! Bouillé must ‘abandon himself to Fortune ;’ who is said sometimes to favour the brave. At half-past twelve, the Mutineer deputies having vanished, our drums beat ; we march : for Nanci ! Let Nanci bethink itself, then ; for Bouillé has thought and determined.

And yet how shall Nanci think : not a City but a Bedlam ! Grim Château-Vieux is for defence to the death ; forces the Municipality to order, by tap of drum, all citizens acquainted with artillery to turn out, and assist in managing the cannon. On the other hand, effervescent Régiment du Roi is drawn up in its barracks ;¹ quite disconsolate, hearing the humour Salm is in ; and ejaculates dolefully from its thousand throats : “*La loi, la loi, Law, law !*” Mestre-de-Camp blusters, with profane swearing, in mixed terror and furor ; National Guards look this way and that, not knowing what to do. What a Bedlam-City : as many plans as heads ; all ordering, none obeying : quiet none,—except the Dead, who sleep underground, having *done* their fighting.

And, behold, Bouillé proves as good as his word : ‘at half-past two’ scouts report that he is within half a league of the gates ; rattling along, with cannon, and array ; breathing nothing but

¹[Most part of the *Régiment du Roi* was persuaded by its officers to return to barracks and defend them if necessary ; but some part of it did not return, and Bouillé afterwards made 180 prisoners from it (157-160).]

destruction. A new Deputation, Municipals, Mutineers, Officers, goes out to meet him ; with passionate entreaty for yet one other hour. Bouillé grants an hour. Then, at the end thereof, no Denoue or Malseigne appearing as promised, he rolls his drums, and again takes the road. Towards four o'clock, the terrorstruck Townsmen may see him face to face. His cannons rattle there, in their carriages ; his vanguard is within thirty paces of the Gate Stanislaus. Onward like a Planet, by appointed times, by law of Nature ! What next ? Lo, flag of truce and chamade ; conjuration to halt : Malseigne and Denoue are on the street, coming hither ; the soldiers all repentant, ready to submit and march ! Adamantine Bouillé's look alters not ; yet the word *Halt* is given : gladder moment he never saw. Joy of joys ! Malseigne and Denoue do verily issue ; escorted by National Guards ; from streets all frantic, with sale to Austria and so forth : they salute Bouillé, unscathed. Bouillé steps aside to speak with them, and with other heads of the Town there ; having already ordered by what Gates and Routes the mutineer Regiments shall file out.

Such colloquy with these two General Officers and other principal Townsmen was natural enough ; nevertheless one wishes Bouillé had postponed it, and *not* stepped aside. Such tumultuous inflammable masses, tumbling along, making way for each other ; this of keen nitrous oxide, that of sulphurous firedamp,—were it not well to stand *between* them, keeping them well separate, till the space be cleared ? Numerous stragglers of Château-Vieux and the rest have not marched with their main columns, which are filing out by the appointed Gates, taking station in the open meadows. National Guards are in a state of nearly distracted uncertainty ; the populace, armed and unarmed, roll openly delirious,—betrayed, sold to the Austrians, sold to the Aristocrats. There are loaded cannon with lit matches among them, and Bouillé's vanguard is halted within thirty paces of the Gate. Command dwells not in that mad inflammable mass ; which smoulders and tumbles there, in blind smoky rage ; which will not open the Gate when summoned ; says it will open the

cannon's throat sooner!—Cannonade not, O Friends, or be it through my body! cries heroic young Desilles, young Captain of *Roi*, clasping the murderous engine in his arms, and holding it. Château-Vieux Swiss, by main force, with oaths and menaces, wrench off the heroic youth; who undaunted, amid still louder oaths, seats himself on the touch-hole. Amid still louder oaths, with ever louder clangour,—and, alas, with the loud crackle of first one, and then of three other muskets; which explode into his body; which roll *it* in the dust,—and do also, with the loud madness of such moment, bring lit cannon-match to ready priming; and so, with one thunderous belch of grapeshot, blast some fifty of Bouillé's vanguard into air!

Fatal! That sputter of the first musket-shot has kindled such a cannon-shot, such a death-blaze; and all is now red-hot madness, conflagration as of Tophet. With demoniac rage, the Bouillé vanguard storms through that Gate Stanislaus; with fiery sweep, sweeps Mutiny clear away, to death, or into shelters and cellars; from which latter, again, Mutiny continues firing.¹ The ranked Regiments hear it in their meadow; they rush back again through the nearest Gate; Bouillé gallops in, distracted, inaudible;—and now has begun, in Nanci, as in that doomed Hall of the Nibelungen, 'a murder grim and great.'

Miserable: such scene of dismal aimless madness as the anger of Heaven but rarely permits among men! From cellar or from garret, from open street in front, from successive corners of cross-streets on each hand, Château-Vieux and Patriotism keep up the murderous rolling-fire, on murderous not Unpatriotic fires. Your blue National Captain, riddled with balls, one hardly knows on whose side fighting, requests to be laid on the colours to die:² the patriotic Woman (name not given, deed surviving) screams to Château-Vieux that it must *not* fire the other cannon; and even flings a pail of water on it, since screaming avails not.³ Thou

¹ [Bouillé says that his own soldiers fought with the more fury, as they believed themselves to have been entrapped by the hesitation of the mutineers.]

² ['M. Bouthillier,' a very young man—not called a Captain in the National Guard. (Deux Amis in *loc. cit.*)]

³ Deux Amis, v. 268.

shalt fight ; thou shalt not fight ; and with whom shalt thou fight ! Could tumult awaken the old Dead, Burgundian Charles the Bold might stir from under that Rotunda of his : never since he, raging, sank in the ditches, and lost Life and Diamond, was such a noise heard here.

Three thousand, as some count, lie mangled, gory : the half of Château-Vieux has been shot, without need of Court-Martial. Cavalry, of Mestre-de-Camp or their foes, can do little. Régiment du Roi was persuaded to its barracks ; stands there palpitating. Bouillé, armed with the terrors of the Law, and favoured of Fortune, finally triumphs. In two murderous hours, he has penetrated to the grand Squares, dauntless, though with loss of forty officers and five hundred men : the shattered remnants of Château-Vieux are seeking covert. Régiment du Roi, not effervescent now, alas no, but *having* effervesced, will offer to ground its arms ; will 'march in a quarter of an hour.' Nay these poor effervesced require 'escort' to march with, and get it ; though they are thousands strong, and have thirty ball-cartridges a-man ! The Sun is not yet down, when Peace, which might have come bloodless, has come bloody : the mutinous Regiments are on march, doleful, on their three Routes ; and from Nanci rises wail of women and men, the voice of weeping and desolation ; the City weeping for its slain who awaken not.¹ These streets are empty but for victorious patrols.

Thus has Fortune, favouring the brave, dragged Bouillé, as himself says, out of such a frightful peril 'by the hair of the head.' An intrepid adamantine man, this Bouillé :—had *he* stood in old Broglie's place in those Bastille days, it might have been all different ! He has extinguished mutiny, and immeasurable civil war. Not for nothing, as we see ; yet at a rate which he and Constitutional Patriotism consider cheap. Nay, as for Bouillé, he, urged by subsequent contradiction which arose, declares coldly, it was rather against his own private mind, and more by

¹[Bouillé says he lost 40 officers and 400 men killed and wounded. It is to be noticed that he had to detach some force on the Lunéville road, to prevent a possible advance from the Carabineers there (156).]

public military rule of duty, that he did extinguish it,¹—immeasurable civil war being now the only chance. Urged, we say, by subsequent contradiction! Civil war, indeed, is Chaos; and in all vital Chaos there is new Order shaping itself free: but what a faith this, that of all new Orders out of Chaos and Possibility of Man and his Universe, Louis Sixteenth and Two-Chamber Monarchy were precisely the one that would shape itself! It is like undertaking to throw deuce-ace, say only five hundred successive times, and *any* other throw to be fatal—for Bouillé. Rather thank Fortune, and Heaven, always, thou intrepid Bouillé; and let contradiction go its way! Civil war,² conflagrating universally over France at this moment, might have led to one thing or to another thing: meanwhile, to *quench* conflagration, wheresoever one finds it, wheresoever one can; this, in all times, is the rule for man and General Officer.

But at Paris, so agitated and divided, fancy how it went, when the continually vibrating Orderlies vibrated *thither* at hand-gallop, with such questionable news! High is the gratulation; and also deep the indignation. An august Assembly, by overwhelming majorities, passionately thanks Bouillé; a King's autograph, the voices of all Loyal, all Constitutional men run to the same tenor. A solemn National funeral-service, for the Law-defenders slain at Nanci, is said and sung in the Champ-de-Mars; Bailly, Lafayette and National Guards, all except the few that protested, assist. With pomp and circumstance, with episcopal Calicoes in tricolor girdles, Altar of Fatherland smoking with cassolettes, or incense-kettles; the vast Champ-de-Mars wholly hung round with black mortcloth,—which mortcloth and expenditure Marat thinks had better have been laid out in bread, in these dear days, and given to the hungry living Patriot.³ On the other hand, living Patriotism, and Saint-Antoine, which we have seen noisily closing its shops and such like, assembles now 'to the number of forty

¹ Bouillé, i. 175.

² [Compare Mirabeau's view expressed at this very time in his 16th Note for the Court, Aug. 13th, "In two words civil war is certain and perhaps necessary" (Bacourt, ii. 126).]

³ Ami du Peuple (in Hist. Parl. *ubi supra*).

thousand ;' and, with loud cries, under the very windows of the thanking National Assembly, demands revenge for murdered Brothers, judgment on Bouillé, and instant dismissal of War-Minister Latour du Pin.

At sound and sight of which things, if not War-Minister Latour, yet 'Adored Minister' Necker, sees good on the 3rd of September 1790, to withdraw softly, almost privily,—with an eye to the 'recovery of his health.' Home to native Switzerland ; not as he last came ; lucky to reach it alive ! Fifteen months ago, we saw him coming, with escort of horse, with sound of clarion and trumpet ; and now, at Arcis-sur-Aube, while he departs, unescorted, soundless, the Populace and Municipals stop him as a fugitive, are not unlike massacring him as a traitor ; the National Assembly, consulted on the matter, gives him free egress as a nullity. Such an unstable 'drift-mould of Accident' is the substance of this lower world, for them that dwell in houses of clay ; so, especially in hot regions and times, do the proudest palaces we build of it take wings, and become Sahara sand-palaces, spinning many-pillared in the whirlwind,¹ and bury us under their sand !—

In spite of the forty thousand, the National Assembly persists in its thanks ; and Royalist Latour du Pin continues Minister. The forty thousand assemble next day, as loud as ever ; roll towards Latour's Hôtel ; find cannon on the porch-steps with

¹[Carlyle's ostentatious contempt for Economics prevented him from doing even such justice as Necker merits. It must be remembered that since November '89 Necker had been compelled to carry out a financial policy of which he cordially disapproved, *viz.*, that of the *Assignats*, and that the first 400 millions of these had done nothing to extinguish the debt, which in Aug. '90 the Financial Committee of the Assembly reckoned to stand at 190,000,000 *livr.* Dupont de Nemours had already pointed out the rottenness of the system, but Mirabeau on Aug. 27th supported a new issue of *Assignats*, largely prompted thereto by his hatred of Necker. (See Bacourt, ii. 149.) Necker thereon resigned. It would have been only fair of Carlyle to state this reason of his resignation ; and Lafayette's alleged reason, *viz.*, motions made against him in consequence of the affair of Nancy (Lafayette, i. 143), is quite far from the truth.

The resignation of Necker brought on a great Constitutional question, which Carlyle also ignores, *viz.*, the King's right to a choice of ministers. On Oct. 20th a report of four Committees was read to the effect that the King be asked to change his ministers. Cazalès combated this in one of his best speeches. Mirabeau with great prudence, in his Notes for the Court, continually insisted that the King *should* change his ministers, but not at the demand of the Assembly.]

flambeau lit ; and have to retire elsewhither, and digest their spleen, or reabsorb it into the blood.

Over in Lorraine meanwhile, they of the distributed fusils, ringleaders of Mestre-de-Camp, of Roi, have got marked out for judgment ;—yet shall never get judged. Briefer is the doom of Château-Vieux. Château-Vieux is, by Swiss law, given up for instant trial in Court-Martial of its own officers. Which Court-Martial, with all brevity (in not many hours), has hanged some Twenty-three, on conspicuous gibbets ; marched some Three-score¹ in chains to the Galleys ; and so, to appearance, finished the matter off. Hanged men do cease for ever from this Earth ; but out of chains and the Galleys there may be resuscitation in triumph. Resuscitation for the chained Hero ; and even for the chained Scoundrel, or Semi-scoundrel ! Scottish John Knox, such World-Hero as we know, sat once nevertheless pulling grim-taciturn at the oar of French Galley, ‘in the *Water of Lore* ;’ and even flung their Virgin-Mary over, instead of kissing her,—as a ‘*pented bredd*,’ or timber Virgin, who could naturally swim.² So, ye of Château-Vieux, tug patiently, not without hope !

But indeed at Nanci generally, Aristocracy rides triumphant, rough. Bouillé is gone again, the second day ; an Aristocrat Municipality, with free course, is as cruel as it had before been cowardly. The Daughter Society, as the mother of the whole mischief, lies ignominiously suppressed ; the Prisons can hold no more ; bereaved down-beaten Patriotism murmurs, not loud but deep. Here and in the neighbouring Towns, ‘flattened balls’ picked from the streets of Nanci are worn at buttonholes : balls flattened in carrying death to Patriotism ; men wear them there, in perpetual memento of revenge. Mutineer deserters roam the woods ; have to demand charity at the musket’s end. All is dissolution, mutual rancour, gloom and despair :—till National Assembly Commissioners arrive, with a steady gentle flame of

¹ [Twenty-two and fifty respectively. Why Bouillé did not shoot at least a proportion of the mutineers of the non-Swiss Regiments is not clear. He simply says he had no power to do so, and none of them were punished (p. 160).]

² Knox’s History of the Reformation, b. i.

Constitutionalism in their hearts ; who gently lift up the down-trodden, gently pull down the too uplifted ; reinstate the Daughter Society, recall the mutineer deserter ; gradually levelling, strive in all wise ways to smooth and soothe. With such gradual mild levelling on the one side ; as with solemn funeral-service, cassolletes, Courts-Martial, National thanks, on the other,—all that Officiality can do is done. The buttonhole will drop its flat ball ; the black ashes, so far as may be, get green again.

This is the ‘ Affair of Nanci ; ’ by some called the ‘ Massacre of Nanci ; ’—properly speaking, the unsightly *wrong-side* of that thrice-glorious Feast of Pikes, the right-side of which formed a spectacle for the very gods. Right-side and wrong lie always so near : the one was in July, in August the other ! Theatres, the theatres over in London, are bright with their pasteboard simulacrum of that ‘ Federation of the French people,’ brought out as Drama : this of Nanci, we may say, though not played in any pasteboard Theatre, did for many months enact itself, and even walk spectrally,—in all French heads. For the news of it fly pealing through all France : awakening, in town and village, in clubroom, messroom, to the utmost borders, some mimic reflex or imaginative repetition of the business ; always with the angry questionable assertion : It was right ; It was wrong. Whereby come controversies, duels ; embitterment, vain jargon ; the hastening forward, the augmenting and intensifying of whatever new explosions lie in store for us.

Meanwhile, at this cost or at that, the mutiny, as we say, is stilled. The French Army has neither burst up in universal simultaneous delirium ; nor been at once disbanded, put an end to, and made new again. It must die in the chronic manner, through years, by inches ; with partial revolts, as of Brest Sailors or the like, which dare not spread ; with men unhappy, insubordinate ; officers unhappier, in Royalist moustachioes, taking horse, singly or in bodies, across the Rhine : ¹ sick dissatisfaction,

¹ See Dampmartin, i. 249, &c. &c.

sick disgust on both sides ; the Army moribund, fit for no duty : —till it do, in that unexpected manner, Phœnix-like, with long throes, get both dead and newborn ; then start forth strong, nay stronger and even strongest.

Thus much was the brave Bouillé hitherto fated to do. Where-with let him again fade into dimness ; and, at Metz or the rural Cantonments, assiduously drilling, mysteriously diplomatising, in scheme within scheme, hover as formerly a faint shadow, the hope of Royalty.¹

¹[Again as in the previous book it seems to me that Carlyle has wasted a great deal of space over the Nancy mutiny. It was indeed a thing of far greater importance than the 'Feast of Pikes,' as a symptom of the progress of Anarchy, but such large separate sketches of single events are apt to mar the proportion of the whole.]

BOOK III
THE TUILERIES

CHAPTER I
EPIMENIDES

How true, that there is nothing dead in this Universe ; that what we call dead is only changed, its forces working in inverse order ! ‘The leaf that lies rotting in moist winds,’ says one, ‘has still ‘force ; else how could it *rot* ?’ Our whole Universe is but an infinite Complex of Forces ; thousandfold, from Gravitation up to Thought and Will ; man’s Freedom environed with Necessity of Nature : in all which nothing at any moment slumbers, but all is forever awake and busy. The thing that lies isolated inactive thou shalt nowhere discover ; seek everywhere, from the granite mountain, slow-mouldering since Creation, to the passing cloud-vapour, to the living man ; to the action, to the spoken word of man. The word that is spoken, as we know, flies irrevocable : not less, but more, the action that is done. ‘The gods themselves,’ sings Pindar, ‘cannot annihilate the action that is done.’ No : this, once done, is done always ; cast forth into endless Time ; and, long conspicuous or soon hidden, must verily work and grow forever there, an indestructible new element in the Infinite of Things. Or, indeed, what *is* this Infinite of Things itself, which men name Universe, but an Action, a sum-total of Actions and Activities ? The living ready-made sum-total of these three,— which Calculation cannot add, cannot bring on its tablets ; yet the sum, we say, is written visible : All that has been done, All that is doing, All that will be done ! Understand it well, the Thing thou beholdest, that Thing is an Action, the product and expression of exerted Force : the All of Things is an infinite

conjugation of the verb *To do*. Shoreless Fountain-Ocean of Force, of power to *do*; wherein Force rolls and circles, billowing, many-streamed, harmonious; wide as Immensity, deep as Eternity; beautiful and terrible, not to be comprehended: this is what man names Existence and Universe; this thousand-tinted Flame-image, at once veil and revelation, reflex such as he, in his poor brain and heart, can paint, of One Unnameable dwelling in inaccessible light! From beyond the Star-galaxies, from before the Beginning of Days, it billows and rolls,—round *thee*, nay thyself art of it, in this point of Space where thou now standest, in this moment which thy clock measures.

Or apart from all Transcendentalism, is it not a plain truth of sense, which the duller mind can even consider as a truism, that human things wholly are in continual movement, and action and reaction; working continually forward, phasis after phasis, by unalterable laws, towards prescribed issues? How often must we say, and yet not rightly lay to heart: The seed that is sown, it will spring! Given the summer's blossoming, then there is also given the autumnal withering: so is it ordered not with seedfields only, but with transactions, arrangements, philosophies, societies, French Revolutions, whatsoever man works with in this lower world. The Beginning holds in it the End, and all that leads thereto; as the acorn does the oak and its fortunes. Solemn enough, did we think of it,—which unhappily, and also happily, we do not very much! Thou there canst begin; the Beginning is for thee, and there: but where, and of what sort, and for whom will the End be? All grows, and seeks and endures its destinies: consider likewise how much grows, as the trees do, whether *we* think of it or not. So that when your Epimenides, your somnolent Peter Klaus, since named Rip van Winkle, awakens again, he finds it a changed world. In that seven-years sleep of his, so much has changed! All that is without us will change while we think not of it; much even that is within us. The truth that was yesterday a restless Problem, has today grown a Belief burning to be uttered: on the morrow, contradiction has exasperated it into mad Fanaticism; obstruction has dulled it into sick Inert-

ness ; it is sinking towards silence, of satisfaction or of resignation. Today is not Yesterday, for man or for thing. Yesterday there was the oath of Love ; today has come the curse of Hâte. Not willingly : ah, no ; but it could not help coming. The golden radiance of youth, would it willingly have tarnished itself into the dimness of old age?—Fearful : how we stand enveloped, deep-sunk, in that Mystery of TIME ; and are Sons of Time ; fashioned and woven out of Time ; and on us, and on all that we have, or see, or do, is written : Rest not, Continue not, Forward to thy doom !

But in seasons of Revolution, which indeed distinguish themselves from common seasons by their *velocity* mainly, your miraculous Seven-sleeper might, with miracle enough, awake *sooner* : not by the century, or seven years, need he sleep ; often not by the seven months. Fancy, for example, some new Peter Klaus, sated with the jubilee of that Federation day, had lain down, say directly after the Blessing of Talleyrand ; and, reckoning it all safe *now*, had fallen composedly asleep under the timber-work of the Fatherland's Altar ; to sleep there, not twenty-one years, but as it were year and day. The cannonading of Nanci, so far off, does not disturb him ; nor does the black mortcloth, close at hand, nor the requiems chanted, and minute-guns, incense-pans and concourse right over his head : none of these ; but Peter sleeps through them all. Through one circling year, as we say ; from July the 14th of 1790, till July the 17th of 1791 : but on that latter day, no Klaus, nor most leaden Epimenides, only the Dead could continue sleeping : and so our miraculous Peter Klaus awakens. With what eyes, O Peter ! Earth and sky have still their joyous July look, and the Champ-de-Mars is multitudinous with men : but the jubilee-huzzahing has become Bedlam-shrieking, of terror and revenge ; not blessing of Talleyrand, or any blessing, but cursing, imprecation and shrill wail ; our cannon-salvoes are turned to sharp shot ; for swinging of incense-pans and Eighty-three Departmental Banners, we have waving of the one sanguineous *Drapeau-Rouge*.—Thou foolish Klaus !

The one lay in the other, the one *was* the other *minus* Time; even as Hannibal's rock-rending vinegar lay in the sweet new wine. That sweet Federation was of last year; this sour Divul-sion is the selfsame substance, only older by the appointed days.

No miraculous Klaus or Epimenides sleeps in these times; and yet, may not many a man, if of due opacity and levity, act the same miracle in a natural way; we mean, with his eyes open? Eyes has he, but he sees not, except what is under his nose. With a sparkling briskness of glance, as if he not only saw but saw through, such a one goes whisking, assiduous, in his circle of officialities; not dreaming but that *it* is the whole world: as indeed, where your vision terminates, does not inanity begin *there*, and the world's end clearly disclose itself—to you? Where-by our brisk-sparkling assiduous official person (call him, for instance, Lafayette), suddenly startled, after year and day, by huge grapeshot tumult, stares not less astonished at it than Peter Klaus would have done. Such natural-miracle can Lafayette perform; and indeed not he only but most other officials, non-officials, and generally the whole French People can perform it; and do bounce up, ever and anon, like amazed Seven-sleepers awakening; awakening amazed at the noise they themselves *make*. So strangely is Freedom, as we say, environed in Necessity; such a singular Sonnambulism, of Conscious and Unconscious, of Voluntary and Involuntary, in this life of man. If anywhere in the world there was astonishment that the Federation Oath went into grapeshot, surely of all persons the French, first swearers and then shooters, felt astonished the most.

Alas, offences must come. The sublime Feast of Pikes, with its effulgence of brotherly love, unknown since the Age of Gold, has changed nothing. That prurient heat in Twenty-five millions of hearts is not cooled thereby; but is still hot, nay hotter. Lift off the pressure of command from so many millions; all pressure or binding rule, except such melodramatic Federation Oath as they have bound *themselves* with! For *Thou shalt* was from of old the condition of man's being, and his weal and blessedness was in obeying that. Wo for him when, were it on the hest of

the clearest necessity, rebellion, disloyal isolation, and mere *I will*, becomes his rule! But the Gospel of Jean-Jacques has come, and the first Sacrament of it has been celebrated: all things, as we say, are got into hot and hotter prurience; and must go on pruriently fermenting, in continual change noted or unnoted.

‘Worn out with disgusts,’ Captain after Captain, in Royalist moustachioes, mounts his war-horse, or his Rozinante war-garron, and rides minatory across the Rhine; till all have ridden. Neither does civic Emigration cease; Seigneur after Seigneur must, in like manner, ride or roll; impelled to it, and even compelled. For the very Peasants despise him, in that he dare not join his order and fight.¹ Can he bear to have a Distaff, a *Quenouille* sent to him: say in copper-plate shadow, by post; or fixed up in wooden reality over his gate-lintel: as if he were no Hercules, but an Omphale? Such scutcheon they forward to him diligently from beyond the Rhine; till he too bestir himself and march, and in sour humour another Lord of Land is gone, *not* taking the Land with him. Nay, what of Captains and emigrating Seigneurs? There is not an angry word on any of those Twenty-five million French tongues, and indeed not an angry thought in their hearts, but is some fraction of the great Battle. Add many successions of angry words together, you have the manual brawl; add brawls together, with the festering sorrows they leave, and they rise to riots and revolts. One reverend thing after another ceases to meet reverence: in visible material combustion, château after château mounts up; in spiritual invisible combustion, one authority after another. With noise and glare, or noiselessly and unnoted, a whole Old System of things is vanishing piecemeal: the morrow thou shalt look, and it is not.

CHAPTER II

THE WAKEFUL

SLEEP who will, cradled in hope and short vision, like Lafayette, who ‘always in the danger done sees the last danger that will threaten him,’—Time is not sleeping, nor Time’s seedfield.

¹ Dampmartin, *passim*.

That sacred Herald's-College of a *new* Dynasty; we mean the Sixty and odd Billstickers with their leaden badges, are not sleeping. Daily they, with pastepot and cross-staff, new-clothe the walls of Paris in colours of the rainbow; authoritative-heraldic, as we say, or indeed almost magical-thaumaturgic; for no Placard-Journal that they paste but will convince some soul or souls of men. The Hawkers bawl; and the Balladsingers: great Journalism blows and blusters, through all its throats, forth from Paris towards all corners of France, like an Æolus' Cave; keeping alive all manner of fires.

Throats or Journals there are, as men count,¹ to the number of some Hundred and thirty-three. Of various calibre; from your Chéniers, Gorsases, Camilles, down to your Marat, down now to your incipient Hébert² of the *Père Duchesne*; these blow, with

¹ Mercier, iii. 163.

² [Jacques René Hébert, born at Alençon 1755, was a splendid specimen of his order. His origin is obscure, but he appears to have been employed in some subordinate capacity at the *Théâtre des Variétés* before the Revolution. A Royalist pamphleteer called Le Maire, having conceived the idea of appealing to the lowest classes in language approaching their own, began to issue in 1789 a short series of 'letters of *Père Duchesne*,' the earliest numbers bearing the title of 'Broken windows,' and *Lettres b-t patriotiques*. Le Maire's series continued to appear at intervals with various titles, but principally as *La Trompette du Père Duchesne* and *L'Ami des Soldats*. At what exact date it occurred to Hébert to commence a counterfeit and anti-Royalist series of Letters of *Père Duchesne* is uncertain. Brunet in his 'Monographe sur Père Duchesne' says not till Jan. 1st 1791, from which date he traces 355 consecutive numbers, all by Hébert, down to March 12th 1794 (day of Hébert's arrest): but *Le Maire* had been counterfeited before that date. From No. 131 Hébert's signature is attached. The pamphlets are printed on small quarto, on dirty paper and with bad type, and are usually illustrated on the cover with a picture of a large man smoking a pipe, and brandishing a cleaver, with pistols in his belt and a musket by his side, while a priest kneels and clasps his hands in the background, over the legend *Memento Mori*; under the picture the legend *Je suis le véritable Père Duchesne, f—e*. Hébert seems to have had a talent for quarrelling with his printers, for the *Père Duchesne* is printed at a great many different addresses.

Père Duchesne has been the favourite Revolution pamphlet with the great book collectors on account of its numerous counterfeits and doubtful copies. The Labédoyère collection (now in the Bibl. Nat.) is probably the most complete in France, and the Earl of Crawford's in England. M. Brunet and M. Hatin, the great bibliographers, have devoted immense labour to its history. Practically all that is now known may be found summarised in Tourneux, ii. 736.

The early numbers are devoted to the attack on the King, Queen and ministers; from 1792 the Girondists and above all Mme Roland are the chief butts of attack; from May '93 there is no one special victim, but every one who shows the least symptom of mercy or moderation is attacked in turn. He habitually addresses his hearers as 'my dear b—s.' From the early days of 1793 Hébert began to draw large sums out of the war ministry as subventions for this filthy print, which he distributed gratis to the armies. Camille Desmoulins in the 5th Number of

fierce weight of argument or quick light banter, for the Rights of Man ; Durosoys, Royous, Peltiers, Sulleaus, equally with mixed tactics (inclusive, singular to say, of much profane Parody),¹ are blowing for Altar and Throne. As for Marat the People's-Friend, his voice is as that of the bullfrog, or bittern by the solitary pools ; he, unseen of men, croaks harsh thunder, and that alone continually,—of indignation, suspicion, incurable sorrow. The People are sinking toward ruin, near starvation itself : ' My dear friends,' cries he, ' your indigence is not the fruit of vices nor of idleness ; ' you have a right to life, as good as Louis XVI., or the happiest ' of the century. What man can say he has a right to dine, ' when you have no bread ? ' ² The People sinking on the one hand : on the other hand, nothing but wretched *Sieur Motiers*, treasonous *Riquetti Mirabeaus* ; traitors, or else shadows and simulacra of Quacks to be seen in high places, look where you will ! Men that go mincing, grimacing, with plausible speech and brushed raiment ; hollow within : Quacks political ; Quacks scientific, academical : all with a fellow-feeling for each other, and kind of Quack public-spirit ! Not great Lavoisier himself, or any of the Forty can escape this rough tongue ; which wants not fanatic sincerity, nor, strangest of all, a certain rough caustic sense. And then the ' three thousand gaming-houses ' that are in Paris ; cesspools for the scoundrelism of the world ; sinks of iniquity and debauchery,—whereas without good morals Liberty is impossible ! There, in these Dens of Satan, which one knows,

' *Vieux Cordelier* ' asserts that Hébert had drawn 43,000 *livr.* in the year *beyond* the cost of the 600,000 copies of *Père Duchesne* distributed to the soldiers. This accusation was repeated by Camille in the Jacobin Club, Jan. 5th '94, and Hébert was unable to disprove it.

Hébert made his first political mark as a member of the insurrectionary *Commune* of 1792, in which he filled the office of *Procureur-Syndic-Substitut* under Chaumette ; in the massacres of September he was a principal director : above all he distinguished himself in the trial of the Queen by accusing her of inciting her little son to incestuous acts. Together with Chaumette he organised the worship of Reason in Nov. '93, but this brought him into conflict with Robespierre as well as with the Dantonists, and after some hesitation Robespierre decided to strike him down in March '94. He was guillotined March 22nd with 18 of his party, and with him fell the power of the *Commune*.]

¹ See *Hist. Parl.* vii. 51.

² *Ami du Peuple*, No. 306. See other Excerpts in *Hist. Parl.* viii. 139—149, 428—433 ; ix. 85—93, &c.

and perseveringly denounces, do Sieur Motier's *mouchards* consort and colleague; battenng vampyre-like on a People next-door to starvation. 'O *Peuple!*' cries he ofttimes, with heart-rending accent. Treason, delusion, vampyrism, scoundrelism, from Dan to Beersheba! The soul of Marat is sick with the sight: but what remedy? To erect 'Eight Hundred gibbets,' in convenient rows, and proceed to hoisting; 'Riquetti on the first of them!' Such is the brief recipe of Marat, Friend of the People.

So blow and bluster the Hundred and thirty-three: nor, as would seem, are these sufficient; for there are benighted nooks in France, to which Newspapers do not reach; and everywhere is 'such an appetite for news as was never seen in any country.' Let an expeditious Dampmartin, on furlough, set out to return home from Paris,¹ he cannot get along for 'peasants stopping him on the highway; overwhelming him with questions:' the *Maître de Poste* will not send out the horses till you have well nigh quarrelled with him, but asks always, What news? At Autun, in spite of the dark night and 'rigorous frost,' for it is now January 1791, nothing will serve but you must gather your wayworn limbs and thoughts, and 'speak to the multitudes from a window opening into the market-place.' It is the shortest method: *This*, good Christian people, is verily what an august Assembly seemed to me to be doing; this and no other is the news:

Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me to repose!

The good Dampmartin!—But, on the whole, are not Nations astonishingly true to their National character; which indeed runs in the blood? Nineteen hundred years ago, Julius Cæsar, with his quick sure eye, took note how the Gauls waylaid men. 'It is a habit of theirs,' says he, 'to stop travellers, were it even by constraint, and inquire whatsoever each of them may have heard or known about any sort of matter: in their towns, the common people beset the passing trader; demanding to hear from what regions he came, what things he got acquainted with

¹ Dampmartin, i. 184.

'there. Excited by which rumours and hearsays they will decide 'about the weightiest matters; and necessarily repent next moment 'that they did it, on such guidance of uncertain reports, and 'many a traveller answering with mere fictions to please them, 'and get off.'¹ Nineteen hundred years; and good Damp-martin, wayworn, in winter frost, probably with scant light of stars and fish-oil, still perorates from the Inn-window! This People is no longer called Gaulish; and it has *wholly* become *braccatus*, has got breeches, and suffered change enough: certain fierce German *Franken* came storming over; and, so to speak, vaulted on the back of it; and always after, in their grim tenacious way, have ridden it bridled; for German is, by his very name, *Guerre*-man, or man that *wars* and *gars*. And so the People, as we say, is now called French or Frankish: nevertheless, does not the old Gaulish and Gaelic Celthood, with its vehemence, effervescent promptitude, and what good and ill it had, still vindicate itself little adulterated?—

For the rest, that in such prurient confusion, Clubbism thrives and spreads, need not be said. Already the Mother of Patriotism, sitting in the Jacobins, shines supreme over all; and has paled the poor lunar light of that Monarchic Club near to final extinction. She, we say, shines supreme, girt with sun-light, not yet with infernal lightning; revered, not without fear, by Municipal Authorities; counting her Barnaves, Lameths, Petions, of a National Assembly; most gladly of all, her Robespierre. Cordeliers, again, your Hébert, Vincent,² Biblioplist Momoro, groan audibly that a tyrannous Mayor and Sieur Motier harrow them with the sharp *tribula* of Law, intent apparently to suppress them by tribulation. How the Jacobin Mother-Society, as hinted formerly, sheds forth Cordeliers on this hand, and then Feuillans on that; the Cordeliers 'an elixir or double distillation of Jacobin

¹ De Bello Gallico, lib. iv. 5.

²[Vincent was a sort of right-hand man of Hébert in the *Commune* of 1793. He had been a lawyer's clerk and was only 26 years of age. He got a place in the War Office in 1793, and was the agent in transferring large sums of stolen money from Bouchotte the War Minister to Hébert and the *Commune*. Arrested in Dec. '93 with Ronsin and some of the Hébertist 'tail,' he was liberated again, only to be but finally arrested and executed with Hébert March 22nd '94.]

Patriotism ;' the other a wide-spread weak dilution thereof : how she will reabsorb the former into her Mother-bosom, and stormfully dissipate the latter into Nonentity : how she breeds and brings forth Three Hundred Daughter-Societies ; her rearing of them, her correspondence, her endeavours and continual travail : how, under an old figure, Jacobinism shoots forth organic filaments to the utmost corners of confused dissolved France ; organising it anew :—this properly is the grand fact of the Time.

To passionate Constitutionalism, still more to Royalism, which see all their own Clubs fail and die, Clubbism will naturally grow to seem the root of all evil. Nevertheless Clubbism is not death, but rather new organisation, and life out of death : destructive, indeed, of the remnants of the Old ; but to the New important, indispensable. That man can cooperate and hold communion with man, herein lies his miraculous strength. In hut or hamlet, Patriotism mourns not now like voice in the desert : it can walk to the nearest Town ; and there, in the Daughter-Society, make its ejaculation into an articulate oration, into an action, guided forward by the Mother of Patriotism herself. All Clubs of Constitutionals, and such like, fail, one after another, as shallow fountains : Jacobinism alone has gone down to the deep subterranean lake of waters ; and may, unless *filled in*, flow there, copious, continual, like an Artesian well. Till the Great Deep have drained itself up ; and all be flooded and submerged, and Noah's Deluge out-deluged !

On the other hand, Claude Fauchet, preparing mankind for a Golden Age now apparently just at hand, has opened his *Cercle Social*, with clerks, corresponding boards, and so forth ; in the precincts of the Palais Royal. It is *Te-Deum* Fauchet ; the same who preached on Franklin's Death, in that huge Medicean rotunda of the *Halle-aux-bleds*. He here, this winter, by Printing-press and melodious Colloquy, spreads bruit of himself to the utmost City-barriers. 'Ten thousand persons of respectability' attend there ; and listen to this '*Procureur-Général de la Vérité*, Attorney-General of Truth,' so has he dubbed himself ; to his sage Condorcet, or other eloquent coadjutor. Eloquent Attorney-

General! He blows out from him, better or worse, what crude or ripe thing he holds: not without result to himself; for it leads to a Bishopric, though only a Constitutional one.¹ Fauchet approves himself a glib-tongued, strong-lunged, whole-hearted human individual: much flowing matter there is, and really of the better sort, about Right, Nature, Benevolence, Progress; which flowing matter, whether 'it is pantheistic,' or is pot-theistic, only the greener mind, in these days, need examine. Busy Brissot² was long ago of purpose to establish precisely some such regenerative *Social Circle*: nay he had tried it in 'Newman-street Oxford-street,' of the Fog Babylon; and failed,—as some say, surreptitiously pocketing the cash. Fauchet, not Brissot, was fated to be the happy man; whereat, however, generous Brissot will with sincere heart sing a timber-toned *Nunc Domine*.³ But 'ten thousand persons of respectability:' what a bulk have many things in proportion to their magnitude! This *Cercle Social*, for which Brissot chants in sincere timber-tones such *Nunc Domine*, what is it? Unfortunately wind and shadow. The main reality one finds in it now, is perhaps this: that an 'Attorney-General of Truth' did once take shape of a body, as Son of Adam, on our Earth, though but for months or moments; and ten thousand persons of respectability attended, ere yet Chaos and Nox had reabsorbed him.

Hundred and thirty-three Paris Journals; regenerative Social

¹[Claude Fauchet was born 1744, and had a distinguished ecclesiastical career: in 1785 he was made Chaplain to the King, but dismissed 1788; elector for the Clergy of Paris and draftsman of their *cahier*; played an important part in the Assembly of Electors in July '89; sat in the Provisionary Municipality, where his hostility to Bailly was very marked. He became "Constitutional Bishop" of Calvados in May 1791, and deputy for that department to the Legislative and afterwards to the Convention. It was he who denounced Delessart in Feb. and the "Austrian Committee" in May '92. He voted against the King's death and was denounced by Barère in July '93 as an accomplice of Charlotte Corday: executed with the Girondins Oct. 31st '93.

The *Cercle Social*, called also *Amis de la Vérité*, was older than Fauchet's connection with it, being originally a Masonic lodge, with wide and vague aims of a socialist character (universal love and brotherhood, etc.). It met in the *Palais Royal*, and included Condorcet and Sieyès among its members. Its mouthpiece was the *Bouche de Fer* newspaper, which Fauchet directed.]

²[Brissot, *vid. sup.* note on i. 170.]

³See Brissot, *Patriote-Français* Newspaper; Fauchet, *Bouche-de-Fer*, &c. (excerpted in *Hist. Parl.* viii. ix. *et sqq.*).

Circle ; oratory, in Mother and Daughter Societies, from the balconies of Inns, by chimney-nook, at dinner-table,—polemical, ending many times in duel ! Add ever, like a constant growling accompaniment of bass Discord : scarcity of work, scarcity of food. The winter is hard and cold ; ragged Bakers'-queues, like a black tattered flag-of-distress, wave out ever and anon. It is the third of our Hunger-years, this new year of a glorious Revolution. The rich man when invited to dinner, in such distress-seasons, feels bound in politeness to carry his own bread in his pocket : how [do] the poor dine ? And your glorious Revolution has done it, cries one. And our glorious Revolution is subtly, by black traitors worthy of the Lamp-iron, *perversed* to do it, cries another. Who will paint the huge whirlpool wherein France, all shivered into wild incoherence, whirls ? The jarring that went on under every French roof, in every French heart ; the diseased things that were spoken, done, the sum-total whereof is the French Revolution, tongue of man cannot tell. Nor the laws of action that work unseen in the depths of that huge blind Incoherence ! With amazement, not with measurement, men look on the Immeasurable ; not knowing its laws ; *seeing*, with all different degrees of knowledge, what new phases, and results of event, its laws bring forth. France is as a monstrous Galvanic Mass, wherein all sorts of far stranger than chemical galvanic or electric forces and substances are at work ; electrifying one another, positive and negative ; filling with electricity your Leyden-jars,—Twenty-five millions in number ! As the jars get full, there will, from time to time, be, on slight hint, an explosion.

CHAPTER III

SWORD IN HAND

ON such wonderful basis, however, has Law, Royalty, Authority, and whatever yet exists of visible Order, to maintain itself, while it can. Here, as in that Commixture of the Four Elements did the Anarch Old, has an august Assembly spread its pavilion ; curtailed by the dark infinite of discords ; founded on the wavering

bottomless of the Abyss; and keeps continual hubbub. Time is around it, and Eternity, and the Inane; and it does what it can, what is given it to do.

Glancing reluctantly in, once more, we discern little that is edifying: a Constitutional Theory of Defective Verbs struggling forward, with perseverance, amid endless interruptions: Mirabeau, from his tribune, with the weight of his name and genius, awing down much Jacobin violence; which in return vents itself the louder over in its Jacobins Hall, and even reads him sharp lectures there.¹ This man's path is mysterious, questionable; difficult, and he walks without companion in it. Pure Patriotism does not now count him among her chosen; pure Royalism abhors him: yet his weight with the world is overwhelming. Let him travel on, companionless, unwavering, whither he is bound,—while it is yet day with him, and the night has not come.

But the chosen band of pure Patriot brothers is small; counting only some Thirty, seated now on the extreme tip of the Left, separate from the world. A virtuous Petion; an incorruptible Robespierre, most consistent, incorruptible of thin acrid men; Triumvirs Barnave, Duport, Lameth, great in speech, thought, action, each according to his kind; a lean old Goupil de Préfeln:² on these and what will follow them has pure Patriotism to depend.

There too, conspicuous among the Thirty, if seldom audible, Philippe d'Orléans may be seen sitting: in dim fuliginous bewilderment; having, one might say, *arrived* at Chaos! Gleams there are, at once of a Lieutenancy and Regency; debates in the Assembly itself, of succession to the Throne 'in case the present Branch should fail;' and Philippe, they say, walked anxiously, in silence, through the corridors, till such high argument were done: but it came all to nothing; Mirabeau, glaring into the man, and through him, had to ejaculate in strong untranslatable language: "*Ce j—f— ne vaut pas la peine qu'on se donne pour lui.*"

¹ Camille's Journal (in Hist. Parl. ix. 366—85).

²[Goupil de Préfeln sat for Alençon in the Constituent, and occasionally displayed Republican tendencies. He retired from political life from 1791 until 1795, when he again sat in the Council of Ancients. Died 1801.]

It came all to nothing ; and in the meanwhile Philippe's money, they say, is gone ! Could he refuse a little cash to the gifted Patriot, in want only of that ; he himself in want of all *but* that ? Not a pamphlet can be printed without cash ; or indeed written, without food purchasable by cash. Without cash your hopefullest Projector cannot stir from the spot ; individual patriotic or other Projects require cash : how much more do wide-spread Intrigues, which live and exist by cash ; lying wide-spread, with dragon-appetite for cash ; fit to swallow Princedoms ! And so Prince Philippe, amid his Sillerys, Lacloses and confused Sons of Night, has rolled along : the centre of the strangest cloudy coil ; out of which has visibly come, as we often say, an Epic Preternatural Machinery of SUSPICION ; and *within* which there has dwelt and worked,—what specialities of treason, stratagem, aimed or aimless endeavour towards mischief, no party living (if it be not the presiding Genius of it, Prince of the Power of the Air) has now any chance to know. Camille's conjecture is the likeliest : that poor Philippe did mount up, a little way, in treasonable speculation, as he mounted formerly in one of the earliest Balloons ; but, frightened at the new position he was getting into, had soon turned the cock again, and come down. More fool than he rose ! To create Preternatural Suspicion, this was his function in the Revolutionary Epos. But now if he have lost his cornucopia of ready-money, what else had he to lose ? In thick darkness, inward and outward, he must welter and flounder on, in that piteous death-element, the hapless man. Once, or even twice, we shall still behold him emerged ; struggling out of the thick death-element : in vain. For one moment, it is the last moment, he starts aloft, or is flung aloft, even into clearness and a kind of memorability,—to sink then forevermore !

The *Côté Droit* persists no less ; nay with more animation than ever, though hope has now well nigh fled. Tough Abbé Maury, when the obscure country Royalist grasps his hand with transport of thanks, answers, rolling his indomitable brazen head : “ *Hélas, Monsieur*, all that I do here is as good as simply *nothing*.” Gallant Faussigny, visible this one time in History, advances frantic, into

the middle of the Hall, exclaiming: "There is but one way of dealing with it, and that is to fall sword in hand on those gentry there, *sabre à la main sur ces gaillards là,*"¹ frantically indicating our chosen Thirty on the extreme tip of the Left! Whereupon is clangour and clamour, debate, repentance,—evaporation. Things ripen towards downright incompatibility, and what is called 'scission: ' that fierce theoretic onslaught of Faucigny's was in August 1790; next August will not have come, till a famed Two Hundred and Ninety-two, the chosen of Royalism, make solemn final 'scission' from an Assembly given up to faction; and depart,² shaking the dust off their feet.

Connected with this matter of sword in hand, there is yet another thing to be noted. Of duels we have sometimes spoken: how, in all parts of France, innumerable duels were fought; and argumentative men and messmates, flinging down the wine-cup and weapons of reason and repartee, met in the measured field; to part bleeding; or perhaps *not* to part, but to fall mutually skewered through with iron, their wrath and life alike ending,—and die as fools die. Long has this lasted, and still lasts. But now it would seem as if in an august Assembly itself, traitorous Royalism, in its despair, had taken to a new course: that of cutting off Patriotism by systematic duel! Bully-swordsmen, '*Spadassins*' of that party,

¹ *Moniteur*, Séance du 21 Août 1790. [The passage is quoted from the *Moniteur* of the 22nd. It was in answer to some remark of Barnave's about 'prison being the mildest form of punishment' that Faucigny cried 'This means open war of the majority on the minority, and there is only one way of dealing with it,' etc. He was called to order, made a complete disavowal of such bloodthirsty sentiments, and received the pardon of the Assembly for them.]

The Comte de Faucigny de Luinge was deputy for the *Noblesse* of Bourg-en-Bresse. He emigrated in Sept. '91, and died in London in poverty. In a letter dated 1801, a few months before his death, he signed himself 'Miniature painter, Panton Street, Leicester Square.' (*See Dictionnaire des Parlementaires Français* (Paris, 1889), i. 607.)]

² [This refers to the protest of the Right made against the decrees of the Assembly (after the King's return from Varennes) suspending the exercise of the Royal power. The protest was made on July 5th '91 by 290 deputies of the Right and was presented by M. Foucault. It appears to have been drawn up a week earlier. The Assembly refused to receive the protest and passed to the order of the day. The protesters did not by any means make 'final scission,' but in the debates on Revision of the Constitution (August '91) the Right, as a whole, made a poor fight. (*See Hist. Parl.* x. 432 and *Les Premières Années de la Révolution à Lyon*, par Maurice Wahl, Paris, 1894, pp. 395-6.)]

go swaggering ; or indeed they can be had for a trifle of money. ‘Twelve *Spadassins*’ were *seen*, by the yellow eye of Journalism, ‘arriving recently out of Switzerland ;’ also ‘a considerable number of Assassins, *nombre considérable d’assassins*, exercising in ‘fencing-schools and at pistol-targets.’ Any Patriot Deputy of mark can be called out ; let him escape one time, or ten times, a time there necessarily is when he must fall, and France mourn. How many cartels has Mirabeau had ; especially while he was the People’s champion ! Cartels by the hundred : which he, since the Constitution must be made first, and his time is precious, answers now always with a kind of stereotype formula : ‘Monsieur, ‘you are put upon my List ; but I warn you that it is long, and ‘I grant no preferences.’

Then, in Autumn, had we not the Duel of Cazalès and Barnave ;¹ the two chief masters of tongue-shot meeting now to exchange pistol-shot ? For Cazalès, chief of the Royalists, whom we call ‘Blacks or *Noirs*,’ said, in a moment of passion, “the Patriots were sheer Brigands,” nay in so speaking, he darted, or seemed to dart, a fire-glance specially at Barnave ; who thereupon could not but reply by fire-glances,—by adjournment to the Bois-de-Boulogne. Barnave’s second shot took effect : on Cazalès’ *hat*. The ‘front nook’ of a triangular Felt, such as mortals then wore, deadened the ball ; and saved that fine brow from more than temporary injury. But how easily might the lot have fallen the other way, and Barnave’s hat not been so good ! Patriotism raises its loud denunciation of Duelling in general ; petitions an august Assembly to stop such Feudal barbarism by law. Barbarism and solecism : for will it convince or convict any man to blow half an ounce of lead through the head of him ? Surely not.—Barnave was received at the Jacobins with embraces, yet with rebukes.

Mindful of which, and also that his reputation in America was that of headlong foolhardiness rather, and want of brain not of heart, Charles Lameth does, on the eleventh day of November,

¹[The Duel was fought in the *Bois de Boulogne* on Aug. 11th. See *Rév. de Paris*, No. 57 (1790), p. 320.]

with little emotion, decline attending some hot young Gentleman from Artois, come expressly to challenge him : nay indeed he first coldly engages to attend ; then coldly permits two Friends to attend instead of him, and shame the young Gentleman out of it, which they successfully do. A cold procedure ; satisfactory to the two Friends, to Lameth and the hot young Gentleman ; whereby, one might have fancied, the whole matter was cooled down.

Not so, however : Lameth, proceeding to his senatorial duties, in the decline of the day, is met in those Assembly corridors by nothing but Royalist *brocards* ; sniffs, huffs and open insults. Human patience has its limits : “ Monsieur,” said Lameth, breaking silence to one Lautrec, a man with hunchback, or natural deformity, but sharp of tongue, and a *Black* of the deepest tint, “ Monsieur, if you were a man to be fought with ! ” — “ I am one,” cries the young Duke de Castries. Fast as fireflash Lameth replies, “ *Tout à l’heure, On the instant, then !* ”¹ And so, as the shades of dusk thicken in that Bois-de-Boulogne, we behold two men with lion-look, with alert attitude, side foremost, right foot advanced ; flourishing and thrusting, stoccado and passado, in tierce and quart ; intent to skewer one another. See, with most skewering purpose, headlong Lameth, with his whole weight, makes a furious lunge ; but deft Castries whisks aside : Lameth skewers only the air, — and slits deep and far, on Castries’ sword’s-point, his own extended left arm ! Whereupon, with bleeding, pallor, surgeon’s-lint and formalities, the Duel is considered satisfactorily done.²

But will there be no end, then ? Beloved Lameth lies deep-slit, not out of danger. Black traitorous Aristocrats kill the People’s defenders, cut up not with arguments, but with rapier-slits. And the Twelve *Spadassins* out of Switzerland, and the considerable number of Assassins exercising at the pistol-target ?

¹ [Nov. 12th 1790.]

² [Lameth had been charged by the Assembly in March with the duty of making a search at Pontoise for Barentin (Ex-Keeper of the Seals). Castries had rallied him on the subject in an insulting manner, and Lameth thereupon challenged Castries. See a letter from Mme Elisabeth to Mme de Raigecourt printed in Feuillet de Conches (Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette et Mme Elisabeth ; lettres et documents inédits, Paris, 1864—73), i. 368. Cf. also Malouet, ii. 98, note.]

So meditates and ejaculates hurt Patriotism, with ever-deepening, ever-widening fervour, for the space of six and thirty hours.

The thirty-six hours past, on Saturday the 13th, one beholds a new spectacle : The Rue de Varennes, and neighbouring Boulevard des Invalides, covered with a mixed flowing multitude : the Castries Hôtel gone distracted, devil-ridden, belching from every window, 'beds with clothes and curtains,' plate of silver and gold with filigree, mirrors, pictures, images, commodes, chiffoniers, and endless crockery and jingle : amid steady popular cheers, absolutely without theft : for there goes a cry, "He shall be hanged that steals a nail." It is a *Plebiscitum*, or informal iconoclastic Decree of the Common People, in the course of being executed !—The Municipality sit tremulous ; deliberating whether they will hang out the *Drapeau Rouge* and Martial Law : National Assembly, part in loud wail, part in hardly suppressed applause ; Abbé Maury unable to decide whether the iconoclastic Plebs amount to forty thousand or to two hundred thousand.

Deputations, swift messengers, for it is at a distance over the River, come and go. Lafayette and National Guards, though without *Drapeau Rouge*, get under way ; apparently in no hot haste. Nay, arrived on the scene, Lafayette salutes with doffed hat, before ordering to fix bayonets. What avails it ? The Plebeian 'Court of *Cassation*,' as Camille might punningly name it, has done its work ; steps forth, with unbuttoned vest, with pockets turned inside out : sack, and just ravage, not plunder ! With inexhaustible patience, the Hero of two Worlds remonstrates ; persuasively, with a kind of sweet constraint, though also with fixed bayonets, dissipates, hushes down : on the morrow it is once more all as usual.

Considering which things, however, Duke Castries may justly 'write to the President,' justly transport himself across the Marches ; to raise a corps, or do what else is in him. Royalism totally abandons that Bobadilian method of contest, and the twelve *Spadassins* returned to Switzerland,—or even to Dream-land through the Horn-gate, whichever their true home is.

Nay Editor Prudhomme is authorised to publish a curious thing : ' We are authorised to publish,' says he, dull-blustering Publisher, ' that M. Boyer champion of good Patriots is at the head of ' Fifty *Spadassinicides* or *Bully-killers*. His Address is : Passage du ' Bois-de-Boulogne, Faubourg St. Denis.'¹ One of the strangest Institutes, this of Champion Boyer and the Bully-killers ! Whose services, however, are not wanted ; Royalism having abandoned the rapier-method, as plainly impracticable.

CHAPTER IV

TO FLY OR NOT TO FLY

THE truth is, Royalism sees itself verging towards sad extremities ; nearer and nearer daily. From over the Rhine it comes asserted that the King in his Tuileries is not free : this the poor King may contradict, with the official mouth, but in his heart feels often to be undeniable. Civil Constitution of the Clergy ; Decree of ejection against Dissidents from it : not even to this latter, though almost his conscience rebels, can he say Nay ; but, after two months' hesitating, signs this also. It was ' on January 21st,' of this 1791, that he signed it ; to the sorrow of his poor heart yet, on *another* Twenty-first of January ! Whereby come Dissident ejected Priests ; unconquerable Martyrs according to some, incurable chicaning Traitors according to others. And so there has arrived what we once foreshadowed : with Religion, or with the Cant and Echo of Religion, all France is rent asunder in a new rupture of continuity ; complicating, embittering all the older ;—to be cured only by stern surgery, in La Vendée !

Unhappy Royalty, unhappy Majesty, Hereditary Representative, *Représentant Héréditaire*, or howsoever they may name him ; of whom much is expected, to whom little is given ! Blue National Guards encircle that Tuileries ; a Lafayette, thin con-

¹ Révolution de Paris, in Hist. Parl. viii. 440. [The Hist. Parl. here quotes from the wrong number of the *Rév. de Paris*. It should be No. 82 (Jan. 29th—Feb. 1st 1791), p. 183. I can find no mention of this Boyer, except two letters from him in the *Rév. de Paris* on tyrannicide (Dec. 4th—11th 1790, and Dec. 25th 1790—Jan. 1st 1791) : but there were several Boyers in the Revolution besides Boyer-Fonfrède.]

stitutional Pedant ; clear, thin, inflexible, as water turned to thin ice ; whom no Queen's heart can love. National Assembly, its pavilion spread where we know, sits near by, keeping continual hubbub. From without, nothing but Nanci Revolts, sack of Castries Hôtels, riots and seditions ; riots North and South, at Aix, at Douai, at BÉfort, Usez [Uzès], Perpignan, at Nismes, and that incurable Avignon of the Pope's : a continual crackling and sputtering of riots from the whole face of France ;—testifying how electric it grows. Add only the hard winter, the famished *strikes* of operatives ; that continual running-bass of Scarcity, ground-tone and basis of all other Discords !

The plan of Royalty, so far as it can be said to have any fixed plan, is still, as ever, that of flying towards the frontiers.¹ In

¹[One must distinguish carefully between :—

(i.) The idea of an appeal to the Powers of Europe.

(ii.) The idea of a flight out of Paris.

(iii.) The idea of a flight to, or over, the frontier.

We begin to hear of the first of these ideas about June 1790, soon after Leopold became Kaiser. The objections to any combined action of the Powers have been pointed out at length by M. Sorel in the second volume of his 'L'Europe et la Rév. Fr.' Briefly they were that the Eastern question occupied all men's thoughts in 1790 and during the first eight months of 1791, and that no union between even any two Powers could be expected until this was settled.

The second plan was constantly advocated in Mirabeau's advice to the Court, and he recommended Normandy as the Province to which the King should fly, regarding a short civil war as necessary to teach Paris reason : he was steadily against the third plan ; but the Court paid no heed to his advice.

The third plan begins to take shape in the autumn of 1790, and we begin to hear of Fersen in connection with the details of it. Bouillé was communicated with, Oct. 22nd '90, and his plan was a good one. 'The Austrian troops are very 'near ("too near" you can easily say). Let the King receive a petition from the 'officers of my army to come and put himself at their head to repress indiscipline 'and observe the motions of the Austrians.' But beyond this Bouillé took no initiative, and when the flight was arranged he merely obeyed directions. Flight, however, to the frontier without a prospect of foreign intervention might easily become equivalent to abdication, and so the first and third of the ideas mentioned above came to be fused. Of the foreign Powers Leopold was clearly the one to whom both appeal and flight should be made ; though, as Mercy long ago (March 10th '90) pointed out to Kaunitz, it was not to be expected that he should have much personal regard for his sister, who was only ten years old when he left Vienna for Tuscany, and whom he had never seen since. But Leopold was becoming profoundly anxious on account of Revolutionary propaganda in Belgium, and as Head of the Empire he was bound to support the Diet in its diplomatic struggle with France over the "possessed Princes" question (*vid. infr.* ii. 179). For the internal affairs of France he cared nothing, though he might possibly interfere to prevent the actual dethroning of Louis XVI. The *Émigrés* and their wild proposals, to which he steadily turned a deaf ear, prevented him from expressing even this much. Breteuil was therefore instructed to explain to Leopold that the King and Queen

very truth, the only plan of the smallest promise for it! Fly to Bouillé; bristle yourself round with cannon, served by your 'forty-thousand undebauched Germans:' summon the National Assembly to follow you, summon what of it is Royalist, Constitutional, gainable by money; dissolve the rest, by grapeshot if need be. Let Jacobinism and Revolt, with one wild wail, fly into Infinite Space; driven by grapeshot. Thunder over France with the cannon's mouth; commanding, not entreating, that this riot cease. And then to rule afterwards with utmost possible Constitutionality; doing justice, loving mercy; *being* Shepherd of this indigent People, not Shearer merely, and Shepherd's-similitude! All this, if ye dare. If ye dare not, then, in Heaven's name, go to sleep: other handsome alternative seems none.

Nay, it were perhaps possible; with a man to do it. For if such inexpressible whirlpool of Babylonish confusions (which our Era is) cannot be stilled by man, but only by Time and men, a man may moderate its paroxysms, may balance and sway, and keep himself unswallowed on the top of it,—as several men and Kings in these days do. Much is possible for a man; men will obey a man that *kens* and *cans*, and name him reverently their *Ken-ning* or King. Did not Charlemagne rule? Consider too whether he had smooth times of it; hanging 'four-thousand Saxons over the Weser-Bridge,' at one dread swoop! So likewise, who knows but, in this same distracted fanatic France, the right man may verily exist? An olive-complexioned taciturn man; for the present, Lieutenant in the Artillery-service, who once sat studying Mathematics at Brienne? The same who walked in the morning to correct proof-sheets at Dôle, and enjoyed a frugal breakfast with M. Joly? Such a one is gone,

were equally averse to these proposals of the *Émigrés*; but Breteuil, though loyal, was an ambitious intriguer and executed his mission much to the shrewd Kaiser's dissatisfaction. In June '91 (a few days before Varennes) a new factor comes on the scene, in the person of Frederick William King of Prussia; the two Sovereigns discussed sympathetically the condition of the French Royal Family (*vid. infr.* ii. 178). Leopold was at Padua when he received news of the flight, and, at first, false news of an escape; not till July 6th did he learn of the King's recapture, whereon he immediately returned home to concert measures for rescuing the captives. (Sorel, ii. 148, *sqq.*)

whither also famed General Paoli his friend is gone, in these very days, to see old scenes in native Corsica, and what Democratic good can be done there.

Royalty never executes the evasion-plan, yet never abandons it; living in variable hope; undecided, till fortune shall decide. In utmost secrecy, a brisk Correspondence goes on with Bouillé; there is also a plot, which emerges more than once, for carrying the King to Rouen: ¹ plot after plot, emerging and submerging, like *ignes fatui* in foul weather, which lead nowhither. 'About ten o'clock at night,' the Hereditary Representative, in *partie quarrée*, with the Queen, with Brother Monsieur, and Madame, sits playing 'wisk,' or whist. Usher Campan enters mysteriously, with a message he only half comprehends: How a certain Comte D'Inisdal waits anxious in the outer antechamber; National Colonel, Captain of the watch for this night, is gained over; post-horses ready all the way; party of Noblesse sitting armed, determined; will his Majesty, before midnight, consent to go? Profound silence; Campan waiting with upturned ear. "Did your Majesty hear what Campan said?" asks the Queen. "Yes, I heard," answers Majesty, and plays on. "'Twas a pretty couplet, that of Campan's," hints Monsieur, who at times showed a pleasant wit: Majesty, still unresponsive, plays wisk. "After all, one must say something to Campan," remarks the Queen. "Tell M. D'Inisdal," said the King, and the Queen puts an emphasis on it, "That the King cannot *consent* to be forced away."—"I see!" said D'Inisdal, whisking round, peaking himself into flame of irritancy: "we have the risk; we are to have all the blame if it fail," ²—and vanishes, he and his plot, as will-o'-wisp do. The Queen sat till far in the night, packing jewels: but it came to nothing; in that peaked flame of irritancy the will-o'-wisp had gone out.

Little hope there is in all this. Alas, with whom to fly? Our loyal *Gardes-du-Corps*, ever since the Insurrection of Women, are

¹ See Hist. Parl. vii. 316; Bertrand-Moleville, &c.

² Campan, ii. 105. [I have hitherto been unable to verify this story.]

disbanded ; gone to their homes ; gone, many of them, across the Rhine towards Coblenz and Exiled Princes : brave Miomandre and brave Tardivet, these faithful Two, have received, in nocturnal interview with both Majesties, their *viaticum* of gold louis, of heartfelt thanks from a Queen's lips, though unluckily 'his Majesty stood, back to fire, not speaking ;'¹ and do now dine through the Provinces ; recounting hairsbreadth escapes, insurrectionary horrors. Great horrors ; to be swallowed yet of greater. But, on the whole, what a falling off from the old splendour of Versailles ! Here in this poor Tuileries a National Brewer-Colonel, sonorous Santerre, parades officially behind her Majesty's chair. Our high dignitaries all fled over the Rhine : nothing now to be gained at Court ; but hopes, for which life itself must be risked ! Obscure busy men frequent the back stairs ; with hearsays, wind-projects, unfruitful fanfaronades. Young Royalists, at the *Théâtre de Vaudeville*, 'sing couplets ;' if that could do anything. Royalists enough, Captains on furlough, burnt-out Seigneurs, may likewise be met with, 'in the Café de Valois, and at Méot the Restaurateur's.' There they fan one another into high loyal glow ; drink, in such wine as can be procured, confusion to Sansculottism ; show purchased dirks, of an improved structure, made to order ; and, greatly daring, dine.² It is in these places, in these months, that the epithet *Sansculotte* first gets applied to indigent Patriotism ; in the last age we had Gilbert *Sansculotte*, the indigent Poet.³ Destitute-of-Breeches : a mournful Destitution ; which however, if Twenty millions share it, may become more effective than most Possessions !⁴

Meanwhile, amid this vague dim whirl of fanfaronades, wind-

¹ Campan, ii. 199-201.

² Dampmartin, ii. 129.

³ Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, iii. 204. [Gilbert, the son of a well-to-do peasant in the Vosges, born 1750, went to Nancy and wrote poetry 1771 (*Le Poète Malheureux*, *Le Carnaval des Auteurs*, *Le xviiième Siècle*). He went to Paris and enjoyed a season or two of success (1774—80), dying from a fall from his horse 1780, being then in receipt of a royal pension and 24,000 *livr.* of annual income. So far from being a *Sansculotte* he should rather be called a spoiled child of fortune. (See Lescuré's preface to the Selection of his works published 1882.)]

⁴[It must be remembered that a *Sansculotte* is not necessarily a *Sanspantalon* : *Culotte* is the nether garment of the upper classes of the 18th century as opposed to *pantalon*.]

projects, poniards made to order, there does disclose itself one *punctum-saliens* of life and feasibility: the finger of Mirabeau! Mirabeau and the Queen of France have met; have parted with mutual trust! It is strange; secret as the Mysteries; but it is indubitable. Mirabeau took horse, one evening;¹ and rode westward, unattended,—to see Friend Clavière in that country house of his? Before getting to Clavière's, the much-musing horseman struck aside to a back gate of the Garden of Saint-Cloud: some Duke D'Aremberg, or the like, was there to introduce him; the Queen was not far; on a 'round knoll, *ronde point*, the highest of the Garden of Saint-Cloud,' he beheld the Queen's face; spake with her, alone, under the void canopy of Night. What an interview; fateful secret for us, after all searching; like the colloquies of the gods!² She called him 'a Mirabeau:' elsewhere we read that she 'was charmed with him,'³ the wild submitted Titan; as indeed it is among the honourable tokens of this high ill-fated heart that no mind of any endowment, no Mirabeau, nay no Barnave, no Dumouriez, ever came face to face with her but, in spite of all prepossessions, she was forced to recognise it, to draw nigh to it, with trust. High imperial heart; with the instinctive attraction towards all that had any height! "You know not the Queen," said Mirabeau once in confidence; "her force of mind is prodigious; she is a man for courage."⁴—And so, under the void Night, on the crown of that knoll, she has spoken with a Mirabeau: he has kissed loyally the queenly hand, and said with enthusiasm: "Madame, the Monarchy is saved!"—Possible? The Foreign Powers, mysteriously sounded,

¹[July 3rd 1790.]

²Campan, ii. 126-7. [La Marck's account differs from this (Bacourt, i. 189); Mirabeau slept, the night before the interview, at Auteuil at the house of his niece Mme d'Aragon, and met the Queen on the 3rd in her private room at St. Cloud, the King being also present. The *Orateur du Peuple* (Fréron's organ), as well as *L'Ami du Peuple*, got wind of the interview and denounced it. La Marck however misdates the pamphlet about the *Grande Trahison* (*vid. supr.* i. 358), which he attributes to these days, whereas it was really published on May 20th or 21st, after Mirabeau's speech on the right of making peace and war. (See Loménie, v. 145.)]

³[But on the other hand La Marck expressly says that, charmed as Mirabeau was with the Queen, she was not pleased with him, his repulsive face frightened her. (Bacourt, i. 188-191, ii. 80.)]

⁴Dumont, p. 147.

gave favourable guarded response ;¹ Bouillé is at Metz, and could find forty-thousand sure Germans. With a Mirabeau for head, and a Bouillé for hand, something verily is possible,—if Fate intervene not.²

But figure under what thousandfold wrappings, and cloaks of darkness, Royalty, meditating these things, must involve itself. There are men with 'Tickets of Entrance ;' there are chivalrous consultings, mysterious plottings. Consider also whether, involve as it like, plotting Royalty can escape the glance of Patriotism ; lynx-eyes, by the ten thousand, fixed on it, which see in the dark ! Patriotism knows much : knows the dirks made to order, and can specify the shops ; knows *Sieur Motier's* legions of *mouchards* ; the Tickets of *Entrée*, and men in black ; and how plan of evasion succeeds plan,—or may be supposed to succeed it. Then conceive the couplets chanted at the *Théâtre de Vaudeville* ; or worse, the whispers, significant nods of traitors in moustachios. Conceive, on the other hand, the loud cry of alarm that came through the Hundred-and-Thirty Journals ; the Dionysius'-Ear of each of the Forty-eight Sections, wakeful night and day.

Patriotism is patient of much ; not patient of all. The *Cafè de Procope* has sent, visibly along the streets, a Deputation of Patriots, 'to expostulate with bad Editors,' by trustful word of mouth : singular to see and hear. The bad Editors promise to amend, but do not.³ Deputations for change of Ministry were many ; Mayor Bailly joining even with Cordelier Danton in such ; and they have prevailed. With what profit ? Of Quacks, willing or constrained to be Quacks, the race is everlasting : Ministers Duportail and Dutertre will have to manage much as Ministers Latour-du-Pin and Cicé did. So welters the confused world.⁴

¹ Correspondance Secrète (in *Hist. Parl.* viii. 169-73).

²[This is a confusion. I have already shown that Mirabeau would have no connection with a flight to the frontier—only to Normandy, or even nearer (*Compiègne* was suggested) ; *vid. note supr.*, ii. 53.]

³[This refers to the threatening deputation that visited Mallet du Pan in May '90 (*vid. supr.*, i. 387).]

⁴[One could easily tabulate the ministers who held office after the retirement of Necker, but with the exception of Montmorin they were such mere nonentities as to be hardly worth considering. Mirabeau's efforts were bent to prevent a Lafayetteist ministry, but in vain, and it is not to the credit of Lafayette that the said

But now, beaten on forever by such inextricable contradictory influences and evidences, what *is* the indigent French Patriot, in these unhappy days, to believe, and walk by? Uncertainty all; except that he is wretched, indigent; that a glorious Revolution, the wonder of the Universe, has hitherto brought neither Bread nor Peace; being marred by traitors, difficult to discover. Traitors that dwell in the dark, invisible there;—or seen for moments, in pallid dubious twilight, stealthily vanishing thither! Preternatural Suspicion once more rules the minds of men.

‘Nobody here,’ writes Carra, of the *Annales Patriotiques*, so early as the first of February, ‘can entertain a doubt of the constant ‘obstinate project these people have on foot to get the King away; ‘or of the perpetual succession of manœuvres they employ for ‘that.’ Nobody: the watchful Mother of Patriotism deputed two Members to her Daughter at Versailles, to examine how the matter looked there. Well, and there? Patriotic Carra continues: ‘The Report of these two deputies we all heard with ‘our own ears last Saturday. They went with others of Versailles, ‘to inspect the King’s Stables, also the stables of the whilom ‘*Gardes-du-Corps*; they found there from seven to eight hundred ‘horses standing always saddled and bridled, ready for the road ‘at a moment’s notice. The same deputies, moreover, saw with ‘their own two eyes several Royal Carriages, which men were ‘even then busy loading with large well-stuffed luggage-bags,’ leather *cofs*, as we call them, ‘*vaches de cuir*; the Royal Arms ‘on the panels almost entirely effaced.’ Momentous enough! Also ‘on the same day the whole *Maréchaussée*, or Cavalry ‘Police, did assemble with arms, horses and baggage,’—and disperse again. They want the King over the marches, that so Emperor Leopold and the German Princes, whose troops are ready, may have a pretext for beginning: ‘this,’ adds Carra, ‘is ‘the word of the riddle: this is the reason why our fugitive ‘Aristocrats are now making levies of men on the frontiers;

nonentities were his creatures. Mirabeau even advised the King to take Radicals in preference; “Jacobins when ministers will not be Jacobin ministers,” said he. (Bacourt, ii. 228.)]

‘expecting that, one of these mornings, the Executive Chief Magistrate will be brought over to them, and the civil war commence.’¹

If indeed the Executive Chief Magistrate, bagged, say in one of these leather *coqs*, were once brought safe over to them! But the strangest thing of all is, that Patriotism, whether barking at a venture, or guided by some instinct of preternatural sagacity, is actually barking *aright* this time; at something, not at nothing. Bouillé’s Secret Correspondence, since made public, testifies as much.

Nay, it is undeniable, visible to all, that *Mesdames* the King’s Aunts are taking steps for departure:² asking passports of the Ministry, safe-conducts of the Municipality; which Marat warns all men to beware of. They will carry gold with them, ‘these old *Béguines* ;’ nay they will carry the little Dauphin, ‘having nursed a changeling, for some time, to leave in his stead!’ Besides, they are as some light substance flung up, to show how the wind sits; a kind of proof-kite you fly off to ascertain whether the grand paper-kite, Evasion of the King, may mount!

In these alarming circumstances, Patriotism is not wanting to itself. Municipality deputed to the King; Sections depute to the Municipality; a National Assembly will soon stir. Meanwhile, behold, on the 19th of February 1791, *Mesdames*, quitting Bellevue and Versailles with all privacy, are off! Towards Rome, seemingly; or one knows not whither. They are not without King’s passports, countersigned; and what is more to the purpose, a serviceable Escort. The Patriotic Mayor or Mayorlet of the Village of Moret tried to detain them: but brisk Louis de Narbonne, of the Escort, dashed off at hand-gallop; returned soon with thirty dragoons, and victoriously cut them out. And so the poor ancient women go their way; to the terror of France and Paris, whose nervous excitability is become extreme. Who else would hinder poor *Loque* and *Graille*, now grown so old, and

¹ Carra’s Newspaper, 1st Feb. 1791 (in Hist. Parl. ix. 39).

²[Madame Adélaïde and Madame Victoire, *vid. note supr.*, i. 22. They had a small escort of 20 soldiers under Narbonne.]

fallen into such unexpected circumstances, when gossip itself turning only on terrors and horrors is no longer pleasant to the mind, and you cannot get so much as an orthodox confessor in peace,—from going what way soever the hope of any solacement might lead them ?

They go, poor ancient dames,—whom the heart were hard that did not pity : they go ; with palpitations, with unmelodious suppressed screechings ; all France screeching and cackling, in loud *unsuppressed* terror, behind and on both hands of them : such mutual suspicion is among men. At Arnay le Duc, above half-way to the frontiers, a Patriotic Municipality and Populace again takes courage to stop them : Louis Narbonne must now back to Paris, must consult the National Assembly. National Assembly answers, not without an effort, that Mesdames may go.¹ Whereupon Paris rises worse than ever, screeching half-distracted. Tuileries and precincts are filled with women and men, while the National Assembly debates this question of questions ; Lafayette is needed at night for dispersing them, and the streets are to be illuminated. Commandant Berthier, a Berthier before whom are great things unknown, lies for the present under blockade at Bellevue in Versailles.² By no tactics could he get Mesdames' Luggage stirred from the Courts there ; frantic Versaillese women came screaming about him ; his very troops cut the wagon-traces ; he 'retired to the interior,' waiting better times.³

Nay, in these same hours, while Mesdames, hardly cut out from Moret by the sabre's edge, are driving rapidly, to foreign parts, and not yet stopped at Arnay, their august Nephew poor Monsieur, at Paris, has dived deep into his cellars of the Luxembourg for shelter ; and, according to Montgaillard, can hardly be persuaded up again. Screeching multitudes environ that Luxembourg of his ; drawn thither by report of his departure :

¹[Mirabeau spoke for them, or they might not have been allowed to go. Their flight raised the question of 'liberty of emigration' (*vid. infr.*, ii. 65).]

²['Under blockade,' *i.e.*, kept prisoner by his own troops, says Campan (*in loc. cit.*).]

³Campan, ii. 132.

but at sight and sound of Monsieur, they become crowing multitudes ;¹ and escort Madame and him to the Tuileries with vivats.² It is a state of nervous excitability such as few nations know.

CHAPTER V

THE DAY OF PONIARDS

OR, again, what means this visible reparation of the Castle of Vincennes ?³ Other Jails being all crowded with prisoners, new space is wanted here : that is the Municipal account. For in such changing of Judicatures, Parlements being abolished, and New Courts but just set up, prisoners have accumulated. Not to say that in these times of discord and club-law, offences and commitals are, at any rate, more numerous. Which Municipal account, does it not sufficiently explain the phenomenon ? Surely, to repair the Castle of Vincennes was of all enterprises that an enlightened Municipality could undertake, the most innocent.

Not so, however, does neighbouring Saint-Antoine look on it : Saint-Antoine to whom these peaked turrets and grim donjons, all-too near her own dark dwelling, are of themselves an offence. Was not Vincennes a kind of minor Bastille ? Great Diderot and Philosophes have lain in durance here ; great Mirabeau, in disastrous eclipse, for forty-two months. And now when the old Bastille has become a dancing-ground (had any one the mirth to dance), and its stones are getting built into the Pont Louis-Seize, does this minor, comparative insignificance of a Bastille flank itself

¹ [Feb. 22nd '91.]

² Montgaillard, ii. 282. Deux Amis, vi. c. 1. [I have hitherto failed to verify this unlikely story. It is probably an exaggeration, at least, about Monsieur hiding in the cellars. Deux Amis (in *loc. cit.*) say nothing of it.]

³ [Vincennes, a short distance beyond the *Porte Saint-Antoine*, was a favourite residence of mediæval Kings of France and was first used as a State prison by Louis XI. Mirabeau had written his pamphlet against *Lettres de Cachet* there. It was dismantled as a prison before the Revolution, but in Feb. '91, the other prisons being full—owing to the natural increase of petty crime and crimes of violence which the Revolution had produced—orders for its repair were given by the Municipality. (Dulaure, *Hist. des Environs de Paris* (Paris, 1825—8), p. 393.)

Lafayette had written to the King in May 1790 begging him to order the destruction of Vincennes as an act of popularity (Lafayette, ii. 465).]

with fresh-hewn mullions, spread out tyrannous wings ; menacing Patriotism ? New space for prisoners : and what prisoners ? A D'Orléans, with the chief Patriots on the tip of the Left ? It is said, there runs 'a subterranean passage' all the way from the Tuileries hither. Who knows ? Paris, mined with quarries and catacombs, does hang wondrous over the abyss ; Paris was once to be blown up,—though the powder, when we went to look, had got withdrawn. A Tuileries, sold to Austria and Coblenz, should have no subterranean passage. Out of which might not Coblenz or Austria issue, some morning ; and, with cannon of long range, '*foudroyer*,' bethunder a patriotic Saint-Antoine into smoulder and ruin !

So meditates the benighted soul of Saint-Antoine, as it sees the aproned workmen, in early spring, busy on these towers. An official-speaking Municipality, a *Sieur Motier* with his legions of *mouchards*, deserve no trust at all. Were Patriot *Santerre*, indeed, Commander ! But the sonorous Brewer commands only our own Battalion : of such secrets he can explain nothing, knows nothing, perhaps suspects much. And so the work goes on ; and afflicted benighted Saint-Antoine hears rattle of hammers, sees stones suspended in air.¹

Saint-Antoine prostrated the first great Bastille : will it falter over this comparative insignificance of a Bastille ? Friends, what if we took pikes, firelocks, sledgehammers ; and helped ourselves ! —Speedier is no remedy ; nor so certain. On the 28th day of February, Saint-Antoine turns out, as it has now often done ; and, apparently with little superfluous tumult, moves eastward to that eye-sorrow of Vincennes. With grave voice of authority, no need of bullying and shouting, Saint-Antoine signifies to parties concerned there, that its purpose is, To have this suspicious Stronghold razed level with the general soil of the country. Remonstrance may be proffered, with zeal ; but it avails not. The outer gate goes up, drawbridges tumble ; iron window-stanchions, smitten out with sledgehammers, become iron-crowbars : it rains

¹ Montgaillard, ii. 285. [*Santerre*, with the *Saint-Antoine* battalion of the National Guard, merely looked on at the riot of Vincennes and did nothing to stop it.]

a rain of furniture, stone-masses, slates : with chaotic clatter and rattle, Demolition clatters down. And now hasty expresses rush through the agitated streets, to warn Lafayette, and the Municipal and Departmental Authorities ; Rumour warns a National Assembly, a Royal Tuileries, and all men who care to hear it : That Saint Antoine is up ; that Vincennes, and probably the last remaining Institution of the Country, is coming down.¹

Quick, then ! Let Lafayette roll his drums and fly eastward ; for to all Constitutional Patriots this is again bad news. And you, ye Friends of Royalty, snatch your poniards of improved structure, made to order ; your sword-canes, secret arms, and tickets of entry ; quick, by backstairs passages, rally round the Son of Sixty Kings. An effervescence probably got up by D'Orléans and Company, for the overthrow of Throne and Altar : it is said her Majesty shall be put in prison, put out of the way ; what then will *his* Majesty be ? Clay for the Sansculottic Potter ! Or were it impossible to fly this day ; a brave Noblesse suddenly all rallying ? Peril threatens, hope invites : Dukes de Villequier, de Duras, Gentlemen of the Chamber give Tickets and admittance ; a brave Noblesse is suddenly all rallying. Now were the time to 'fall sword in hand on those gentry there,' could it be done with effect.

The Hero of two Worlds is on his white charger : blue Nationals, horse and foot, hurrying eastward ; Santerre, with the Saint-Antoine Battalion, is already there, — apparently indisposed to act. Heavy-laden Hero of two Worlds, what tasks are these ! The jeerings, provocative gambollings of that Patriot Suburb, which is all out on the streets now, are hard to endure ; unwashed Patriots jeering in sulky sports ; one unwashed Patriot 'seizing the General by the boot,' to unhorse him. Santerre, ordered to fire, makes answer obliquely, "These are the men that took the Bastille ;" and not a trigger stirs. Neither dare the Vincennes Magistracy give warrant of arrestment, or the

¹ *Deux Amis*, vi. 11-15. Newspapers in *Hist. Parl.* ix. 111-117. [*Deux Amis*, who are thoroughly imbued with the legend of the *Brigands*, say the attack on Vincennes was the work of brigands, with a few *Saint-Antoine* men joining in.]

smallest countenance: wherefore the General 'will take it on himself' to arrest. By promptitude, by cheerful adroitness, patience and brisk valour without limits, the riot may be again bloodlessly appeased.

Meanwhile, the rest of Paris, with more or less unconcern, may mind the rest of its business: for what is this but an effervescence, of which there are now so many? The National Assembly, in one of its stormiest moods, is debating a Law against Emigration; ¹ Mirabeau declaring aloud, "I swear beforehand that I will not obey it." Mirabeau is often at the Tribune this day; with endless impediments from without; with the old unabated energy from within. What can murmurs and clamours, from Left or from Right, do to this man; like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved? With clear thought; with strong bass-voice, though at first low, uncertain, he claims audience, sways the storm of men: anon the sound of him waxes, softens; he rises into far-sounding melody of strength, triumphant, which subdues all hearts; his rude seamed face, desolate, fire-scathed, becomes fire-lit, and radiates: once again men feel, in these beggarly ages, what is the potency and omnipotency of man's word on the souls of men. "I will triumph or be torn in fragments," he was once heard to say. "Silence," he cries now, in strong word of command, in imperial consciousness of strength, "Silence, the thirty voices, *Silence aux trente voix!*"—and Robespierre and the Thirty Voices die into mutterings; and the Law is once more as Mirabeau would have it.

How different, at the same instant, is General Lafayette's street-eloquence; wrangling with sonorous Brewers, with an

¹[Feb. 28th 1791. The first debate on the question of emigration showed already the principles of 1793 in conflict with those of 1789. More than a year before a decree had been passed declaring it unlawful in any case for the State to confiscate the goods of condemned persons: and the "Rights of Man" had expressly declared the liberty of going anywhere to be open to all men. Now on Feb. 21st it was proposed for discussion whether in a moment of crisis the liberty to emigrate might be suspended, and on 28th it was proposed to put the granting of passports into the hands of a Committee of three persons, nominated by the Assembly. Mirabeau's fierce speech—his last great speech—against it led to the reference of the whole question back to a Committee, and nothing further was done until Aug. 1st (*vid. infr.*, ii. 190).]

ungrammatical Saint-Antoine! Most different, again, from both is the Café-de-Valois eloquence, and suppressed fanfaronade, of this multitude of men with Tickets of Entry; who are now inundating the Corridors of the Tuileries. Such things can go on simultaneously in one City. How much more in one Country; in one Planet with its discrepancies, every Day a mere crackling infinitude of discrepancies,—which nevertheless do yield some coherent net-product, though an infinitesimally small one!

But be this as it may, Lafayette has saved Vincennes; and is marching homewards with some dozen of arrested demolitionists. Royalty is not yet saved;—nor indeed specially endangered. But to the King's Constitutional Guard,¹ to these old Gardes Françaises, or Centre Grenadiers, as it chanced to be, this affluence of men with Tickets of Entry is becoming more and more unintelligible. Is his Majesty verily for Metz, then; to be carried off by these men, on the spur of the instant? That revolt of Saint-Antoine got up by traitor Royalists for a stalkinghorse? Keep a sharp outlook, ye Centre Grenadiers on duty here: good never came from the 'men in black.' Nay they have cloaks, *redingotes*; some of them leather-breeches, boots,—as if for instant riding! Or what is this that sticks visible from the lapelle of Chevalier de Court?² Too like the handle of some cutting or stabbing instrument! He glides and goes; and still the dudgeon sticks from his left lapelle. "Hold, Monsieur!"—a Centre Grenadier clutches him; clutches the protrusive dudgeon, whisks it out in the face of the world: by Heaven, a very dagger; hunting-knife or whatsoever you will call it; fit to drink the life of Patriotism!

So fared it with Chevalier de Court, early in the day; not without noise; not without commentaries. And now this

¹[The *Garde Constitutionnelle* is here made to come into existence too early: it was instituted by the last decree of the Constituent (Sept. 30th 1791); to consist of 1,800 men: the Duc de Brissac was its first commander: it was not however actually enrolled until March 16th '92; it was disbanded on May 29th, as being too likely to render efficient service to the tottering throne, and its loyal and brave commander sent to Orléans to be tried for high treason: he was massacred at Versailles Sept. 9th '92 (*vid. infr.*, ii. 321).]

²Weber, ii. 286.

continually increasing multitude at nightfall? Have they daggers too? Alas, with them too, after angry parleyings, there has begun a groping and a rummaging; all men in black, spite of their Tickets of Entry, are clutched by the collar, and groped. Scandalous to think of: for always, as the dirk, sword-cane, pistol, or were it but tailor's bodkin, is found on him, and with loud scorn drawn forth from him, he, the hapless man in black, is flung all-too rapidly down stairs. Flung; and ignominiously descends, head foremost; accelerated by ignominious shovings from sentry after sentry; nay, as is written, by smittings, twitchings,—spurnings *à posteriori*, not to be named. In this accelerated way, emerges, uncertain which end uppermost, man after man in black, through all issues, into the Tuileries Garden. Emerges, alas, into the arms of an indignant multitude, now gathered and gathering there, in the hour of dusk, to see what is toward, and whether the Hereditary Representative is carried off or not. Hapless men in black; at last *convicted* of poniards made to order; convicted 'Chevaliers of the Poniard!' Within is as the burning ship; without is as the deep sea. Within is no help; his Majesty, looking forth, one moment, from his interior sanctuaries, coldly bids all visitors 'give up their weapons;' and shuts the door again.¹ The weapons given up form a heap: the convicted Chevaliers of the Poniard keep descending pell-mell, with impetuous velocity; and at the bottom of all staircases, the mixed multitude receives them, hustles, buffets, chases and disperses them.²

Such sight meets Lafayette, in the dusk of the evening, as he returns, successful with difficulty at Vincennes: Sansculotte Scylla hardly weathered, here is Aristocrat Charybdis gurgling under his lee! The patient Hero of two Worlds almost loses temper. He accelerates, does not retard, the flying Chevaliers; delivers, indeed, this or the other hunted Loyalist of quality, but rates him in bitter words, such as the hour suggested; such as no

¹[Lafayette (iii. 57) says this order was given by the King at his request: and adds that the King said to him 'the extravagance of those who call themselves my friends will end in my destruction.']

²Hist. Parl. ix. 139-48.

saloon could pardon. Hero ill-bested ; hanging, so to speak, in mid air ; hateful to Rich divinities above ; hateful to Indigent mortals below ! Duke de Villequier, Gentleman of the Chamber, gets such contumelious rating, in presence of all people there, that he may see good first to exculpate himself in the Newspapers ;¹ then, that not prospering, to retire over the Frontiers, and begin plotting at Brussels.² His Apartment will stand vacant ; usefuller, as we may find, than when it stood occupied.³

So fly the Chevaliers of the Poniard ; hunted of Patriotic men, shamefully in the thickening dusk. A dim miserable business ; born of darkness ; dying away there in the thickening dusk and dimness. In the midst of which, however, let the reader discern clearly one figure running for its life : Crispin-Catiline d'Espréménil,—for the last time, or the last but one. It is not yet three years since these same Centre Grenadiers, Gardes Françaises then, marched him towards the Calypso Isles, in the gray of the May morning ; and he and they have got thus far. Buffeted, beaten down, delivered by popular Petion, he might well answer bitterly : “ And I too, Monsieur, have been carried on the People's shoulders.”⁴ A fact which popular Petion, if he like, can meditate.

But happily, one way and another, the speedy night covers up this ignominious Day of Poniards ; and the Chevaliers escape, though maltreated, with torn coat-skirts and heavy hearts, to their respective dwelling-houses. Riot twofold is quelled ; and little blood shed, if it be not insignificant blood from the nose : Vincennes stands undemolished, repairable ; and the Hereditary Representative has not been stolen, nor the Queen smuggled

¹[April 19th.]

²Montgaillard, ii. 286.

³[This refers to the fact that it was through Villequier's empty room that the King escaped on June 21st. The Duc de Villequier, afterwards (1799) Duc d'Aumont, was born 1736, was first gentleman of the bed-chamber to the King and sat for Boulogne in the States-General, but resigned his seat in 1790. Died 1814. He and the Marquis de Duras wrote and published a sharp *Lettre à M. de la Fayette*, apropos of his treatment of them on the “Day of Poniards.” Mme de Tourzel (Mém. i. 275) says the King ordered them to leave France, as he feared their loyalty would provoke attacks on themselves. He felt the parting with Villequier very much. The *Rév. de Paris* (April 25th—30th '91) has a story about Villequier's carriage being upset on his flight, at Boulogne, and his thigh broken.]

⁴See Mercier, ii. 40, 202.

into Prison. A day long remembered : commented on with loud hahas and deep grumblings ; with bitter scornfulness of triumph, bitter rancour of defeat. Royalism, as usual, imputes it to D'Orléans and the Anarchists intent on insulting Majesty : Patriotism, as usual, to Royalists, and even Constitutionalists, intent on stealing Majesty to Metz : we, also as usual, to Preternatural Suspicion, and Phæbus Apollo having made himself like the Night.

Thus, however, has the reader seen, in an unexpected arena, on this last day of February 1791, the Three long-contending elements of French Society dashed forth into singular comico-tragical collision ; acting and reacting openly to the eye. Constitutionalism, at once quelling Sansculottic riot at Vincennes, and Royalist treachery in the Tuileries, is great, this day, and prevails. As for poor Royalism, tossed to and fro in that manner, its daggers all left in a heap, what can one think of it ? Every dog, the Adage says, has its day : *has it ; has had it ; or will have it.* For the present, the day is Lafayette's and the Constitution's. Nevertheless Hunger and Jacobinism, fast growing fanatical, still work ; their day, were they once fanatical, will come. Hitherto, in all tempests, Lafayette, like some divine Sea-ruler, raises his serene head : the upper Æolus' blasts fly back to their caves, like foolish unbidden winds : the under sea-billows they had vexed into froth allay themselves. But if, as we often write, the *submarine* Titanic Fire-powers came into play, the Ocean-bed from beneath being *burst* ? If they hurled Poseidon Lafayette and his Constitution out of Space ; and, in the Titanic melly, sea were mixed with sky ?

CHAPTER VI

MIRABEAU

THE spirit of France waxes ever more acrid, fever-sick : towards the final outburst of dissolution and delirium. Suspicion rules all minds : contending parties cannot now commingle ; stand separated sheer asunder, eyeing one another, in most aguish mood, of

cold terror or hot rage. Counter-Revolution, Days of Poniards, Castries Duels; Flight of Mesdames, of Monsieur and Royalty! Journalism shrills ever louder its cry of alarm. The sleepless Dionysius's Ear of the Forty-eight Sections, how feverishly quick has it grown; convulsing with strange pangs the whole sick Body, as in such sleeplessness and sickness the ear will do!

Since Royalists get Poniards made to order, and a Sieur Motier is no better than he should be, shall not Patriotism too, even of the indigent sort, have Pikes, secondhand Firelocks, in readiness for the worst? The anvils ring, during this March month, with hammering of Pikes. A Constitutional Municipality promulgated its Placard, that no citizen except the 'active' or cash-citizen was entitled to have arms; but there rose, instantly responsive, such a tempest of astonishment from Club and Section, that the Constitutional Placard, almost next morning, had to cover itself up, and die away into inanity, in a second improved edition.¹ So the hammering continues; as all that it betokens does.

Mark, again, how the extreme tip of the Left is mounting in favour, if not in its own National Hall, yet with the Nation, especially with Paris. For in such universal panic of doubt, the opinion that is sure of itself, as the meagrest opinion may the soonest be, is the one to which all men will rally. Great is Belief, were it never so meagre; and leads captive the doubting heart. Incorruptible Robespierre has been elected Public Accuser in our new Courts of Judicature; virtuous Petion,² it is thought, may rise to be Mayor. Cordelier Danton,³ called also by triumphant majorities, sits at the Departmental Council-table; colleague there of Mirabeau. Of incorruptible Robespierre⁴ it was long

¹ Ordonnance du 17 Mars 1791 (Hist. Parl. ix. 257).

² [Petion, elected *Maire* in place of Bailly Nov. 7th '91 (*vid. supr.*, i. 429).]

³ [Danton was elected a member of the *Conseil-Général* of the *Commune* in Sept. '90, by the section *Théâtre Français*, but rejected on a general scrutiny of the Electors. In Feb. '91 he was elected a member of the Directory of the Department of the Seine (*vid. supr.*, i. 294). In Jan. '92 he was elected Deputy *Procureur-Syndic* of the *Commune*, Manuel being *Procureur-Syndic*. (See Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 43.)]

⁴ [It is in April '91 that Robespierre really comes forward as a leader of the Extreme Left, and true spokesman of the anarchic forces. The ground that he takes up is a demand for universal suffrage. The *Cordeliers* backed him up, and con-

ago predicted that he might go far, mean meagre mortal though he was; for Doubt dwelt not in him.

Under which circumstances ought not Royalty likewise to cease doubting, and begin deciding and acting? Royalty has always that sure trump-card in its hand: Flight out of Paris. Which sure trump-card Royalty, as we see, keeps ever and anon clutching at, grasping; and swashes it forth tentatively; yet never tables it, still puts it back again. Play it, O Royalty! If there be a chance left, this seems it, and verily the last chance; and now every hour is rendering this a doubtfuller. Alas, one would so fain both fly and not fly; play one's card and have it to play. Royalty, in all human likelihood, will not play its trump-card till the honours, one after one, be mainly lost; and such trumping of it prove to be the sudden finish of the game!

Here accordingly a question always arises; of the prophetic sort; which cannot now be answered. Suppose Mirabeau, with whom Royalty takes deep counsel, as with a Prime Minister that cannot yet legally avow himself as such, had got his arrangements *completed*? Arrangements he has; far-stretching plans that dawn fitfully on us, by fragments, in the confused darkness. Thirty Departments ready to sign loyal Addresses, of prescribed tenor: King carried out of Paris, but only to Compiègne and Rouen, hardly to Metz, since, once for all, no Emigrant rabble shall take the lead in it: National Assembly consenting, by dint of loyal Addresses, by management, by force of Bouillé, to hear reason, and follow thither!¹ Was it so, on *these* terms, that Jacobinism and Mirabeau were then to grapple, in their Hercules-and-Typhon duel; Death inevitable for the one or the other? The duel itself is determined on, and sure: but on what terms; much more, with what issue, we in vain guess. It is vague darkness

tinually agitated for the abolition of all property qualification. When the Assembly refused, as it sometimes did, to receive their petitions, they placarded the streets with them. But three fatal motions, passed in April and May, were all proposed by Robespierre in the interests of Anarchy, (i.) that of April 7th, that for four years after the dissolution of the Assembly no one who had sat in it could become a Minister of the Crown, (ii.) that of April 29th, removing the property qualification for service in the National Guard, (iii.) that of May 16th, that no member of the Assembly be eligible for the next Assembly.]

¹ See Fils Adoptif, vii. 1, 6; Dumont, c. 11, 12, 14.

all: unknown what is to be; unknown even what has already been. The giant Mirabeau walks in darkness, as we said; companionless, on wild ways: what his thoughts during these months were, no record of Biographer, nor vague *Fils Adoptif*, will now ever disclose.

To us, endeavouring to cast his horoscope, it of course remains doubly vague. There is one Herculean Man; in internecine duel with him, there is Monster after Monster. Emigrant Noblesse return, sword on thigh, vaunting of their Loyalty never sullied; descending from the air, like Harpy-swarms with ferocity, with obscene greed. Earthward there is the Typhon of Anarchy, Political, Religious; sprawling hundred-headed, say with Twenty-five million heads; wide as the area of France; fierce as Frenzy; strong in very Hunger. With these shall the Serpent-queller do battle continually, and expect no rest.

As for the King, he as usual will go wavering chameleonlike; changing colour and purpose with the colour of his environment;—good for no Kingly use. On one royal person, on the Queen only, can Mirabeau perhaps place dependence. It is possible, the greatness of this man, not unskilled too in blandishments, courtiership, and graceful adroitness, might, with most legitimate sorcery, fascinate the volatile Queen, and fix her to him. She has courage for all noble daring; an eye and a heart: the soul of Theresa's Daughter. '*Faut-il donc*, Is it fated then,' she passionately writes to her Brother, 'that I with the blood I am come of, with the sentiments I have, must live and die among such mortals?'¹ Alas, poor Princess, Yes. 'She is the only *man*,' as Mirabeau observes, 'whom his Majesty has about him.'² Of one other man Mirabeau is still surer: of himself. There lie his resources; sufficient or insufficient.

¹ *Fils Adoptif* *ubi supra*, vii. 335. [The passage is from a letter of the Queen to Mercy, Sept. 12th 1791. See *Lettres de Marie Antoinette, Recueil des Lettres Authentiques de la Reine, publié par la Société de l'Hist. Contemp.*, par MM. de la Rocheterre et de Beaucourt, Paris, 1896, ii. 307. The original is in the Austrian Archives, and there is a copy in the Archives at Paris.]

² [The expression occurs in Mirabeau's 2nd note for the Court, June 20th '90 (Bacourt, ii. 38). Cf. also Mirabeau's 41st note (Bacourt, ii. 317), 'The Queen will be the first object of attack because they know she is the advanced guard of the King.']

Dim and great to the eye of Prophecy looks that future. A perpetual life-and-death battle; confusion from above and from below;—mere confused darkness for us; with here and there some streak of faint lurid light. We see a King perhaps laid aside; not tonsured, tonsuring is out of fashion now; but say, sent away anywhither, with handsome annual allowance, and stock of smith-tools. We see a Queen and Dauphin, Regent and Minor; a Queen ‘mounted on horseback,’ in the din of battles, with *Moriamur pro rege nostro!* ‘Such a day,’ Mirabeau writes, ‘may come.’

Din of battles, wars more than civil, confusion from above and from below: in such environment the eye of Prophecy sees Comte de Mirabeau, like some Cardinal de Retz, stormfully maintain himself; with head all-devising, heart all-daring, if not victorious, yet unvanquished, while life is left him. The specialities and issues of it, no eye of Prophecy can guess at: it is clouds, we repeat, and tempestuous night; and in the middle of it, now visible, far-darting, now labouring in eclipse, is Mirabeau indomitably struggling to be Cloud-Compeller!—One can say that, had Mirabeau lived, the History of France and of the World had been different. Further, that the man would have needed, as few men ever did, the whole compass of that same ‘Art of Daring, *Art d’Oser,*’ which he so prized; and likewise that he, above all men then living, would have practised and manifested it. Finally, that some substantiality, and no empty simulacrum of a formula, would have been the result realised by him: a result you could have loved, a result you could have hated; by no likelihood, a result you could only have rejected with closed lips, and swept into quick forgetfulness forever. Had Mirabeau lived one other year!¹

¹[Yes; but it is an interesting question on which side Mirabeau would have been found at the epoch of the flight to Varennes. It is to be feared that in his anger at the way the Court neglected his earnest, but not very practical, advice he would have been found rather with Danton than with Barnave.]

CHAPTER VII

DEATH OF MIRABEAU

BUT Mirabeau could not live another year, any more than he could live another thousand years. Men's years are numbered, and the tale of Mirabeau's was now complete. Important or unimportant; to be mentioned in World-History for some centuries, or not to be mentioned there beyond a day or two,—it matters not to peremptory Fate. From amid the press of ruddy busy Life, the Pale Messenger beckons silently: wide-spreading interests, projects, salvation of French Monarchies, what thing soever man has on hand, he must suddenly quit it all, and go. Wert thou saving French Monarchies; wert thou blacking shoes on the Pont Neuf! The most important of men cannot stay; did the World's History depend on an hour, that hour is not to be given. Whereby, indeed, it comes that these same *would-have-beens* are mostly a vanity; and the World's History could never in the least be what it would, or might, or should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it *is*.

The fierce wear and tear of such an existence has wasted out the giant oaken strength of Mirabeau. A fret and fever that keeps heart and brain on fire: excess of effort, of excitement; excess of all kinds: labour incessant, almost beyond credibility! 'If I had not lived with him,' says Dumont, 'I never should have known what a man can make of one day; what things may be placed within the interval of twelve hours. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others: the mass of things he guided on together was prodigious; from the scheming to the executing not a moment lost.'—"Monsieur le Comte," said his Secretary to him once, "what you require is impossible."—"Impossible!"—answered he, starting from his chair, "*Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot*, Never name to me that blockhead of a word."¹ And then the social repasts; the

¹ Dumont, p. 218.

dinner which he gives as Commandant of National Guards, which 'cost five hundred pounds;' alas, and 'the Syrens of the Opera;' and all the ginger that is hot in the mouth:—down what a course is this man hurled! Cannot Mirabeau stop; cannot he fly, and save himself alive? No! There is a Nessus' Shirt on this Hercules; he must storm and burn there, without rest, till he be consumed. Human strength, never so Herculean, has its measure. Herald shadows flit pale across the fire-brain of Mirabeau; heralds of the pale repose. While he tosses and storms, straining every nerve, in that sea of ambition and confusion, there comes, sombre and still, a monition that for him the issue of it will be swift death.

In January last, you might see him as President of the Assembly; 'his neck wrapt in linen cloths, at the evening session:' there was sick heat of the blood, alternate darkening and flashing in the eyesight; he had to apply leeches, after the morning labour, and preside bandaged. 'At parting he embraced me,' says Dumont, 'with an emotion I had never seen in him: "I am dying, my friend; dying as by slow fire;¹ we shall perhaps not meet again. When I am gone, they will know what the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France."' Sickness gives louder warning; but cannot be listened to. On the 27th day of March, proceeding towards the Assembly, he had to seek rest and help in Friend de Lamarek's, by the road; and lay there, for an hour, half-fainted, stretched on a sofa. To the Assembly nevertheless he went, as if in spite of Destiny itself; spoke, loud and eager, five several times;² then quitted the Tribune—forever. He steps out, utterly exhausted, into the Tuileries Gardens; many people press round him, as usual, with applications, memorials; he says to the Friend who was with him: "Take me out of this!"

¹ Dumont, p. 185. ['By slow fire;' the words are *à la peine*, *i.e.*, 'by torture' (Dumont in *loc. cit.*.)]

² [Mirabeau's last speech was on the subject of the control of the Mines of France. La Marck had large interests in French mines, and it was to oblige his friend that Mirabeau made the effort to speak on the subject. Pellenc prepared the speech for him (Bacourt, i. 248). Lafayette (iii. 47) says it was only remarkable as hastening on his death.]

And so, on the last day of March 1791, endless anxious multitudes beset the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; incessantly inquiring; within doors there, in that House numbered, in our time, 42, the overwearied giant has fallen down, to die.¹ Crowds of all parties and kinds; of all ranks from the King to the meanest man! The King sends publicly twice a-day to inquire; privately besides: from the world at large there is no end of inquiring. 'A written bulletin is handed out every three hours,' is copied and circulated; in the end, it is printed. The People spontaneously keep silence; no carriage shall enter with its noise: there is crowding pressure; but the Sister of Mirabeau is reverently recognised, and has free way made for her. The People stand mute, heart-stricken; to all it seems as if a great calamity were nigh: as if the last man of France, who could have swayed these coming troubles, lay there at hand-grips with the unearthly Power.

The silence of a whole People, the wakeful toil of Cabanis, Friend and Physician, skills not: on Saturday, the second day of April, Mirabeau feels that the last of the Days has risen for him; that on this day he has to depart and be no more. His death is Titanic, as his life has been! Lit up, for the last time, in the glare of coming dissolution, the mind of the man is all glowing and burning; utters itself in sayings, such as men long remember. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous: unearthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his soul; the soul itself looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt together for that great hour! At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quitting. "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factious." Or again, when he heard the cannon fire, what is characteristic too: "Have we the Achilles' Funeral already?" So likewise, while some friend is supporting him: "Yes, support that head! would I could bequeath it thee!" For the man dies as he has lived; self-conscious, conscious of

¹ *Fils Adoptif*, viii, 420-79.

a world looking on. He gazes forth on the young Spring, which for him will never be Summer. The Sun has risen; he says, "*Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain.*"¹—Death has mastered the out-works; power of speech is gone; the citadel of the heart still holding out: the moribund giant, passionately, by sign, demands paper and pen; writes his passionate demand for opium, to end these agonies. The sorrowful Doctor shakes his head: *Dormir*, 'To sleep,' writes the other, passionately pointing at it! So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest. At half-past eight in the morning, Doctor Petit, standing at the foot of the bed, says, "*Il ne souffre plus.*" His suffering and his working are now ended.

Even so, ye silent Patriot multitudes, all ye men of France; this man is rapt away from you. He has fallen suddenly, without bending till he broke; as a tower falls, smitten by sudden lightning. His word ye shall hear no more, his guidance follow no more.—The multitudes depart, heartstruck; spread the sad tidings. How touching is the loyalty of men to their Sovereign Man! All theatres, public amusements close; no joyful meeting can be held in these nights, joy is not for them: the People break in upon private dancing-parties, and sullenly command that they cease. Of such dancing-parties apparently but two came to light; and these also have gone out. The gloom is universal; never in this city was such sorrow for one death; never since that old night when Louis XII. departed, 'and the *Crieurs des Corps* went sounding their bells, and crying along 'the streets: *Le bon roi Louis, père du peuple, est mort*, The good 'King Louis, Father of the People, is dead!'² King Mirabeau is now the lost King; and one may say with little exaggeration, all the People mourns for him.

¹ *Fils Adoptif*, viii. 450; *Journal de la maladie et de la mort de Mirabeau* par J. G. Cabanis, Paris, 1803. [Cabanis says he died of *une affection inflammatoire du diaphragme, provoquée par une humeur rhumatismale, goutteuse, vague*. He had long been subject to both kidney and liver attacks, and to ophthalmia. Soon after the meeting of the States-General, he had a bad attack of jaundice which had never been properly cured (*Loménie*, v. 333, *sqq.*). Malouet (ii. 108) speaks of the germ of the malady being visible for two months before his death, his eyes being all inflamed and bloodshot, and his appearance horrible.]

² Hénault, *Abrégé Chronologique*, p. 429.

For three days there is low wide moan; weeping in the National Assembly itself. The streets are all mournful; orators mounted on the *bornes*, with large silent audience, preaching the funeral sermon of the dead. Let no coachman whip fast, distractively with his rolling wheels, or almost at all, through these groups! His traces may be cut; himself and his fare, as incurable Aristocrats, hurled sulkily into the kennels. The bournestone orators speak as it is given them; the Sansculottic People, with its rude soul, listens eager,—as men will to any Sermon, or *Sermo*, when it is a spoken Word meaning a Thing, and not a Babblement meaning No-thing. In the Restaurateur's of the Palais-Royal, the waiter remarks, "Fine weather, Monsieur:"—"Yes, my friend," answers the ancient Man of Letters, "very fine; but Mirabeau is dead." Hoarse rhythmic threnodies come also from the throats of ballad-singers; are sold on gray-white paper at a *sou* each.¹ But of Portraits, engraved, painted, hewn and written; of Eulogies, Reminiscences, Biographies, nay, *Vau-devilles*, Dramas and Melodramas, in all Provinces of France, there will, through these coming months, be the due immeasurable crop; thick as the leaves of Spring. Nor, that a tincture of burlesque might be in it, is Gobel's Episcopal *Mandement* wanting; goose Gobel, who has just been made Constitutional Bishop of Paris. A *Mandement* wherein *Ça ira* alternates very strangely with *Nomine Domini*; and you are, with a grave countenance, invited to 'rejoice at possessing in the midst of you a 'body of Prelates created by Mirabeau, zealous followers of his 'doctrine, faithful imitators of his virtues.'² So speaks, and cackles manifold, the Sorrow of France; wailing articulately, inarticulately, as it can, that a Sovereign Man is snatched away. In the National Assembly, when difficult questions are astir, all

¹ *Fils Adoptif*, viii. l. 10; Newspapers and Excerpts (in *Hist. Parl.* ix. 366-402).

² *Hist. Parl.* ix. 405. [*Mandement* de J. B. J. Gobel (*sic*), *Évêque de Lydda et de Paris sur la mort d'Honoré Riquetti-Mirabeau*; à Paris; se vend à l'archevêché 1791. This pamphlet of 10½ pages, signed J. B. Gobel with the words *Courte-Queue secrétaire* appended to the signature, is printed *in extenso* in *Hist. Parl.* It reads like a satire, and probably really is one, and not a formal pronouncement of Gobel's at all. It is not mentioned in any biographical notice of Gobel; and "Mr. Short-tail, Secretary" looks suspicious.]

eyes will 'turn mechanically to the place where Mirabeau sat,'—and Mirabeau is absent now.

On the third evening of the lamentation, the fourth of April, there is solemn Public Funeral; such as deceased mortal seldom had. Procession of a league in length; of mourners reckoned loosely at a hundred thousand. All roofs are thronged with on-lookers, all windows, lamp-irons, branches of trees. 'Sadness is painted on every countenance; many persons weep.' There is double hedge of National Guards; there is National Assembly in a body; Jacobin Society, and Societies; King's Ministers, Municipals, and all Notabilities, Patriot or Aristocrat. Bouillé is noticeable there, 'with his hat on;' say, hat drawn over his brow, hiding many thoughts! Slow-wending, in religious silence, the Procession of a league in length, under the level sun-rays, for it is five o'clock, moves and marches: with its sable plumes; itself in a religious silence; but, by fits with the muffled roll of drums, by fits with some long-drawn wail of music, and strange new clangour of trombones, and metallic dirge-voice; amid the infinite hum of men. In the Church of Saint-Eustache, there is funeral oration by Cerutti; and discharge of fire-arms, which 'brings down pieces of the plaster.' Thence, forward again to the Church of Sainte-Geneviève;¹ which has been consecrated, by supreme decree, on the spur of this time, into a Pantheon for the Great Men of the Fatherland, *Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante*. Hardly at midnight is the business done; and Mirabeau left in his dark dwelling: first tenant of that Fatherland's Pantheon.

Tenant, alas, who inhabits but at will, and shall be cast out.² For, in these days of convulsion and dissection, not even the dust

¹[The Church of *Sainte-Geneviève*, which was intended to be the greatest monument of eighteenth century art, was begun in 1747, but the construction went on very slowly, and it was not really completed in 1789. The decree consecrating it *Aux Grands Hommes*, etc., is of April 4th '91, and the architect, Quatremère, was ordered to carry out the necessary alterations. Mirabeau's bones were removed from the *Pantheon* to make room for Marat, Sept. 21st '94. By decree of the Convention Feb. 8th '95 no one was to be buried in the *Pantheon* till ten years after his death (*vid. infr.*, iii. 68).]

²[Sept. 21st '94.]

of the dead is permitted to rest. Voltaire's bones are, by and by, to be carried from their stolen grave in the Abbey of Scellières,¹ to an eager *stealing* grave, in Paris his birth-city: all mortals processioning and perorating there; cars drawn by eight white horses, goadsters in classical costume, with fillets and wheat-ears enough;—though the weather is of the wettest.² Evangelist Jean Jacques too, as is most proper, must be dug up from Ermenonville, and processioned, with pomp, with sensibility, to the Pantheon of the Fatherland.³ He and others: while again Mirabeau, we say, is cast forth from it, happily incapable of being replaced; and rests now, irrecongnisable, reburied hastily at dead of night 'in the central part of the Churchyard Sainte-Cathérine, 'in the Suburb Saint-Marceau,' to be disturbed no further.

So blazes out, farseen, a Man's Life, and becomes ashes and a *caput mortuum*, in this World-Pyre, which we name French Revolution: not the first that consumed itself there; nor, by thousands and many millions, the last! A man who 'had swallowed all formulas;' who, in these strange times and circumstances, felt called to live Titanically, and also to die so. As he, for his part, had swallowed all formulas, what Formula is there, never so comprehensive, that will express truly the *plus* and the *minus* of him, give us the accurate net-result of him? There is hitherto none such. Moralities not a few must shriek condemnatory over this Mirabeau; the Morality by which he could be judged has not yet got uttered in the speech of men. We will say this of him again: That he is a Reality and no Simulacrum; a living Son of Nature our general Mother; not a hollow Artifice, and mechanism of Conventionalities, son of nothing, *brother* to nothing. In which little word, let the earnest man, walking sorrowful in

¹[July 11th '91. Voltaire (*vid. supr.*, i. 53) had not unnaturally been refused a Catholic burial. M. de Villette, the close friend of his old age, began agitating for a public funeral for him; the matter was brought before the Assembly in May '91, and on May 30th it was decreed to remove his remains from the Abbey of Sellières to the *Pantheon*. Accordingly on July 11th the *Fête* of his funeral was celebrated with great pomp (Robinet, *Le Mouvement Religieux*, i. 527, and *Rev. de la Rév.* vi. 92).]

²Moniteur, du 13 Juillet 1791.

³Moniteur, du 18 Septembre 1794. See also du 30 Août, &c. 1791. [The real date is Oct. 16th 1791.]

a world mostly of 'Stuffed Clothes-suits,' that chatter and grin meaningless on him, quite *ghastly* to the earnest soul,—think what significance there is!

Of men who, in such sense, are alive, and see with eyes, the number is now not great: it may be well, if in this huge French Revolution itself, with its all-developing fury, we find some Three. Mortals driven rabid we find; sputtering the acridest logic; baring their breast to the battle-hail, their neck to the guillotine:—of whom it is so painful to say that they, too, are still, in good part, manufactured Formalities, not Facts but Hearsays!

Honour to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams, and *is* something. For in the way of being *worthy*, the first condition surely is that one *be*. Let Cant cease, at all risks and at all cost: till Cant cease, nothing else can begin. Of human criminals, in these centuries, writes the Moralist, I find but one unforgivable: the Quack. 'Hateful to God,' as divine Dante sings, 'and to the Enemies of God,

'A Dio spiacente ed a' nemici sui!'

But whoever will, with sympathy, which is the first essential towards insight, look at this questionable Mirabeau, may find that there lay verily in him, as the basis of all, a Sincerity, a great free Earnestness; nay call it Honesty, for the man did before all things see, with that clear flashing vision, into what *was*, into what existed as fact; and did, with his wild heart, follow that and no other. Whereby on what ways soever he travels and struggles, often enough falling, he is still a brother man. Hate him not; thou canst not hate him! Shining through such soil and tarnish, and now victorious effulgent, and oftenest struggling eclipsed, the light of genius itself is in this man; which was never yet base and hateful; but at worst was lamentable, loveable with pity. They say that he was ambitious, that he wanted to be Minister. It is most true. And was he not simply the one man in France who could have done any good as Minister? Not vanity alone, not pride alone; far from that! Wild burstings of affection were in this great heart; of fierce lightning, and soft

dew of pity. So sunk bemired in wretchedest defacements, it may be said of him, like the Magdalen of old, that he loved much: his Father, the harshest of old crabbed men, he loved with warmth, with veneration.

Be it that his falls and follies are manifold,—as himself often lamented even with tears.¹ Alas, is not the Life of every such man already a poetic Tragedy; made up 'of Fate and of one's own Deservings,' of *Schicksal und eigene Schuld*; full of the elements of Pity and Fear? This brother man, if not Epic for us, is Tragic; if not great, is large; large in his qualities, world-large in his destinies. Whom other men, recognising him as such, may, through long times, remember, and draw nigh to examine and consider: these, in their several dialects, will say of him and sing of him,—till the right thing be said; and so the Formula that *can* judge him be no longer an undiscovered one.

Here then the wild Gabriel Honoré drops from the tissue of our History; not without a tragic farewell. He is gone: the flower of the wild Riquetti or Arrighetti kindred; which seems as if in him, with one last effort, it had done its best, and then expired, or sunk down to the undistinguished level. Crabbed old Marquis Mirabeau, the Friend of Men, sleeps sound. The Bailli Mirabeau,² worthy Uncle, will soon die forlorn, alone. Barrel-Mirabeau, already gone across the Rhine, his Regiment of Emigrants will drive nigh desperate. 'Barrel-Mirabeau,' says a biographer of his, 'went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled 'Emigrant Regiments. But as he sat one morning in his tent,³ 'sour of stomach doubtless and of heart, meditating in Tartarean 'humour on the turn things took, a certain Captain or Subaltern 'demanded admittance on business. Such Captain is refused; 'he again demands, with refusal; and then again; till Colonel 'Viscount Barrel-Mirabeau, blazing up into a mere burning 'brandy-barrel, clutches his sword, and tumbles out on this *ca-*

¹ Dumont, p. 199. [La Marck says 'a violent and fiery temper; a great opinion of his high birth; bitter chagrin at his poverty and follies; pride his master passion.' (Bacourt, i. 104.)]

² [The Bailli retired to Malta in 1792 and died 18th April 1794.]

³ [At Freiburg Sept. 15th 1792.]

'*naïlle* of an intruder,—alas, on the *canaille* of an intruder's sword-point, who had drawn with swift dexterity ; and dies, and the 'Newspapers name it *apoplexy* and *alarming accident*.' So die the Mirabeaus.

New Mirabeaus one hears not of ; the wild kindred, as we said, is gone out with this its greatest. As families and kindreds sometimes do ; producing, after long ages of unnoted notability, some living quintessence of all the qualities they had, to flame forth as a man world-noted ; after whom they rest as if exhausted ; the sceptre passing to others. The chosen Last of the Mirabeaus is gone ; the chosen man of France is gone. It was he who shook old France from its basis ; and, as if with his single hand, has held it toppling there, still unfallen. What things depended on that one man ! He is as a ship suddenly shivered on sunk rocks : much swims on the waste waters, far from help.¹

¹[While retaining all my admiration for the force and talent of Mirabeau, and allowing immense weight to the devoted friendship felt for him by such an honourable man as La Marck, my opinion tends more and more towards that of M. Loménie ; and even to that of Morris, recorded in a letter to Washington in Feb. '92 (i. 502), "that he was beyond all controversy one of the most unprincipled scoundrels that ever lived ;" and towards that of Ferrières (Mem. i. 90-2), which differs little from Morris's.]

BOOK IV

VARENNES

CHAPTER I

EASTER AT SAINT-CLOUD

THE French Monarchy may now therefore be considered as, in all human probability, lost; as struggling henceforth in blindness as well as weakness, the last light of reasonable guidance having gone out. What remains of resources their poor Majesties will waste still further, in uncertain loitering and wavering. Mirabeau himself had to complain that they only gave him half confidence, and always had some plan within his plan. Had they fled frankly with him to Rouen or anywhither, long ago! They may fly now with chance immeasurably lessened; which will go on lessening towards absolute zero.¹ Decide, O Queen; poor Louis can decide nothing: execute this Flight-project, or at least abandon it. Correspondence with Bouillé there has been enough; what profits consulting, and hypothesis, while all around is in fierce activity of practice? The Rustic sits waiting till the river run dry: alas, with you it is not a common river, but a Nile Inundation; snows melting in the unseen mountains; till all, and you where you sit, be submerged.

Many things invite to flight. The voice of Journals invites; Royalist Journals proudly hinting it as a threat, Patriot Journals

¹[On the death of Mirabeau some of his schemes for influencing public opinion in Paris and in the provinces were pursued for a time by La Marck, Cabanis and Pellenc (*see* Bacourt, vol. iii.). But the Court, which, if it had ever been inclined to trust Mirabeau, could never forgive his attitude on the question of the Clergy (Nov. '90—Jan. '91), manifested only relief at his death. Louis had probably groaned '*Encore un Mémoire?*' over his 'Notes for the Court,' as he had groaned over the projects laid before him by Turgot.]

rapidly denouncing it as a terror. Mother Society, waxing more and more emphatic, invites;—so emphatic that, as was prophesied, Lafayette and your limited Patriots have ere long to branch off from her, and form themselves into *Feuillants*;¹ with infinite public controversy; the victory in which, doubtful though it look, will remain with the unlimited Mother. Moreover, ever since the Day of Poniards, we have seen unlimited Patriotism openly equipping itself with arms. Citizens denied ‘activity,’ which is facetiously made to signify a certain weight of purse, cannot buy blue uniforms, and be Guardsmen; but man is greater than blue cloth; man can fight, if need be, in multiform cloth, or even almost without cloth,—as *Sansculotte*. So pikes continue to be hammered, whether those Dirks of improved structure with barbs be ‘meant for the West-India market,’ or not meant. Men beat, the wrong way, their ploughshares into swords. Is there not what we may call an ‘Austrian Committee,’² *Comité Autrichien*, sitting daily and nightly in the Tuileries? Patriotism, by vision and suspicion, knows it too well! If the King fly, will

¹[The name *Feuillants* (*vid. supr.*, i. 392) properly only attaches to the Club founded by a schism from the Jacobins in July 1791, when a large part of the Jacobin Club followed Barnave and established themselves in the *Feuillants* Convent. Carlyle, as in the passage above, mixes it up with the ‘Club of ’89’ (which before all things was Lafayette’s Club): but the mistake is not unnatural, for the name *Feuillants* is used by contemporaries indiscriminately for both Clubs, and the word came in ’91 to mean, on Jacobin lips, ‘any moderate man.’ The *Feuillants* proper had a hard struggle for existence until the date of the King’s acceptance of the Constitution (Sept. 14th), but on the meeting of the new Legislature in October they were largely reinforced by the accession of the entire Right. On Dec. 27th however, the Assembly voted that the Club should remove from the *Feuillants* Convent, part of which was occupied by the Committee-rooms of the Assembly itself. The Club occupied several other places, and was not ‘shut’ or ‘extinct’ until Aug. 10th ’92; at that date it still counted some 40 members.]

²[The myth of the so-called Austrian Committee (the denunciation of it was made by Carra in his newspaper, May 15th ’92) rests upon the basis of fact that the Queen corresponded with Count Mercy: one of his letters (that of March 7th ’91) was intercepted, and laid before the *Comité de Surveillance* of the Constituent Assembly, but Carlyle is really putting the myth a year too early. La Marck (Bacourt, i. 226) says ‘Mercy and I were the Austrian Committee, and we were so only in 1790, and ‘it was not denounced till May ’92, when Mercy had been out of France nearly ‘two years: but we were both Austrian subjects by birth.’ And Bertrand-Moleville tells us (i. 359) how, at that date (May ’92), the King’s unofficial advisers, *vic.*, the Queen, Malouet, Regnaud and himself were denounced as the ‘Austrian Committee,’ and how he turned the tables on Carra and had him arrested for sedition: but the Legislative Assembly instantly exploded, and the *Juge de Paix* before whom Carra had been brought, was accused of high treason and sent to Orléans. *Vid. also infr.*, ii. 176.]

there not be Aristocrat-Austrian invasion; butchery; replacement of Feudalism; wars more than civil? The hearts of men are saddened and maddened.

Dissident Priests likewise give trouble enough. Expelled from their Parish Churches, where Constitutional Priests, elected by the Public, have replaced them, these unhappy persons resort to Convents of Nuns, or other such receptacles; and there, on Sabbath, collecting assemblages of Anti-Constitutional individuals, who have grown devout all on a sudden,¹ they worship or pretend to worship in their strait-laced contumacious manner; to the scandal of Patriotism. Dissident Priests, passing along with their sacred wafer for the dying, seem wishful to be massacred in the streets; wherein Patriotism will not gratify them. Slighter palm of martyrdom, however, shall not be denied: martyrdom not of massacre, yet of fustigation. At the refractory places of worship, Patriot men appear; Patriot women with strong hazel wands, which they apply. Shut thy eyes, O Reader; see not this misery, peculiar to these later times,—of martyrdom without sincerity, with only cant and contumacy! A dead Catholic Church² is not allowed to lie dead; no, it is *galvanised* into the detestablest death-life; whereat Humanity, we say, shuts its eyes. For the Patriot women take their hazel wands, and fustigate, amid laughter of bystanders, with alacrity: broad bottom of Priests; alas, Nuns too, reversed and *cotillons retroussés*! The National Guard does what it can: Municipality 'invokes the Principles of Toleration;' grants Dissident worshippers the Church of the *Théatins*: promising protection. But it is to no purpose: at the door of that *Théatins* Church appears a Placard,³ and suspended atop, like Plebeian Consular *fasces*,—a Bundle of

¹ Toulougeon, i. 262.

²[This is of course grossly unfair and untrue. One cannot help wearying very much of Carlyle's inveterate and childish disbelief in the possibility of sincerity within the pale of the Catholic Church. How true it is that the Revolution failed because of its intolerance, and is still failing for the same reason! Dr. Robinet in his 'Mouvement Religieux' (Paris, 1896), i. 465, *sqq.*, qualifies these brutalities as *répression extra-légale*, admits that 300 nuns were flogged by the lowest scum of Paris, and lays it all to the account of the priests and nuns themselves, who were exciting opposition to the new Civil Constitution of the Clergy.]

³[June 2nd.]

Rods! The Principles of Toleration must do the best they may: but no Dissident man shall worship contumaciously; there is a *Plebiscitum* to that effect; which, though unspoken, is like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Dissident contumacious Priests ought not to be harboured, even in private, by any man: the Club of the Cordeliers openly denounces Majesty himself as doing it.¹

Many things invite to flight: but probably this thing above all others, that it has become impossible! On the 15th of April, notice is given that his Majesty, who has suffered much from catarrh lately, will enjoy the Spring weather, for a few days, at Saint-Cloud. Out at Saint-Cloud? Wishing to celebrate his Easter,² his *Pâques* or Pasch, there; with refractory Anti-Constitutional Dissidents?—Wishing rather to make off for Compiègne, and thence to the Frontiers? As were, in good sooth, perhaps feasible, or would once have been; nothing but some two *chasseurs* attending you; *chasseurs* easily corrupted! It is a pleasant possibility, execute it or not. Men say there are thirty thousand Chevaliers of the Poniard lurking in the woods there: lurking in the woods, and thirty thousand,—for the human Imagination is not fettered. But now, how easily might these, dashing out on Lafayette, snatch off the Hereditary Representative; and roll away with him, after the manner of a whirlblast, whither they listed!—Enough, it were well the King did not go. Lafayette is forewarned and forearmed: but, indeed, is the risk his only; or his and all France's?

Monday the eighteenth of April is come; the Easter Journey

¹ Newspapers of April and June 1791 (in Hist. Parl. ix. 449; x. 217).

² [Louis was in doubt whether he ought to communicate at all this Easter, owing to his sin in sanctioning the decree of Nov. 27th on the oath of the Clergy: all the churches in Paris (and even the private chapel of the Tuileries) served by non-juring priests were closed in April by the Municipality, "to avoid riots;" and the Radicals demanded that the King should give a proof of his sincere adhesion to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, by communicating at his parish church under a 'Constitutional Priest.' This to Louis would have been a blasphemous farce: it was for this reason that he proposed to go and spend Holy Week at Saint-Cloud. (Sorel, ii. 187.)

I cannot find at what date the *Théatins* Church was allowed to be reopened for the non-juring priests, but I conjecture that it was at some time in May, as the riot which closed it again took place on June 2nd.]

to Saint-Cloud shall take effect. National Guard has got its orders ; a First Division, as Advanced Guard, has even marched, and probably arrived. His Majesty's *Maison-bouche*, they say, is all busy stewing and frying at Saint-Cloud ; the King's dinner not far from ready there. About one o'clock, the Royal Carriage, with its eight royal blacks, shoots stately into the Place du Carrousel ; draws up to receive its royal burden. But hark ! from the neighbouring Church of Saint-Roch, the tocsin begins ding-dong-ing. Is the King stolen then ; is he going ; gone ? Multitudes of persons crowd the Carrousel : the Royal Carriage still stands there ;—and, by Heaven's strength, shall stand !

Lafayette comes up, with aides-de-camp and oratory ; pervading the groups : "*Taisez-vous*," answer the groups, "the King shall not go." Monsieur appears, at an upper window : ten thousand voices bray and shriek, "*Nous ne voulons pas que le Roi parte*." Their Majesties have mounted. Crack go the whips ; but twenty Patriot arms have seized each of the eight bridles : there is rearing, rocking, vociferation ; not the smallest headway. In vain does Lafayette fret, indignant ; and perorate and strive : Patriots in the passion of terror bellow round the Royal Carriage ; it is one bellowing sea of Patriot terror run frantic. Will Royalty fly off towards Austria ; like a lit rocket, towards endless Conflagration of Civil War ? Stop it, ye Patriots, in the name of Heaven ! Rude voices passionately apostrophise Royalty itself. Usher Campan, and other the like official persons, pressing forward with help or advice, are clutched by the sashes, and hurled and whirled, in a confused perilous manner ; so that her Majesty has to plead passionately from the carriage-window.

Order cannot be heard, cannot be followed ; National Guards know not how to act. Centre Grenadiers, of the Observatoire Battalion, are there ; not on duty ; alas, in quasi-mutiny ; speaking rude disobedient words ; threatening the mounted Guards with sharp shot if they hurt the people. Lafayette mounts and dismounts ; runs haranguing, panting ; on the verge of despair. For an hour and three-quarters ; 'seven quarters of an hour,' by the Tuileries Clock ! Desperate Lafayette will open a passage,

were it by the cannon's mouth, if his Majesty will order.¹ Their Majesties, counselled to it by Royalist friends, by Patriot foes, dismount; and retire in, with heavy indignant heart; giving up the enterprise. *Maison-bouche* may eat that cooked dinner themselves: his Majesty shall not see Saint-Cloud this day,—nor any day.²

The pathetic fable of imprisonment in one's own Palace has become a sad fact, then? Majesty complains to Assembly; Municipality deliberates, proposes to petition or address; Sections respond with sullen brevity of negation. Lafayette flings down his Commission; appears in civic pepper-and-salt frock; and cannot be flattered back again; not in less than three days;³ and by unheard-of entreaty; National Guards kneeling to him, and declaring that it is not sycophancy, that they are free men kneeling here to the *Statue of Liberty*. For the rest, those Centre Grenadiers of the Observatoire are disbanded,—yet indeed are reënlisted, all but fourteen, under a new name, and with new quarters. The King must keep his Easter in Paris; meditating much on this singular posture of things; but as good as determined now to fly from it, desire being whetted by difficulty.⁴

¹[Lafayette seems to have acted honestly but, to say the least of it, feebly: probably he was not sorry to keep the King in Paris, for it would be much easier for him to escape from Saint-Cloud than from Paris. He admits (*Mémoires et Corresp.* iii. 65) that he was badly seconded by the National Guard on this day. The mob, so far as it had any will more than a mere desire to riot, had an uneasy feeling that, if the King left Paris, civil war would soon follow; the King was a sort of hostage against this.]

²Deux Amis, vi. c. 1. (*Hist. Parl.* ix. 407-14.)

³[April 24th. Cf. Morris (i. 411-418) who is delighted, and expects Gouvion to succeed Lafayette as commander of National Guard. The Municipality actually referred to the Section-Assemblies the question "Shall the King be prayed to execute his project of going to Saint-Cloud, or be thanked for remaining?" The force of irony could hardly go further. (*Robiquet*, i. 452.)]

⁴[Immediate flight was from this time decided on; and it was with the deliberate intention of hoodwinking the Assembly that the King went to it on April 19th and declared that he was "free;" he also sent a circular on April 23rd, through Montmorin, to the European Courts, declaring the same (together with private assurances of the reverse). The *Ami du Peuple* (No. 443) and the *Moniteur* (May 31st) suspected the genuineness of this circular. Montmorin however appears to have believed it quite genuine; from first to last he knew nothing of the proposed flight, yet he was the King's warmest personal friend and the playmate of his childhood. (*See Masson, Affaires Étrangères*, 92-4; *Sorel*, ii. 188.)]

CHAPTER II

EASTER AT PARIS

FOR above a year, ever since March 1790, it would seem, there has hovered a project of Flight¹ before the royal mind; and ever and anon has been condensing itself into something like a purpose;² but this or the other difficulty always vaporised it again. It seems so full of risks, perhaps of civil war itself; above all, it cannot be done without effort. Somnolent laziness will not serve: to fly, if not in a leather *vache*, one must verily stir himself. Better to adopt that Constitution of theirs; execute it so as to show all men that it is *inexecutable*? Better or not so good: surely it is *casier*. To all difficulties you need only say, There is a lion in the path, behold your Constitution will not act! For a somnolent person it requires no effort to counterfeit death,—as Dame de Staël and Friends of Liberty can see the King's Government long doing, *faisant la mort*.

Nay now, when desire whetted by difficulty has brought the

¹[The original authorities on the flight to Varennes are, with the exception of Bouillé's own *Mémoires*, extraordinarily contradictory; several of the principal actors left accounts written long afterwards, in which they severally sought to exculpate themselves, and to throw the blame of the failure upon others. This is especially the case with regard to Choiseul, 'Relation du départ de Louis XVI' (Paris, 1822); Louis Bouillé, 'Mémoire sur le départ de Louis XVI' (Paris, 1821); Goguelat, 'Mémoire sur les événements relatifs au voyage de Louis XVI' (Paris, 1823); Valory, 'Précis Historique du voyage entrepris par sa Majesté, Louis XVI' (Paris, 1823). There are also Damas, 'Rapport sur l'affaire de Varennes' (Paris, 1821); 'Exposé de la Conduite de M. Charles de Raigecourt à l'affaire de Varennes' (Paris, 1821).

The great modern authority is M. Bimbenet, 'Fuite de Louis XVI à Varennes d'après les documents judiciaires,' 1844 (2nd edition 1868), who analyses the results of the inquiry held by the Court at Orléans into the culpability of the various officers implicated: and the most comprehensive summary of the whole business is in 'Ludwig XVI. und Marie Antoinette und der Flucht nach Montmédy,' edited by Emil Daniels from the papers of the late Baron Stockmar (Berlin, 1890). A delightful sketch of the flight itself, with a very spirited criticism of Carlyle's account, is given by Mr. Oscar Browning, 'The Flight to Varennes and other essays' (London, 1892). Mr. Browning performed his flight to Varennes on a tricycle, with some startling discoveries as to the inaccuracy of Carlyle's distances.]

²[The actual communication was made to Bouillé, Oct. 26th '90, and Bouillé at once said that Austrian help was indispensable, both because he could not trust his own troops and also to give him a chance of mobilising them. The date was at first fixed for the early spring of '91. Fersen and young Bouillé were in the secret before the end of '90, and a cipher correspondence had been arranged. (Stockmar, 14 *sqq.*)]

matter to a head, and the royal mind no longer halts between two, what can come of it? Grant that poor Louis were safe with Bouillé, what, on the whole, could he look for there? Exasperated Tickets of Entry answer: Much, all. But cold Reason answers: Little, almost nothing. Is not loyalty a law of Nature? ask the Tickets of Entry. Is not love of your King, and even death for him, the glory of all Frenchmen,—except these few Democrats? Let Democrat Constitution-builders see what they will do without their Keystone; and France rend its hair, having lost the Hereditary Representative!

Thus will King Louis fly; one sees not reasonably towards what. As a maltreated Boy, shall we say, who, having a Stepmother, rushes sulky into the wide world; and will wring the paternal heart?—Poor Louis escapes from known unsupportable evils, to an unknown mixture of good and evil, coloured by Hope. He goes, as Rabelais did when dying, to seek a great May-be: *je vais chercher un grand Peut-être!* As not only the sulky Boy but the wise grown Man is obliged to do, so often, in emergencies.

For the rest, there is still no lack of stimulants, and stepdame maltreatments, to keep one's resolution at the due pitch.¹ Factious disturbances cease not: as indeed how can they, unless authoritatively *conjured*, in a Revolt which is by nature bottomless? If the ceasing of faction be the price of the King's somnolence, he may awake when he will, and take wing.

Remark, in any case, what somersets and contortions a dead Catholicism is making,—skilfully galvanised: hideous, and even piteous, to behold! Jurant and Dissident, with their shaved crowns, argue frothing everywhere; or are ceasing to argue, and stripping for battle. In Paris was scourging while need continued: contrariwise, in the Morbihan of Brittany, without scourging, armed Peasants are up, roused by pulpit-drum, they know not why. General Dumouriez, who has got missioned thitherward,

¹[Perhaps the thing that stimulated the King most was the taking away from him the right of pardon, by decree of the Assembly, June 4th. He refers to this with excusable bitterness in his manifesto. As far back as March 28th the Assembly had voted that 'if the King leaves the Kingdom he forfeits his crown.']

finds all in sour heat of darkness ; finds also that explanation and conciliation will still do much.¹

But again, consider this : that his Holiness, Pius Sixth, has seen good to excommunicate Bishop Talleyrand !² Surely, we will say then, considering it, there is no living or dead Church in the Earth that has not the indubitablest right to excommunicate Talleyrand. Pope Pius has right and might, in his way. But truly so likewise has Father Adam, *ci-devant* Marquis Saint-Huruge, in his way. Behold, therefore, on the Fourth of May, in the Palais-Royal, a mixed loud sounding multitude ; in the middle of whom, Father Adam, bull-voiced Saint-Huruge, in white hat, towers visible and audible. With him, it is said, walks Journalist Gorsas, walk many others of the washed sort ; for no authority will interfere. Pius Sixth, with his plush and tiara, and power of the Keys, they bear aloft : of natural size,—made of lath and combustible gum. Royou, the King's Friend, is borne too in effigy ; with a pile of Newspaper *King's-Friends*, condemned Numbers of the *Ami-du-Roi* ; fit fuel of the sacrifice. Speeches are spoken ; a judgment is held, a doom proclaimed, audible in bull-voice, towards the four winds. And thus, amid great shouting, the holocaust is consummated, under the summer sky ; and our lath-and-gum Holiness, with the attendant victims, mounts up in flame, and sinks down in ashes ; a decomposed Pope : and right or might, among all the parties, has better or worse accomplished itself, as it could.³ But, on the whole, reckoning from Martin Luther in the Market-place of Wittenberg to Marquis Saint-Huruge in this Palais Royal of Paris, what a journey have we gone ; into what strange territories has it carried us ! No Authority can now interfere. Nay Religion herself, mourning for such things, may after all ask, What have *I* to do with them ?

In such extraordinary manner does dead Catholicism somerset

¹ *Deux Amis*, v. 410-21 ; *Dumouriez*, ii. c. 5.

² [Bref du Pape, à tous les Cardinaux, Archevêques, Évêques, au Clergé et au Peuple de France, Paris, April 13th 1791. There is no separate bull for the excommunication of Talleyrand, but he is included with Gobel, etc. (British Museum, F. 101.)]

³ *Hist. Parl.* x. 99-102.

and caper, skilfully galvanised. For, does the reader inquire into the subject-matter of controversy in this case ; what the difference between Orthodoxy or *My-doxy* and Heterodoxy or *Thy-doxy* might here be? *My-doxy* is, that an august National Assembly can equalise the extent of Bishopricks ; that an equalised Bishop, his Creed and Formularies being left quite as they were, can swear Fidelity to King, Law and Nation, and so become a Constitutional Bishop. *Thy-doxy*, if thou be Dissident, is that he cannot ; but that he must become an accursed thing. Human ill-nature needs but some Homoiousian *iota*, or even the pretence of one ; and will flow copiously through the eye of a needle : thus always must mortals go jargoning and fuming,

And, like the ancient Stoics in their porches,
With fierce dispute maintain their churches.¹

This *Auto-da-fè* of Saint-Huruge's was on the Fourth of May, 1791. Royalty sees it ; but says nothing.

CHAPTER III

COUNT FERSEN

ROYALTY, in fact, should, by this time, be far on with its preparations. Unhappily much preparation is needful. Could a Hereditary Representative be carried in leather *vache*, how easy were it ! But it is not so.

New Clothes are needed ; as usual, in all Epic transactions, were it in the grimmest iron ages ; consider 'Queen Chrimhilde, with her sixty sempstresses,' in that iron *Nibelungen Song* ! No Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame Campan whisks assiduous to this mantua-maker and to that : and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small ; such a clipping and sewing, as might have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a step anywhither without her *Nécessaire* ; dear *Nécessaire*, of inlaid ivory and rosewood ; cunningly devised ; which holds perfumes,

¹ [So th' Ancient Stoics in their porch
With fierce dispute maintained their church.

—Hudibras, ii. canto ii. lines 15-16.]

toilette-implements, infinite small queenlike furnitures : necessary to terrestrial life. Not without a cost of some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same Necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers,—never to get to hand.¹ All which, you would say, augurs ill for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humoured.

Bouillé, on his side, is making a fortified Camp at Montmédi ;² gathering Royal-Allemand, and all manner of other German and true French Troops thither, 'to watch the Austrians.' His Majesty will not cross the frontiers, unless on compulsion. Neither shall the Emigrants be much employed, hateful as they are to all people.³ Nor shall old war-god Broglie have any hand in the business ; but solely our brave Bouillé ; to whom, on the day of meeting, a Marshal's Baton shall be delivered, by a rescued King, amid the shouting of all the troops. In the meanwhile, Paris being so suspicious, were it not perhaps good to write your Foreign Ambassadors an ostensible Constitutional Letter ; desiring all Kings and men to take heed that King Louis loves the Constitution, that he has voluntarily sworn, and does again swear, to maintain the same, and will reckon those his enemies who affect to say otherwise ? Such a Constitutional Circular is despatched by Couriers, is communicated confidentially to the Assembly, and printed in all Newspapers ; with the finest effect.⁴ Simulation and dissimulation mingle extensively in human affairs.

¹ Campan, ii. cap. 18. [This box was sent as if a present to the Queen's sister (the Archduchess Marie-Christine, Regent in the Netherlands), and a duplicate was left in its place in the Tuileries. The sending of several things to Brussels looks strange, but Marie Antoinette probably believed that it *would* be necessary to cross the frontier after all. (Stockmar, 51.)]

² [Bouillé's command had been much curtailed by the new War Minister, Duportail (a creature of Lafayette's), at the end of '90; and he had a sore task to fortify and provision Montmédy, but by the end of April everything was ready, even a *château* for the Royal Family in a neighbouring village. Large sums of money were borrowed by Bouillé for the purpose (Bimbenet, 46, *sqq.*; Stockmar, 20-3). Bouillé kept on pressing for immediate action, but no distinct promise of help from Austria came till June 12th; the monthly payment of the Civil List (two million *livr.*) was not due till June 7th, and the King wished to wait for this.]

³ Bouillé, Mémoires, ii. c. 10.

⁴ Moniteur, Séance du 23 Avril 1791 [*vid. supr.*, note 4, ii. 89].

We observe, however, that Count Fersen is often using his Ticket of Entry ;¹ which surely he has clear right to do. A gallant Soldier and Swede, devoted to this fair Queen ;—as indeed the Highest Swede now is. Has not King Gustav,² famed fiery *Chevalier du Nord*, sworn himself, by the old laws of chivalry, her Knight ? He will descend on fire-wings, of Swedish musketry, and deliver her from these foul dragons,—if, alas, the assassin's pistol intervene not !

But, in fact, Count Fersen does seem a likely young soldier, of alert decisive ways : he circulates widely, seen, unseen ; and has business on hand. Also Colonel the Duke de Choiseul,³ nephew of Choiseul the great, of Choiseul the now deceased ; he and Engineer Goguelat are passing and repassing between Metz and the Tuileries : and Letters go in cipher,—one of them, a most important one, hard to decipher ; Fersen having ciphered it in

¹ [Axel Fersen was by no means the hot-headed young *seigneur* of Carlyle's imagination. He was about thirty-six years of age, grave and of high character. He had visited Versailles in 1779, served as a Volunteer in America, and returned to France on a mission from Gustavus III. in 1788, when he took up his command of the French regiment, *Royal-Suédois*, to which he had been named colonel in 1783. Mercy was undoubtedly jealous of Fersen's influence with the Queen, and does not spare him in his correspondence ; but though not as wise or experienced a man as Mercy, he had at least no diplomatic ends to gain, and cared not a straw for the Austrian alliance. Fersen escaped on the Varennes night, and returned in disguise at the utmost hazard of his life to persuade the King to attempt another flight (Feb. 14th '92), and departed again believing he had arranged everything. (See Klinckowström, Fersen et la Cour de France, Paris, 1877.)]

² [This is Gustavus III., who had striven since 1770 to restore the prestige of the Swedish Monarchy, and had been favoured by the French Court in doing so. His subsidy treaty with France expired 1790, and he had just escaped from a costly and unsuccessful war with Russia. Catherine II. was not unwilling to make use of him against the French Revolution, which she genuinely detested, but he was unpopular with the unpatriotic Swedish nobles, and was assassinated on March 16th 1792. There is a life of him in English by Mr. Nisbet Bain, but the best authority is M. Geffroy, Gustave III. et la Cour de France (Paris, 1867).]

³ [The Duc de Choiseul is the person whom Bouillé considers most responsible for the mistakes on the day of the King's flight, and it is difficult to come to any other conclusion (but see Browning, p. 24). He was imprisoned at Verdun after the failure, amnestied Sept. '91, and stood loyally by the King until the Royal Family were in the Temple and a price was set upon his own head. He then escaped and, after an adventurous and honourable career as a champion of liberty under the Restoration, died in 1838, a worthy descendant of the great minister whose favourite nephew he had been. He did not "pass and repass," as he was only initiated into the secret by Bouillé on the 8th. He went to Paris on 11th, saw the King on 12th and 13th, and stayed in Paris till 21st, leaving with Léonard a few hours before the Royal Family (Stockmar, 70, sqq.)]

haste.¹ As for Duke de Villequier, he is gone ever since the Day of Poniards ; but his Apartment is useful for her Majesty.

On the other side, poor Commandant Gouvion, watching at the Tuileries,² second in National command, sees several things hard to interpret. It is the same Gouvion who sat, long months ago, at the Townhall, gazing helpless into that Insurrection of Women ; motionless, as the brave stabled steed when conflagration rises, till Usher Maillard snatched his drum. Sincerer Patriot there is not ; but many a shiftier. He, if Dame Campan gossip credibly, is paying some similitude of love-court to a certain false Chambermaid³ of the Palace, who betrays much to him : the *Nécessaire*, the clothes, the packing of jewels,—could he understand it when betrayed. Helpless Gouvion gazes with sincere glassy eyes into it ; stirs up his sentries to vigilance ; walks restless to and fro ; and hopes the best.

But, on the whole, one finds that, in the second week of June, Colonel de Choiseul is privately in Paris ;⁴ having come ‘ to see his children.’ Also that Fersen has got a stupendous new Coach built, of the kind named *Berline* ;⁵ done by the first artists ; according to a model : they bring it home to him, in Choiseul’s presence ; the two friends take a proof-drive in it, along the

¹ Choiseul, *Relation du Départ de Louis XVI* (Paris, 1822), p. 39.

² [Gouvion, *vid. sup.*, i. 309.]

³ Campan, ii. 141-6. [The chambermaid was Mdlle de Rochereuil ; she also betrayed the design to Bailly, who pretended to refuse credence, but probably would by this time have been only too glad to see the Royal Family safe away (Stockmar, 51).]

⁴ [June 11th. Goguelat’s last news to Bouillé was that the 19th was to be the date. Choiseul had a private interview with the King on 13th, in which he was obliged to threaten him that if he didn’t start by 20th at latest the whole thing would be thrown up, and Bouillé would emigrate at once. On 15th Bouillé heard that 20th was to be the day (Stockmar, 71).]

⁵ [The *Berline* was ordered on Dec. 22nd ’90, cost 6,000 *livr.*, was built for comfort and solidity, but was not otherwise conspicuous (as Carlyle here and elsewhere implies). Stockmar (44) says Fersen took the carriage to his own house where it remained three months. The fatal mistake was not in the carriage, which was probably the best possible, but in the going all in one carriage and by one route. The Queen however obstinately refused to desert the King. Mme Elisabeth was originally to have gone with Monsieur and Madame, but she too was obstinate. Lastly it was madness to take Mme de Tourzel in place of a man of some sort. Bouillé had suggested taking d’Agoult ; it was d’Agoult who chose the three Body-Guards, who appear to have been stupid men, ignorant of the road : (see the deposition of Louis the coachmaker, in Bimbenet, part ii. p. 51).]

streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to 'Madame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy,' far North, to wait there till wanted. Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff,¹ with Waiting-woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel homewards with some state: in whom these young military gentlemen take interest? A Passport has been procured for her; and much assistance shown, with Coach-builders and such like;—so helpful-polite are young military men. Fersen has likewise purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting-maids; further, certain necessary horses: one would say, he is himself quitting France, not without outlay? We observe finally that their Majesties, Heaven willing, will assist at *Corpus-Christi Day*, this blessed Summer Solstice, in Assumption Church, here at Paris, to the joy of all the world. For which same day, moreover, brave Bouillé, at Metz, as we find, has invited a party of friends to dinner; but indeed is gone from home, in the interim, over to Montmédi.

These are of the Phenomena, or visual Appearances, of this wide-working terrestrial world: which truly is all phenomenal, what they call spectral; and never rests at any moment; one never at any moment can know why.

On Monday night, the Twentieth of June 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach, and glass-coach (*carrosse de remise*), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass-coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Échelle, hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Échelle that then was; 'opposite Ronsin the saddler's door,' as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children has issued from Villequier's door, where no

¹[Mme de Korff was the widow of a Russian colonel. She procured through the Russian ambassador a passport for herself and family from Montmorin (who had no suspicion of the truth), then wrote to her ambassador to say she had accidentally burned it and required another. This she obtained also. She appears to have lent the King money to assist in the flight, for Fersen wrote in 1795 to the Empress Catherine begging her to use her influence at Vienna to get some of this repaid to Mme de Korff, who was then in great want. (Rev. de la Rév. vii. 2, 78, *sqq.*) The passport is given in facsimile in Bimbenet (pt. ii. 151.)]

sentry walks,¹ into the Tuileries Court-of-Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Échelle; where the Glass-coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long, another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? 'Tis his Majesty's *Couchée*,² Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace-world is retiring home. But the Glass-coachman still waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thickset Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm-and-arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door; starts a shoebuckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is however, by the Glass-coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass-coachman still waits.—Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel,—where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy-hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her *badine*,—light little magic rod which she calls *badine*, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court-of-Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mis-

¹[The *Château* was full of people who had been present at the ceremony of the King's *coucher*, and who had not yet departed; this made it easier for the Royal Family to escape in disguise. Gouvion declared to the Assembly next day that it was impossible that the escape could have been made by Villequier's door, as "there were five officers on guard there all night." As a matter of fact these guards were not placed until a few minutes after the Queen left. The children, with Mme de Tourzel, came first; then Princess Elisabeth, then the King with Maldent, who then went back to fetch the Queen; all were in the coach by midnight (Bimbenet, 79, *sqq.*; Stockmar, 77-9). The care taken to disguise the children is explained by Bimbenet, 38.]

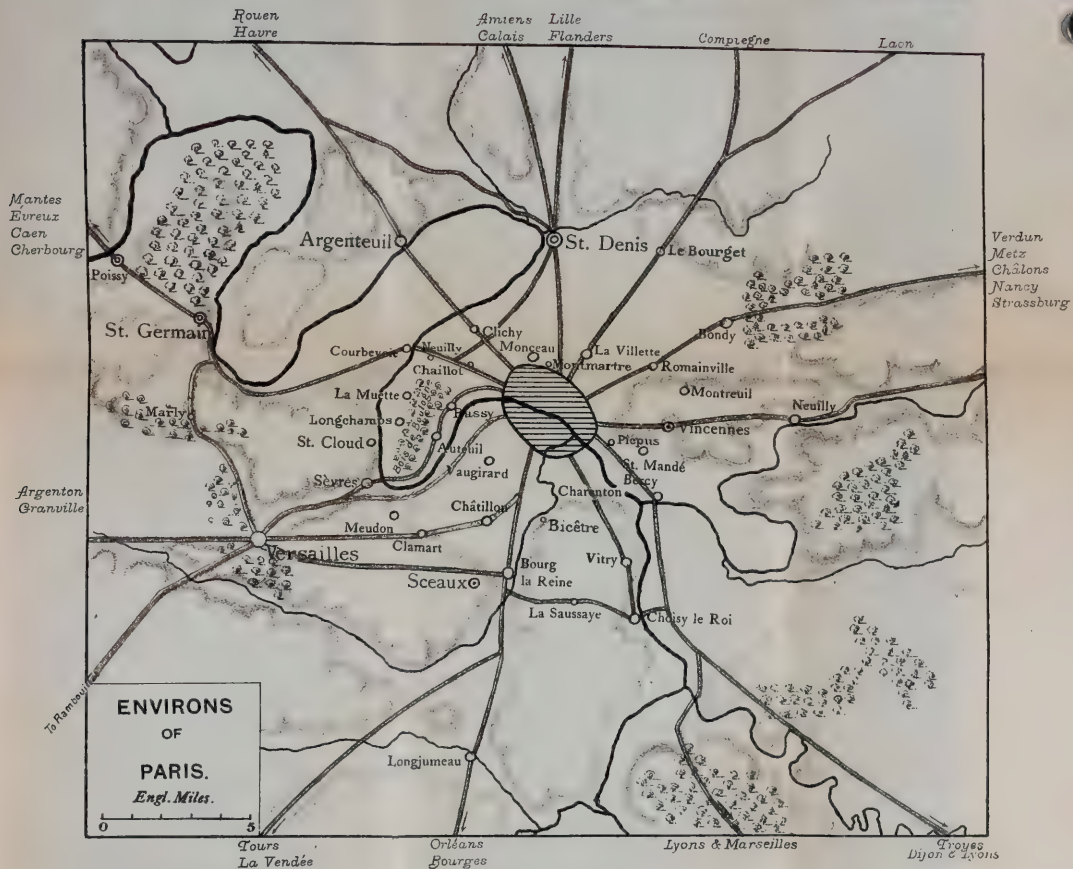
²[*Sic*, for '*coucher*']

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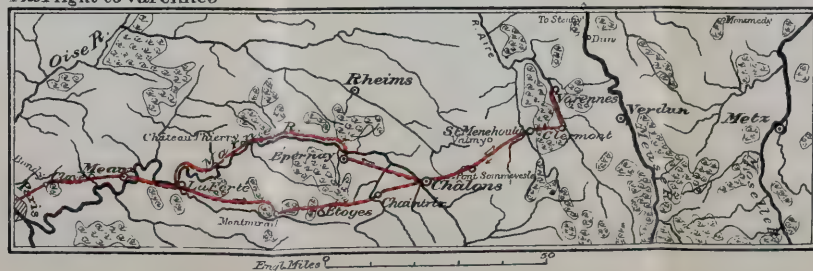
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The Flight to Varennes



taken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy-hat, and touched the wheel-spoke with her *badine*? O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheel-spoke was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Échelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid *ci-devant* Bodyguard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue du Bac; far from the Glass-coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts—which he must button close up, under his jarvie-surtout!¹

Midnight clangs from all the City-steeple; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass-coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother jarvie drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvie-dialect: the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff;² decline drinking together; and part with good night. Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen-lady, in gypsy-hat; safe after perils; who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Bodyguard, has done: and now, O Glass-coachman of a thousand,—Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou,—drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the Glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound: and lo, he drives right Northward! The royal Individual, in round

¹[The myth of the Queen losing her way is rejected by all modern authorities (except Binibenet, p. 82); no time seems to have been lost in getting into the carriage; but a whole hour was spent in the drive to the barrier. Mme de Tourzel only says *La Reine se fit attendre quelques minutes*. (See her interrogatory quoted in Binibenet, Pièces Justificatives, part ii. 87-8.)]

²Weber, ii. 340-2; Choiseul, pp. 44-56.

hat and peruke, sits astonished ; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Longhaired Kings went in Bullock-carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant ; and we alive and quaking ! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont ;¹ across the Boulevard ; up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,—these windows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's. Towards the Barrier not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North ! Patience, ye royal Individuals ; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's : " Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline ? " —" Gone with it an hour-and-half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter.—" *C'est bien.*" Yes, it is well ;—though had not such hour-and-half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy ; then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do !

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right-hand of him ; silent except for some snoring hum : and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin ; looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses,² his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German : now haste, whither thou knowest ! —And as for us of the Glass-coach, haste too, O haste ; much time is already lost ! The august Glass-coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline ; two Bodyguard Couriers behind. The Glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head towards the City ; to wander whither it lists,—and be found next morn-

¹[This is wrong ; Fersen drove west down the *Rue Faubourg-Saint-Honoré*, in order to visit his own stables, and then down the *Rue de Clichy* to Crawford's house to see if the *berline* had been sent on ; finding that it had been, he then drove straight to the *Barrière St. Martin*. (Stockmar, 79 ; Browning, 61.)]

²[Four horses : Balthasar Sapel (Fersen's coachman) acting as postillion, Moustier on the box, Maldent alone on the dickey behind. The chaise with the " maids " (Mme Brunier and Mme Neuville) was at Claye (2nd stage), not at Bondy (Stockmar, 79 ; Bimbenet, 86-7).]

ing tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammer-cloths; flourishing his whip; he bolts forward towards Bondy. There a third and final Bodyguard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with post-horses ready-ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting-maids and their band-boxes, to be; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy; Chaise with Waiting-women; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn-boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn-boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvie-surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response;¹ Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off: forever, as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, towards Bougret; gains Bougret,² finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! *Baroness de Korff* is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the Royal Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême. Baroness de Korff's *Waiting-maid* is the Queen in gypsy-hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. That other hooded Dame, styled *Travelling-companion*, is kind Sister Eliza-

¹[Carlyle does not mention Fersen's passionate appeal to be allowed to accompany them.]

²[Le Bourget, not Bougret. Sapel cannot have been postillion on the leader in the *berline* and at the same time waiting for Fersen at Le Bourget. Weber (ii. 88) says that Fersen returned to Paris: there is no confirmation of this. He reached Mons in Belgium within thirty hours.]

beth ; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy :—over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.¹

Great ; though the future is all vague ! If we reach Bouillé ? If we do not reach him ? O Louis ! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven) ; the slumbering Wood of Bondy,—where Longhaired Childeric Do-nothing was struck through with iron ;² not unreasonably, in a world like ours. These peaked stone-towers are Raincy ; towers of wicked D'Orléans. All slumbers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb-merchant, with his ass and early greens, toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet. But right ahead the great Northeast sends up evermore his gray brindled dawn : from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and Galaxies ; Street-lamps of the City of God. The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the GREAT HIGH KING. Thou, poor King Louis, farest nevertheless, as mortals do, towards Orient lands of Hope ; and the Tuileries with *its* Levees, and France and the Earth itself, is but a larger kind of doghutch,—occasionally going rabid.

CHAPTER IV

ATTITUDE

BUT in Paris, at six in the morning ; when some Patriot Deputy, warned by a billet, awoke Lafayette, and they went to the Tuileries ?—Imagination may paint, but words cannot, the surprise

¹[" Not too impetuously." Mr. Browning has shown with great humour how hopelessly all Carlyle's account of the Flight is vitiated by his ignorance of the common facts of life and his ignorance of the distance. The *berline* went as a matter of fact at what was then considered a rattling pace, and *must* have done so to cover the distance in the time. Dr. Rigby speaks of the excellence of the roads in Northern France and the excellence of the post horses, which made it possible to travel at *seven miles an hour*. That indeed was a very great rate for the eighteenth century.]

² Hénault, *Abrégé Chronologique*, p. 36.

of Lafayette;¹ or with what bewilderment helpless Gouvion rolled glassy Argus' eyes, discerning now that his false Chambermaid had told true!

However, it is to be recorded that Paris, thanks to an august National Assembly, did, on this seeming doomsday, surpass itself. Never, according to Historian eye-witnesses, was there seen such an 'imposing attitude.'² Sections all 'in permanence;' our Townhall too, having first, about ten o'clock, fired three solemn alarm-cannons: above all, our National Assembly!³ National Assembly, likewise permanent, decides what is needful; with unanimous consent, for the *Côté Droit* sits dumb,⁴ afraid of the *Lanterne*. Decides with a calm promptitude, which rises towards the sublime. One must needs vote, for the thing is self-evident, that his Majesty has been *abducted*,⁵ or spirited away, '*enlevé*,' by some person or persons unknown: in which case, what will the Constitution have us do? Let us return to first principles, as we always say: "*revenons aux principes*."

By first or by second principles, much is promptly decided; Ministers are sent for, instructed how to continue their functions: Lafayette is examined; and Gouvion, who gives a most helpless account, the best he can. Letters are found written: one Letter, of immense magnitude; all in his Majesty's hand, and evidently of his Majesty's own composition; addressed to the National

¹["We had to give the lie," says Lafayette (*Mém. et Corresp.* iii. 73, *sqq.*), "to the Royalist assertion that the King was not free, so our precautions against his escape were bound to be insufficient. The National Guard and the *Cent-Suisses* were on guard inside, the National Guard and *Garles-Suisses* outside, all the troops for fifteen leagues round being under my command. I constantly talked to the King of the rumours of plots for his escape; he solemnly assured me he would not attempt it."]

²*Deux Amis*, vi. 67-178; *Toulangeon*, ii. 1-38; *Camille, Prudhomme and Editors* (in *Hist. Parl.*, x. 240-4).

³[The *Conseil-Général* of the *Commune* met at 10 A.M. on 21st, and received the news of the King's flight and 'sat permanent' till the evening of 26th. Many but not all of the Sections also sat in permanence. Seals were placed on the Tuileries and Luxembourg, and a strict regulation of passports ordered.]

⁴[Not true. A great number of deputies protested against the permanent session—Malouet most energetically, as he saw how likely it was to lead to Republican motions.]

⁵[This refers to the vote of July 15th; the debate really lasted from June 21st till then. The news of the King's recapture was received by the Assembly at 9 P.M. on 22nd.]

Assembly. It details, with earnestness, with a childlike simplicity, what woes his Majesty has suffered. Woes great and small: A Necker seen applauded, a Majesty not; then insurrection; want of due furniture in Tuileries Palace; want of due cash in Civil List; *general* want of cash, of furniture and order; anarchy everywhere: Deficit never yet, in the smallest, 'choked or *comblé*:'—wherefore, in brief, his Majesty has retired towards a place of Liberty; and, leaving Sanctions, Federation, and what Oaths there may be, to shift for themselves, does now refer—to what, thinks an august Assembly? To that 'Declaration of the Twenty-third of June,' with its "*Seul il fera, He alone will make his People happy.*" As if *that* were not buried, deep enough, under two irrevocable Twelve-months, and the wreck and rubbish of a whole Feudal World! This strange autograph Letter the National Assembly decides on printing; on transmitting to the Eighty-three Departments, with exegetic commentary, short but pithy.¹ Commissioners also shall go forth on all sides; the People be exhorted; the Armies be increased; care taken that the Commonweal suffer no damage.—And now, with a sublime air of calmness, nay of indifference, we 'pass to the order of the day!'

By such sublime calmness, the terror of the People is calmed.

¹ [The King's manifesto—in his own hand, full of erasures and evident hesitations—may be briefly calendared thus:—

'As long as I could hope that you gentlemen were doing good to my people, and that I could help you by staying here, I did not mind my personal sacrifices, which have so much increased since October 1789. But now the reward I have had for this is to see my kingdom brought to nothing, all Executive powers despised, property, personal safety everywhere in danger and Anarchy completely victorious; I therefore protest against all the Acts which I have sanctioned during my imprisonment. . . . Religion is in the utmost peril . . . my Body Guards have been murdered . . . the Tuileries is an extremely uncomfortable residence. . . . I am quite powerless to promote good or to hinder evil, and so I have withdrawn myself and my family into a place of safety. Frenchmen, Parisians, so favoured by my ancestors and me, don't believe the lies they tell you. . . . Return to your King, Father and best friend. . . . I shall be delighted when I am in complete freedom, to sanction a constitution of which I approve, and which shall secure religion, property, personal safety and the supremacy of the law' (Stockmar, 73-4). Lafayette is right when he calls (Mém. et Corresp. iii. 76) this a "pitiable manifesto," not right when he calls it a "complete abdication of Constitutional Royalty." This paper was left behind addressed to Laporte, *Intendant* of the Civil List, who suffered for it after Aug. 10th '92, although he had known nothing of the projected flight.]

These gleaming Pike-forests, which bristled fateful in the early sun, disappear again; the far-sounding Street-orators cease, or spout milder. We are to have a civil war; let us have it then. The King is gone; but National Assembly,¹ but France and we remain. The People also takes a great attitude; the People also is calm; motionless as a couchant lion. With but a few *broolings*, some waggings of the tail; to show what it *will* do! Cazalès, for instance, was beset by street-groups, and cries of *Lanterne*; but National Patrols easily delivered him. Likewise all King's effigies and statues, at least stucco ones, get abolished. Even King's names; the word *Roi* fades suddenly out of all shop-signs; the Royal Bengal Tiger itself, on the Boulevards, becomes the National Bengal one, *Tigre National*.²

How great is a calm couchant People! On the morrow, men will say to one another: "We have no King, yet we slept sound enough." On the morrow, fervent Achille de Châtelet, and Thomas Paine the rebellious Needleman, shall have the walls of Paris profusely plastered with their Placard; announcing that there must be a *Republic*.³—Need we add, that Lafayette too, though at first menaced by Pikes, has taken a great attitude, or indeed the greatest of all? Scouts and Aides-de-camp fly forth, vague, in quest and pursuit; young Romœuf towards Valenciennes, though with small hope.⁴

Thus Paris; sublimely calmed, in its bereavement. But from the *Messageries Royales*, in all Mail-bags, radiates forth far-darting

¹ [The President of the Assembly (who happened to be Alexandre de Beauharnais!) quietly filled at the *Fête-Dieu* the place usually occupied by the King: the Minister of Justice (Duport-du-Tertre) came to the Assembly and demanded of *it* leave to affix the Great Seal to State documents. (Mortimer-Ternaux, i., 32.)]

² Walpoliana [ii. 99].

³ Dumont, c. 16. [There were a great many Republican placards stuck up during the ensuing days, but that of the *Cordeliers* of June 21st is most important. Mr. Belloc (Danton, 140) denies that it was the work of Danton, who confined himself to denouncing Lafayette at the Jacobins for not guarding the King better.]

⁴ [When the news was known the people murmured fiercely against me; indeed at one time on the *Place de Grève* it looked very nasty for me. . . . We did not know which way the King was gone, and my first aide-de-camp, Romœuf, was ordered to ride towards Valenciennes. . . . just as he was starting this was changed for Châlons' (Lafayette, *Mém. et Corresp.* iii. 76). But Lafayette's first messenger was not Romœuf, but Baillou or Bayou, who had been detained at the barrier: he met Romœuf in Châlons (*vid. infr.*, p. 125).]

the electric news: Our Hereditary Representative is flown. Laugh, black Royalists: yet be it in your sleeve only; lest Patriotism notice, and waxing frantic, lower the Lanterne! In Paris alone is a sublime National Assembly with its calmness; truly, other places must take it as they can: with open mouth and eyes; with panic cackling, with wrath, with conjecture. How each one of those dull leathern Diligences, with its leathern bag and 'The King is fled,' furrows up smooth France as it goes; through town and hamlet, ruffles the smooth public mind into quivering agitation of death-terror; then lumbers on, as if nothing had happened! Along all highways; towards the utmost borders; till all France is ruffled,—roughened up (metaphorically speaking) into one enormous, desperate-minded, red guggling Turkey Cock!

For example, it is under cloud of night that the leathern Monster reaches Nantes; deep sunk in sleep. The word spoken rouses all Patriot men: General Dumouriez, enveloped in roque-laures, has to descend from his bedroom; finds the street covered with 'four or five thousand citizens in their shirts.'¹ Here and there a faint farthing rushlight, hastily kindled; and so many swart-featured haggard faces with nightcaps pushed back; and the more or less flowing drapery of nightshirt: open-mouthed till the General say his word! And overhead, as always, the Great Bear is turning so quiet round Boötes; steady, indifferent as the leathern Diligence itself. Take comfort ye men of Nantes; Boötes and the steady Bear are turning; ancient Atlantic still sends his brine, loud-billowing, up your Loire-stream; brandy shall be hot in the stomach: this is not the Last of the days, but one before the Last.—The fools! If they knew what was doing, in these very instants, also by candlelight, in the far Northeast!

Perhaps, we may say, the most terrified man in Paris or France is—who thinks the Reader?—seagreen Robespierre. Double paleness, with the shadow of gibbets and halters, overcasts the

¹ Dumouriez, Mémoires, ii. 109.

seagreen features: it is too clear to him that there is to be 'a Saint-Bartholomew of Patriots,' that in four-and-twenty hours he will not be in life. These horrid anticipations of the soul he is heard uttering at Petion's: by a notable witness. By Madame Roland, namely; her whom we saw, last year, radiant at the Lyons Federation.¹ These four months,² the Rolands have been in Paris; arranging with Assembly Committees the Municipal affairs of Lyons, affairs all sunk in debt;—communing, the while, as was most natural, with the best Patriots to be found here, with our Brissots, Petions, Buzots, Robespierres: who were wont to come to us, says the fair Hostess, four evenings in the week. They, running about, busier than ever this day, would fain have comforted the seagreen man; spake of Achille de Châtelet's Placard; of a Journal to be called *The Republican*; of preparing men's minds for a Republic. "A Republic?" said the Seagreen, with one of his dry husky *unsportful* laughs, "What is that?"³ O seagreen Incorruptible, thou shalt see!

CHAPTER V

THE NEW BERLINE

BUT scouts, all this while, and aides-de-camp, have flown forth faster than the leathern Diligences. Young Romœuf, as we said, was off early towards Valenciennes: distracted Villagers seize him, as a traitor with a finger of his own in the plot; drag him back to the Townhall; to the National Assembly, which speedily grants

¹[Robespierre was such a coward that this accusation of Mme Roland (in her *Mémoires*) is quite possible, but in her contemporary letters she does not hint at it. Certainly the idea is supported by the fact that he made no open pronouncement of his opinions in the Assembly, though he had virtually led the Left since Mirabeau's death. He spoke however at the Jacobins against the ministers, whose dismissal he demanded (21st), and talked about 'expecting to be killed.' Brissot in the *Patriote Français* went openly over to the Republican view (22nd), inspired thereto no doubt by Mme Roland. Marat on same date, 22nd, in the *Ami du Peuple*, demanded but did not specify a dictator. Possibly there were Orleanist movements on foot, for d'Orléans was admitted to the Jacobin Club as a member on 23rd. Condorcet, in his paper *Le Républicain* July 16th, was the author of the suggestion for a 'mechanical King' (Belloc, 142). But these spurts of Republican feeling found as yet little sympathy among the people of Paris, who, however shocked and frightened by the 'emigration' of the King, were as a whole attached to Monarchy, and were still more or less free.]

²[Feb.—Sept. 1791.]

³Madame Roland, ii. 70.

a new passport. Nay now, that same scarecrow of an Herbermerchant with his ass has bethought him of the grand new Berline seen in the Wood of Bondy; and delivered evidence of it:¹ Romœuf, furnished with new passport, is sent forth with double speed on a hopefuller track; by Bondy, Claye and Châlons, towards Metz, to track the new Berline; and gallops à *franc étrier*.

Miserable new Berline! Why could not Royalty go in some old Berline similar to that of other men? Flying for life, one does not stickle about his vehicle. Monsieur, in a commonplace travelling-carriage is off Northwards;² Madame, his Princess, in another, with variation of route: they cross one another while changing horses, without look of recognition; and reach Flanders, no man questioning them. Precisely in the same manner, beautiful Princess de Lamballe set off, about the same hour; and will reach England safe:—would she had continued there! The beautiful, the good, but the unfortunate; reserved for a frightful end!³

All runs along, unmolested, speedy, except only the new Berline.⁴ Huge leathern vehicle:—huge Argosy, let us say, or Acapulco ship; with its heavy stern-boat of Chaise-and-pair; with its three yellow Pilot-boats of mounted Bodyguard Couriers, rocking aimless round it and ahead of it, to bewilder, not to guide! It lumbers along, lurchingly with stress, at a snail's

¹ Moniteur, &c. (in Hist. Parl. x. 244—253).

² [Monsieur and Madame had wished to escape on Good Friday, but had been expressly requested by the King to wait until he himself escaped. Louis XVIII. wrote an account of his own escape, which was published in 1823 (see Forneron, i. 234, *sqq.*). He reached Brussels in safety on 22nd (Bimbenet, 144, *sqq.*.)]

³ [Mdme de Lamballe reached Aumale (her father-in-law's house) June 22nd at 6 P.M. with two ladies-in-waiting. She only stayed half an hour, and then went on to Boulogne, *viâ* Abbeville, embarking on an English ship for Dover, where she arrived on 23rd. She immediately re-embarked for Ostend, and travelled straight to Brussels. She left that city for Aix-la-Chapelle on July 10th (see 'Mme de Lamballe d'après des documents inédits,' par G. Bertin (Paris, 1888), pp. 237-8, and Klinckowtröm's Fersen, i. 4).]

⁴ [Valory rode ahead as hard as he could to order relays of horses all the way: there was nothing unusual in this (Browning, 63), but Valory had too short a start of the *berline*, and took a long time paying the postillions (Stockmar, 82) and paid three times too much at each stage. There were six horses on from Bondy; the traces broke twice between Chaintrix and Châlons, not at Étoges (*ibid.*).]

pace ; noted of all the world. The Bodyguard Couriers, in their yellow liveries, go prancing and clattering ; loyal but stupid ; unacquainted with all things. Stoppages occur ; and breakages, to be repaired at Étoges. King Louis too will dismount, will walk up hills,¹ and enjoy the blessed sunshine :—with eleven horses and double drink-money, and all furtherances of Nature and Art, it will be found that Royalty, flying for life, accomplishes Sixty-nine miles in Twenty-two incessant hours.² Slow Royalty ! And yet not a minute of these hours but is precious : on minutes hang the destinies of Royalty now.

Readers, therefore, can judge in what humour Duke de Choiseul might stand waiting, in the village of Pont-de-Sommevelle,³ some leagues beyond Châlons, hour after hour, now when the day bends visibly westward. Choiseul drove out of Paris, in all privacy, ten hours before their Majesties' fixed time ; his Hussars, led by Engineer Goguelat, are here duly, come 'to escort a Treasure that is expected : ' but, hour after hour, is no Baroness de Korff's Berline. Indeed, over all that Northeast Region, on the skirts

¹[Bimbenet, following the depositions taken before the Court of Orléans, says that the King and Queen both got out : that the King talked to the peasants : that he was recognised at least once (p. 92), and Stockmar confirms this ; but Browning, quoting Mme de Tourzel's Mémoires (published in 1883), says the King only left the carriage once. The children walked up two hills, but without causing any delay. There was no sunshine till late in the afternoon (Browning, p. 16 ; Stockmar, p. 82).]

²[The distances and times are as follows :—

Leave Paris	2 A.M.	
To Bondy 6 miles	arrive	3 A.M.
„ Claye 10 miles	„	4.30 A.M.
„ Meaux 10 miles	„	6 A.M.
„ La Ferté-sous-Jouarre 12 miles	„	7.30 A.M.
„ Montmirail 20 miles	„	10 A.M.
„ Étoges 17 miles	„	12 noon.
„ Chaintrix 13 miles	„	2 P.M.
„ Châlons 13 miles	„	5 P.M. (allow for traces breaking twice).
„ Pont-Sommevesle 14 miles	„	6.30 P.M.
„ Saint-Menehould 15 miles	„	8 P.M.
„ Clermont 10 miles	„	9.30 P.M.
„ Varennes 10 miles	„	11 P.M.

These are Mr. Browning's figures : Stockmar puts everything about half an hour earlier. Total 150 (not 69) miles in 21 (not 22) hours.]

³[There was no village at Pont-Sommevesle, only a lonely post-house in a deep valley. The King had been timed to get there at 3 P.M. Choiseul had got there by 11 A.M., Goguelat and Bondet with forty hussars at noon.]

of Champagne and of Lorraine, where the great Road runs, the agitation is considerable. For all along, from this Pont-de-Sommevelle Northeastward as far as Montmédi, at Post-villages and Towns, escorts of Hussars and Dragoons do lounge waiting; a train or chain of Military Escorts; at the Montmédi end of it our brave Bouillé: an electric thunder-chain; which the invisible Bouillé, like a Father Jove, holds in his hand—for wise purposes! Brave Bouillé has done what man could; has spread out his electric thunder-chain of Military Escorts, onwards to the threshold of Châlons:¹ it waits but for the new Korff Berline; to receive it, escort it, and, if need be, bear it off in whirlwind of military fire. They lie and lounge there, we say, these fierce Troopers; from Montmédi and Stenai, through Clermont, Sainte-Menehould to utmost Pont-de-Sommevelle, in all Post-villages; for the route shall avoid Verdun and great Towns; they loiter impatient, ‘till the Treasure arrive.’

Judge what a day this is for brave Bouillé: perhaps the first day of a new glorious life; surely the last day of the old! Also, and indeed still more, what a day, beautiful and terrible, for your young full-blooded Captains: your Dandoins, Comte de Damas, Duke de Choiseul, Engineer Goguelat, and the like; entrusted with the secret!—Alas, the day bends ever more westward; and no Korff Berline comes to sight. It is four hours beyond the time, and still no Berline. In all Village-streets, Royalist Captains go lounging, looking often Paris-ward; with face of unconcern, with heart full of black care: rigorous Quartermasters can hardly keep the private dragoons from *cafés* and dramshops.² Dawn on our bewilderment, thou new Berline; dawn on us, thou Sun-Chariot of a new Berline, with the destinies of France!

It was of his Majesty’s ordering, this military array of Escorts:³

¹ [Bouillé’s command only extended to Châlons: the first detachment of troops was to be at the first post-house after Châlons.]

² Déclaration du Sieur La Gache du Régiment Royal-Dragons (in Choiseul, pp. 125-39).

³ [See the letter of the King to Bouillé (dated June 15th) quoted in Bimbenet, 58.]

a thing solacing the Royal imagination with a look of security and rescue ; yet, in reality, creating only alarm, and, where there was otherwise no danger, danger without end. For each Patriot, in these Post-villages, asks naturally : This clatter of cavalry, and marching and lounging of troops, what means it ? To escort a Treasure ? Why escort, when no Patriot will steal from the Nation ; or where is your Treasure ?—There has been such marching and counter-marching : for it is another fatality, that certain of these Military Escorts came out so early as yesterday ; the Nineteenth not the Twentieth of the month being the day *first* appointed ; which her Majesty, for some necessity or other, saw good to alter. And now consider the suspicious nature of Patriotism ; suspicious, above all, of Bouillé the Aristocrat ; and how the sour doubting humour has had leave to accumulate and exacerbate for four-and-twenty hours !

At Pont-de-Sommevelle, these Forty foreign Hussars of Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are becoming an unspeakable mystery to all men. They lounged long enough, already, at Sainte-Menehould ; lounged and loitered till our National Volunteers there, all risen into hot wrath of doubt, ‘demanded three hundred fusils of their Townhall,’ and got them. At which same moment too, as it chanced, our Captain Dandoins was just coming in, from Clermont with *his* troop, at the other end of the Village.¹ A fresh troop ; alarming enough ; though happily they are only Dragoons and French ! So that Goguelat with his Hussars had to ride, and even to do it fast ; till here at Pont-de-Sommevelle, where Choiseul lay waiting, he found resting-place. Resting-place as on burning marle. For the rumour of him flies abroad ; and men run to and fro in fright and anger : Châlons sends forth exploratory pickets of National Volunteers towards this hand ; which meet exploratory pickets, coming from Sainte-Menehould, on that. What is it, ye whiskered Hussars, men of foreign guttural speech ; in the name of Heaven, what is it that brings you ? A Treasure ?—exploratory pickets shake their heads. The hungry

¹[D’Andoins with 30 men of the *Royal-Allemand* reached Saint-Menehould at 10 A.M.]

Peasants, however, know too well what Treasure it is ; Military seizure for rents, feudalities ; which no Bailiff could make us pay ! This they know ;—and set to jingling their Parish-bell by way of tocsin ; with rapid effect ! Choiseul and Goguelat, if the whole country is not to take fire, must needs, be there Berline, be there no Berline, saddle and ride.¹

They mount ; and this parish tocsin happily ceases. They ride slowly Eastward ; towards Sainte-Menehould ; still hoping the Sun-Chariot of a Berline may overtake them. Ah me, no Berline ! And near now is that Sainte-Menehould, which expelled us in the morning, with its ‘three hundred National fusils ;’ which looks, belike, not too lovingly on Captain Dandoins and his fresh Dragoons, though only French ;—which, in a word, one dare not enter the *second* time, under pain of explosion ! With rather heavy heart, our Hussar Party strikes off to the left ;² through by-ways, through pathless hills and woods, they, avoiding Sainte-Menehould and all places which have seen them heretofore, will make direct for the distant Village of Varennes. It is probable they will have a rough evening-ride.

This first military post, therefore, in the long thunder-chain, has gone off with no effect ; or with worse, and your chain threatens to entangle itself!—The Great Road, however, is got hushed again

¹ [This is all taken from Choiseul and is inaccurate. It is evident (1) that Choiseul exaggerated the danger from the peasants, (2) that he must have left Pont-Sommevesle some long time before 5.45 (the hour he assigns), (3) that he must have ridden fast, when he did start, at least until he left the high road, (4) that the National Guard of Saint-Menehould were not armed with muskets until after the departure of the hussars. As a matter of fact it was soon after 3 P.M. that Choiseul sent Léonard off eastwards with the message (incredibly foolish, for the King was not due till 3) that the treasure would not arrive that day, and that he was going to join Bouillé.

This then is the first great mistake, Choiseul's departure from Pont-Sommevesle. His second mistake (*vid. infr.*) was leaving the high road : had he stuck to it not only would he have been overtaken by the King's carriage, but he would have cut off the first pursuer (Viet from Châlons, *vid. infr.* note on p. 114) ; his instructions being to stop all traffic behind the King for 20 hours. Goguelat is next to blame ; he had no business to leave the road even if Choiseul disobeyed his orders : his business was to provide the relays between Pont-Sommevesle and Varennes ; we shall see presently that in Varennes itself he made the worst mistake of all. Both he and Choiseul seem to have completely lost their heads (Bimbenet, 90, *sqq.* ; Stockmar, 88, *sqq.*.)

² [It was at Orbeval, some distance along the road to Saint-Menehould, that they left the high road : they reached Varennes at 12.30 A.M. on 22nd, one and a half hours after the King.]

into a kind of quietude, though one of the wakefullest. Indolent Dragoons cannot, by any Quartermaster, be kept altogether from the dramshop; where Patriots drink, and will even treat, eager enough for news. Captains, in a state near distraction, beat the dusty highway, with a face of indifference; and no Sun-Chariot appears. Why lingers it? Incredible, that with eleven horses, and such yellow Couriers and furtherances, its rate should be under the weightiest dray-rate, some three miles an hour! Alas, one knows not whether it ever even got out of Paris;—and yet also one knows not whether, this very moment, it is not at the Village-end! One's heart flutters on the verge of unutterabilities.

CHAPTER VI

OLD-DRAGOON DROUET

IN this manner, however, has the Day bent downwards. Wearied mortals are creeping home from their field-labour; the village-artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled forth to the village-street for a sweet mouthful of air and human news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great Sun hangs flaming on the utmost Northwest; for it is his longest day this year. The hill-tops rejoicing will ere long be at their ruddiest, and blush Good-night. The thrush, in green dells, on long-shadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad serenade, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing over the Earth. Your dusty Mill of Valmy, as all other mills and drudgeries, may furl its canvass, and cease swashing and circling. The swenkt grinders in this Treadmill of an Earth have ground out another Day; and lounge there, as we say, in village-groups; movable, or ranked on social stone-seats;¹ their children, mischievous imps, sporting about their feet. Unnotable hum of sweet human gossip rises from this Village of Sainte-Menehould, as from all other villages.² Gossip mostly sweet, unnotable; for the very Dragoons are French

¹ Rapport de M. Remy (in Choiseul, p. 143).

²[Saint-Menehould was a town of 4,000 inhabitants with 300 National Guards (Stockmar, 95).]

and gallant ; nor as yet has the Paris-and-Verdun Diligence, with its leathern bag, rumbled in, to terrify the minds of men.

One figure nevertheless we do note at the last door of the Village : that figure in loose-flowing nightgown, of Jean Baptiste Drouet, Master of the Post here. An acrid choleric man, rather dangerous-looking ; still in the prime of life, though he has served, in his time, as a Condé Dragoon.¹ This day, from an early hour Drouet got his choler stirred, and has been kept fretting. Hussar Goguelat in the morning saw good, by way of thrift, to bargain with his own Innkeeper, not with Drouet regular *Maître de Poste*, about some gig-horse for the sending back of his gig ; which thing Drouet perceiving came over in red ire, menacing the Innkeeper, and would not be appeased. Wholly an unsatisfactory day. For Drouet is an acrid Patriot too, was at the Paris Feast of Pikes : and what do these Bouillé soldiers mean ? Hussars,—with their gig, and a vengeance to it !—have hardly been thrust out, when Dandoins and his fresh Dragoons arrive from Clermont, and stroll. For what purpose ? Choleric Drouet steps out and steps in, with long-flowing nightgown ; looking abroad, with that sharpness of faculty which stirred choler gives to man.²

On the other hand, mark Captain Dandoins on the street of that same Village ; sauntering with a face of indifference, a heart eaten of black care ! For no Korff Berline makes its appearance. The great Sun flames broader towards setting : one's heart flutters on the verge of dread unutterabilities.

¹[Drouet was 28 years old at the time ; was not 'master of the post' but son of the postmaster (Bimbenet, 95), and not to be confused with Napoleon's general (afterwards Marshal) Drouet d'Erlon. After the eminent service to his country here recorded, Drouet sat in the Convention, voted the King's death, was taken prisoner by the Austrians at the siege of Maubeuge, and confined till 1795, when with other Conventionals of note he was exchanged for Madame Royale. He was implicated in Babœuf's conspiracy but amnestied, became *sous-préfet* of Saint-Menehould under the Empire, and after the Restoration lived at Mâcon under a feigned name, dying 1824.]

²[Carlyle did not know that the Royal Family had been recognised in Châlons, and that the first courier from the Assembly had sent on word to that place : thereon the postmaster, Viet, was despatched from Châlons and it was his arrival that confirmed the suspicions of the town council of Saint-Menehould ; nor that d'Andoins had received Choiseul's message sent by Léonard at about 5, and had ordered his dragoons to unsaddle only about half an hour before Valory's arrival (Bimbenet, 96 ; Stockmar, 91, 97-8).]

By Heaven! here is the yellow Bodyguard Courier; spurring fast, in the ruddy evening light! Steady, O Dandoins, stand with inscrutable indifferent face; though the yellow blockhead spurs past the Post-house; inquires to find it; and stirs the Village, all delighted with his fine livery.—Lumbering along with its mountains of bandboxes, and Chaise behind, the Korff Berline rolls in; huge Acapulco-ship with its Cockboat, having got thus far. The eyes of the Villagers look enlightened, as such eyes do when a coach-transit, which is an event, occurs for them. Strolling Dragoons respectfully, so fine are the yellow liveries, bring hand to helmet; and a Lady in gypsy-hat responds with a grace peculiar to her.¹ Dandoins stands with folded arms, and what look of indifference and disdainful garrison-air a man can, while the heart is like leaping out of him. Curled disdainful moustachio; careless glance,—which however surveys the Village-groups, and does not like them. With his eye he bespeaks the yellow Courier, Be quick, be quick! Thick-headed Yellow cannot understand the eye; comes up mumbling, to ask in words: seen of the village!

Nor is Post-master Drouet unobservant, all this while: but steps out and steps in, with his long-flowing nightgown, in the level sunlight; prying into several things. When a man's faculties, at the right time, are sharpened by choler, it may lead to much. That Lady in slouched gypsy-hat, though sitting back in the Carriage, does she not resemble some one we have seen, some time;—at the Feast of Pikes, or elsewhere? And this *Grosse-Tête* in round hat and peruke, which, looking rearward, pokes itself out from time to time, methinks there are features in it——? Quick, Sieur Guillaume, Clerk of the *Directoire*, bring me a new Assignat! Drouet scans the new Assignat; compares the Paper-money Picture with the Gross Head in round hat there: by Day and Night! you might say the one was an attempted Engraving of the other. And this march of Troops; this sauntering and whispering,—I see it!

Drouet Post-master of this Village, hot Patriot, Old-Dragoon

¹ Déclaration de La Gache (in Choiseul, *ubi supra*).

of Condé, consider, therefore, what thou wilt do. And fast, for behold the new *Berline*, expeditiously yoked, cracks whipcord, and rolls away!—Drouet dare not, on the spur of the instant, clutch the bridles in his own two hands; Dandoins, with broadsword, might hew you off. Our poor Nationals, not one of them here, have three hundred fusils, but then no powder; besides one is not sure, only morally-certain. Drouet, as an adroit Old-Dragoon of Condé, does what is advisablest; privily bespeaks Clerk Guillaume, Old-Dragoon of Condé he too; privily, while Clerk Guillaume is saddling two of the fleetest horses, slips over to the Townhall to whisper a word; then mounts with Clerk Guillaume; and the two bound eastward in pursuit, to *see* what can be done.¹

They bound eastward, in sharp trot: their moral-certainty permeating the Village, from the Townhall outwards, in busy whispers. Alas! Captain Dandoins orders his Dragoons to mount; but they, complaining of long fast, demand bread-and-cheese first;—before which brief repast can be eaten, the whole Village is permeated; not whispering now, but blustering and shrieking! National Volunteers, in hurried muster, shriek for gunpowder; Dragoons halt between Patriotism and Rule of the Service, between bread-and-cheese and fixed bayonets: Dandoins hands secretly his Pocket-book, with its secret despatches, to the rigorous Quartermaster: the very Ostlers have stable-forks and flails. The rigorous Quartermaster, half-saddled, cuts out his way with the sword's edge, amid levelled bayonets, amid Patriot vociferations, adjurations, flail-strokes; and rides frantic;—few or even none following him; the rest, so sweetly constrained, consenting to stay there.²

And thus the new *Berline* rolls; and Drouet and Guillaume

¹[The minutes of the Municipality of Saint-Menehould leave no doubt of the fact that Drouet did not follow the King of his own initiative, but was despatched together with Guillaume by official authority. Viet rode in from Châlons just as Drouet started (Browning, 29; Stockmar, 99).]

²Déclaration de La Gache in Choiseul, p. 134. [La Gache in fact alone did his duty. D'Andoins was not sorry to have his troopers detained by the townfolk of Saint-Menehould. He seems to have been a singularly incompetent person (Stockmar, 98).]

gallop after it, and Dandoins' Troopers or Trooper gallops after them; and Sainte-Menehould, with some leagues of the King's Highway, is in explosion;—and your Military thunder-chain has gone off in a self-destructive manner; one may fear, with the frightfullest issues.

CHAPTER VII

THE NIGHT OF SPURS

THIS comes of mysterious Escorts, and a new Berline with eleven horses: 'he that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide.' Your first Military Escort has exploded self-destructive; and all Military Escorts, and a suspicious Country will now be up, explosive; comparable *not* to victorious thunder. Comparable, say rather, to the first stirring of an Alpine Avalanche; which, once stir it, as here at Sainte-Menehould, will spread,—all round, and on and on, as far as Stenai; thundering with wild ruin, till Patriot Villagers, Peasantry, Military Escorts, new Berline and Royalty are down,—jumbling in the Abyss!

The thick shades of Night are falling. Postilions crack and whip: the Royal Berline is through Clermont, where Colonel Comte de Damas got a word whispered to it; is safe through, towards Varennes; rushing at the rate of double drink-money: an Unknown, '*Inconnu* on horseback,' shrieks earnestly some hoarse whisper, not audible, into the rushing Carriage-window, and vanishes, left in the night.¹ August Travellers palpitate; nevertheless overweared Nature sinks every one of them into a kind of sleep. Alas, and Drouet and Clerk Guillaume spur; taking side-roads, for shortness, for safety; scattering abroad that moral-certainty of theirs; which flies, a bird of the air carrying it!

And your rigorous Quartermaster spurs; awakening horse trumpet-tone,—as here at Clermont,² calling out Dragoons gone

¹ Campan, ii. 159.

²[Clermont in Argonne was a little town of 1,500 people. Damas had 100 dragoons of the *Régiment Monsieur*. Like d'Andoins he had received Choiseul's message by Léonard and half believed it—nevertheless he kept to his orders till 9 P.M. Then he let his dragoons go to bed; only five men followed Remy probably because only five were on guard (Stockmar, 101).]

to bed. Brave Colonel de Damas has them mounted, in part, these Clermont men; young Cornet Remy dashes off with a few. But the Patriot Magistracy is out here at Clermont too; National Guards shrieking for ball-cartridges; and the Village 'illuminates itself;'—deft Patriots springing out of bed; alertly, in shirt or shift, striking a light; sticking up each his farthing candle, or penurious oil-cruise, till all glitters and glimmers; so deft are they! A *camisado*, or shirt-tumult, everywhere: storm-bell set a-ringing; village-drum beating furious *générale*, as here at Clermont, under illumination; distracted Patriots pleading and menacing! Brave young Colonel de Damas, in that uproar of distracted Patriotism, speaks some fire-sentences to what Troopers he has: "Comrades insulted at Sainte-Menehould: King and Country calling on the brave;" then gives the fire-word, *Draw swords*. Whereupon, alas, the Troopers only *smite* their sword-handles, driving them further home! "To me, whoever is for the King!" cries Damas in despair; and gallops, he with some poor loyal Two, of the Subaltern sort, into the bosom of the Night.¹

Night unexampled in the Clermontais; shortest of the year; remarkablest of the century: Night deserving to be named of Spurs! Cornet Remy, and those Few he dashed off with, has missed his road; is galloping for hours towards Verdun; then, for hours, across hedged country, through roused hamlets, towards Varennes. Unlucky Cornet Remy; unluckier Colonel Damas, with whom there ride desperate only some loyal Two! More ride not of that Clermont Escort: of other Escorts, in other Villages, not even Two may ride; but only all curvet and prance,—impeded by storm-bell and your Village illuminating itself.

And Drouet rides and Clerk Guillaume; and the Country runs.—Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are plunging through morasses, over cliffs, over stock and stone, in the shaggy woods of the Clermontais; by tracts; or trackless, with guides; Hussars

¹ Procès-verbal du Directoire de Clermont (in Choiseul, pp. 189-95).

tumbling into pitfalls, and lying 'swooned three quarters of an hour,' the rest refusing to march without them. What an evening-ride from Pont-de-Sommevelle; what a thirty hours, since Choiseul quitted Paris, with Queen's-valet Léonard in the chaise by him! Black Care sits behind the rider. Thus go they plunging; rustle the owlet from his branchy nest; champ the sweet-scented forest-herb, queen-of-the-meadows *spilling* her spikenard; and frighten the ear of Night. But hark! towards twelve o'clock, as one guesses, for the very stars are gone out: sound of the tocsin from Varennes? Checking bridle, the Hussar Officer listens: "Some fire undoubtedly!"—yet rides on, with double breathlessness, to verify.

Yes, gallant friends that do your utmost, it is a certain sort of fire: difficult to quench.—The Korff Berline, fairly ahead of all this riding Avalanche, reached the little paltry Village of Varennes¹ about eleven o'clock; hopeful, in spite of that hoarse-whispering Unknown. Do not all towns now lie behind us; Verdun avoided, on our right? Within wind of Bouillé himself, in a manner; and the darkest of midsummer nights favouring us! And so we halt on the hill-top at the South end of the Village; expecting our relay; which young Bouillé, Bouillé's own son, with his Escort of Hussars, was to have ready; for in this Village is no Post. Distracting to think of: neither horse nor Hussar is here! Ah, and stout horses, a proper relay belonging to Duke Choiseul, do stand at hay, but in the Upper Village over the Bridge; and we know not of them. Hussars likewise do wait, but drinking in the taverns. For indeed it is six hours² beyond the time; young Bouillé, silly stripling, think-

¹[Varennes was about the same size as Clermont—1,500 in population. It is 28 miles from Stenay, where was Bouillé with the whole *Régiment Royal-Allemand*, and 20 miles from Verdun (on the other road). The town consists of one long narrow street, half downhill and half uphill, divided at the bottom by the river Aire. Choiseul's horses were waiting on the far side of the bridge; they should have waited at the nearer entrance to the town.]

²[At the fastest reckoning it was not above three hours beyond the time. It was Goguelat who had made this most fatal of all the mistakes in countermanding Choiseul's orders to have the horses on the near side of Varennes. Not Louis but Charles Bouillé was in command: he had not gone to bed but had retired to his own room with a certain M. Raigecourt. But he was at the further end of the town at the *Grand Monarque* Inn, whereas the 60 hussars who were at the

ing the matter over for this night, has retired to bed. And so our yellow Couriers, inexperienced, must rove, groping, bungling, through a Village mostly asleep: Postilions will not, for any money, go on with the tired horses; not at least without refreshment; not they, let the Valet in round hat argue as he likes.

Miserable! 'For five-and-thirty minutes' by the King's watch, the Berline is at a dead stand:¹ Round-hat arguing with Churn-boots; tired horses slobbering their meal-and-water; yellow Couriers groping, bungling;—young Bouillé asleep, all the while, in the Upper Village, and Choiseul's fine team standing there at hay. No help for it; not with a King's ransom; the horses deliberately slobber, Round-hat argues, Bouillé sleeps. And mark now, in the thick night, do not two Horsemen, with jaded trot, come clank-clanking; and start with half-pause, if one noticed them, at sight of this dim mass of a Berline, and its dull slobbering and arguing; then prick off faster, into the Village?² It is Drouet, he and Clerk Guillaume! Still ahead, they two, of the whole, riding hurlyburly; unshot, though some brag of having chased them. Perilous is Drouet's errand also; but he is an Old-Dragoon, with his wits shaken thoroughly awake.

The Village of Varennes lies dark and slumberous; a most un-level Village, of inverse saddle-shape, as men write. It sleeps; the rushing of the River Aire singing lullaby to it. Nevertheless from the Golden Arm, *Bras d'Or* Tavern, across that sloping Marketplace, there still comes shine of social light; comes voice of rude drovers, or the like, who have not yet taken the stirrup-cup; Boniface Le Blanc, in white apron, serving them: cheerful to behold. To this *Bras d'Or*, Drouet enters, alacrity looking through his eyes; he nudges Boniface, in all privacy,

nearer end were under Lieutenant Robrig, a boy of 18, who was not in the secret, and had retired to their quarters. Why Goguelat made the change in Choiseul's orders is quite past comprehension (Stockmar, 109).]

¹[Carlyle doesn't mention that the Queen got down and knocked at the door of a M. de Préfontaine, to ask where relays were to be obtained (Browning, 73).]

²[Drouet was accompanied by two other riders from Clermont and as he passed the *berline* called out to warn the postillions (*ibid.*). Bimbenet makes Drouet reach Varennes a quarter of an hour before the King (p. 100).]

“*Camarade, es-tu bon Patriote, Art thou a good Patriot?*”—“*Si je suis!*” answers Boniface.—“In that case,” eagerly whispers Drouet—what whisper is needful, heard of Boniface alone.¹

And now see Boniface Le Blanc bustling, as he never did for the jolliest toper. See Drouet and Guillaume, dexterous Old-Dragoons, instantly down blocking the Bridge, with a ‘furniture-wagon they find there,’ with whatever wagons, tumbrils, barrels, barrows their hands can lay hold of;—till no carriage can pass. Then swiftly, the Bridge once blocked, see them take station hard by, under Varennes Archway:² joined by Le Blanc, Le Blanc’s Brother, and one or two alert Patriots he has roused. Some half-dozen in all, with National muskets, they stand close, waiting under the Archway, till that same Korff Berline rumble up.

It rumbles up: *Alte là!* lanterns flash out from under coat-skirts, bridles chuck in strong fists, two National muskets level themselves fore and aft through the two Coach-doors: “Mesdames, your Passports?”—Alas, alas! *Sieur Sausse*,³ Procureur of the Township, Tallow-chandler also and Grocer, is there, with official grocer-politeness; Drouet with fierce logic and ready wit:—The respected Travelling Party, be it Baroness de Korff’s, or persons of still higher consequence, will perhaps please to rest itself in *M. Sausse’s* till the dawn strike up!

O Louis; O hapless Marie-Antoinette, fated to pass thy life with such men! Phlegmatic Louis, art thou but lazy semi-animate phlegm then, to the centre of thee? King, Captain-General, Sovereign Frank! if thy heart ever formed, since it began beating under the name of heart, any resolution at all, be it now then, or never in this world:—“Violent nocturnal individuals, and if it were persons of high consequence? And if it were the

¹ *Deux Amis*, vi. 139-78.

² [Valory had already returned saying that he had found the relays at the *Grand Monarque* and, thirty-five minutes having been wasted, the carriage descended the hill. The archway was some distance above and before the bridge (Stockmar, 113).]

³ [Sauce, not Sausse. Carlyle does not say that the travellers replied they were going to Frankfort, and that some one (probably Drouet) replied ‘then you took the wrong road before Clermont’ (Binbenet, 101; Browning, 73).]

King himself? Has the King not the power, which all beggars have, of travelling unmolested on his own Highway? Yes: it is the King; and tremble ye to know it! The King has said, in this one small matter; and in France, or under God's Throne, is no power that shall gainsay. Not the King shall ye stop here under this your miserable Archway; but his dead body only, and answer it to Heaven and Earth. To me, Bodyguards; Postilions, *en avant!*"—One fancies in that case the pale paralysis of these two Le Blanc musketeers; the drooping of Drouet's underjaw; and how Procureur Sausse had melted like tallow in furnace-heat: Louis faring on; in some few steps awakening Young Bouillé, awakening relays and Hussars:¹ triumphant entry, with cavalcading high-brandishing Escort, and Escorts, into Montmédi; and the whole course of French History different!

Alas, it was not *in* the poor phlegmatic man. Had it been in him, French History had never come under this Varennes Archway to decide itself.—He steps out; all step out. Procureur Sausse gives his grocer-arms to the Queen and Sister Elizabeth; Majesty taking the two children by the hand. And thus they walk, coolly back, over the Marketplace, to Procureur Sausse's; mount into his small upper story; where straightway His Majesty 'demands refreshments.' Demands refreshments, as is written; gets bread-and-cheese with a bottle of Burgundy;² and remarks, that it is the best Burgundy he ever drank!

Meanwhile, the Varennes Notables, and all men, official and non-official, are hastily drawing on their breeches; getting their fighting gear. Mortals half-dressed tumble out barrels, lay felled trees; scouts dart off to all the four winds,—the tocsin begins clanging, 'the Village illuminates itself.' Very singular: how

¹[It seems extraordinary that all the noise, alarm bells, etc., should not on a quiet summer night have informed young Bouillé and Raigecourt earlier. They were not in bed, but sitting at an open window with lights out; and yet for nearly an hour they seem to have heard nothing. When they did come down they found their house surrounded by armed men; they cut their way through with difficulty and fled to Stenay (Stockmar, 117-8).]

²[This story seems quite apocryphal, though characteristic of Louis if it were true; the Queen asked for some hot water and a little wine, and a pair of sheets for the children (who must have been worn out). The Royal Family had plenty of food with them in the carriage (Browning, 37).]

these little Villages do manage, so adroit are they, when startled in midnight alarm of war. Like little adroit municipal rattle-snakes, suddenly awakened : for their storm-bell rattles and rings ; their eyes glisten luminous (with tallow-light), as in rattle-snake ire ; and the Village will *sting*. Old-Dragoon Drouet is our engineer and generalissimo ; valiant as a Ruy Diaz :—Now or never, ye Patriots, for the soldiery is coming ; massacre by Austrians, by Aristocrats, wars more than civil, it all depends on you and the hour !—National Guards rank themselves, half-buttoned : mortals, we say, still only in breeches, in under-petticoat, tumble out barrels and lumber, lay felled trees for barricades : the Village will *sting*. Rabid Democracy, it would seem, is *not* confined to Paris, then ? Ah no, whatsoever Courtiers might talk ; too clearly no. This of dying for one's King is grown into a dying for one's self, *against* the King, if need be.

And so our riding and running Avalanche and Hurlyburly has *reached* the Abyss, Korff Berline foremost ; and may pour itself thither, and jumble : endless ! For the next six hours, need we ask if there was a clattering far and wide ? Clattering and tocsining and hot tumult, over all the Clermontais, spreading through the Three-Bishopricks : Dragoon and Hussar Troops galloping on roads and no-roads ; National Guards arming and starting in the dead of night ; tocsin after tocsin transmitting the alarm. In some forty minutes,¹ Goguelat and Choiseul, with their wearied Hussars, reach Varennes. Ah, it is no fire, then ; or a fire difficult to quench ! They leap the tree-barricades, in spite of National sergeant ; they enter the village, Choiseul instructing his Troopers how the matter really is ; who respond interjectionally, in their guttural dialect, "*Der König ; die Königin !*" and seem stanch. These now, in their stanch humour, will, for one thing, beset Procureur Sausse's house. Most beneficial : had not Drouet stormfully ordered otherwise ; and even bellowed, in his

¹[This must mean forty minutes after the King's arrest ; directly Choiseul arrived he went about the town trying to collect hussars, and so missed Rohrig who was doing the same (Stockmar, 117).]

extremity, "Cannoneers, to your guns!"—two old honeycombed Field-pieces, empty of all but cobwebs; the rattle whereof, as the Cannoneers with assured countenance trundled them up, did nevertheless abate the Hussar ardour, and produce a respectfuller ranking further back. Jugs of wine, handed over the ranks,—for the German throat too has sensibility,—will complete the business. When Engineer Goguelat, some hour or so afterwards, steps forth, the response to him is—a hiccuping *Vive la Nation!*

What boots it? Goguelat, Choiseul, now also Count Damas, and all the Varennes Officiality are with the King; and the King can give no order, form no opinion; but sits there, as he has ever done, like clay on potter's wheel; perhaps the absurdest of all pitiable and pardonable clay-figures that now circle under the Moon. He will go on, next morning,¹ and take the National Guard with him; Sausse permitting! Hapless Queen: with her two children laid there on the mean bed, old Mother Sausse kneeling to Heaven, with tears and an audible prayer, to bless them; imperial Marie-Antoinette near kneeling to Son Sausse and Wife Sausse, amid candle-boxes and treacle-barrels,—in vain! There are Three thousand National Guards got in; before long they will count Ten thousand: tocsins spreading like fire on dry heath, or far faster.

Young Bouillé, roused by this Varennes tocsin, has taken horse, and—fled towards his Father. Thitherward also rides, in an almost hysterically desperate manner, a certain Sieur Aubriot, Choiseul's Orderly; swimming dark rivers, our Bridge being blocked; spurring as if the Hell-hunt were at his heels.² Through the village of Dun, he galloping still on, scatters the alarm; at Dun brave Captain Deslons and *his* Escort of a Hundred saddle and ride. Deslons too gets into Varennes; leaving his Hundred

¹[Carlyle fails to point out that Sauce kept on lulling the King's suspicions by repeated promises that he should go on in the morning, and that Louis expected that by the morning Bouillé and his whole regiment would arrive and rescue him. Goguelat did make one attempt to disperse the crowd before Sauce's house, but was slightly wounded and taken to the Inn. The Municipality debated all night what was to be done, for a strong party of them feared Bouillé's revenge (Bimbenet, 106-7; Stockmar, 119, *sqg.*.)]

²Rapport de M. Aubriot (in Choiseul, pp. 150-7).

outside, at the tree-barricade ; offers to cut King Louis out, if he will order it : but unfortunately "the work *will* prove hot : " whereupon King Louis has "no orders to give." ¹

And so the tocsin clangs, and Dragoons gallop, and can do nothing, having galloped : National Guards stream in like the gathering of ravens : your exploding Thunder-chain, falling Avalanche, or what else we liken it to, does play, with a vengeance,—up now as far as Stenai and Bouillé himself.² Brave Bouillé, son of the whirlwind, he saddles Royal-Allemand ; speaks fire-words, kindling heart and eyes ; distributes twenty-five gold-louis a company :—Ride, Royal-Allemand, long-famed : no Tuileries Charge and Necker-Orleans Bust-Procession ; a very King made captive, and world all to win !—Such is the Night deserving to be named of Spurs.

At six o'clock two things have happened. Lafayette's Aide-de-camp, Romœuf,³ riding *à franc étrier*, on that old Herb-merchant's route, quickened during the last stages, has got to Varennes ; where the Ten thousand now furiously demand, with fury of panic terror, that Royalty shall forthwith return Paris-ward, that there be not infinite bloodshed. Also, on the other side, 'English Tom,' Choiseul's *jokèi*, flying with that Choiseul relay, has met Bouillé on the heights of Dun ; the adamantine brow flushed with dark thunder ; thunderous rattle of Royal-Allemand at his heels. English Tom answers as he can the brief question, How it is at Varennes ?—then asks in turn, What he, English Tom, with M. de Choiseul's horses, is to do, and whither to ride ?—To the Bottomless Pool ! answers a thunder-voice ; then again speaking and spurring, orders Royal-Allemand to the gallop ; and vanishes,

¹ Extrait d'un Rapport de M. Deslons (in Choiseul, pp. 164-7). [D'Esilon arrived at 5 A.M. ; he had got the news from Rohrig (who had also fled), not from Charles Bouillé : Dun is about 15 miles east of Varennes (Bimbenet, 110, 250).]

² Bouillé, ii. 74-6.

³ [With Romœuf, who had the decree of the Assembly for the King's arrest in his pocket, arrived Bayou, who entered the house first and frightened the King with false news of a terrible outbreak in Paris. Romœuf, who loathed the part he had to play, would willingly have saved the King if he could. The King set himself steadily to gain time till the arrival of Bouillé, and to put off his departure for Paris by all possible expedients (Stockmar, 124-5).]

swearing (*en jurant*).¹ 'Tis the last of our brave Bouillé. Within sight of Varennes, he having drawn bridle, calls a council of officers; finds that it is in vain. King Louis has departed, consenting:² amid the clangour of universal stormbell; amid the tramp of Ten thousand armed men, already arrived; and say, of Sixty thousand flocking thither. Brave Deslons, even without 'orders,' darted at the River Aire with his Hundred;³ swam one branch of it, could not the other; and stood there, dripping and panting, with inflated nostril; the Ten thousand answering him with a shout of mockery, the new Berline lumbering Paris-ward its weary inevitable way. No help, then, in Earth; nor, in an age not of miracles, in Heaven!

That night, 'Marquis de Bouillé and twenty-one more of us' rode over the Frontiers: the Bernardine monks at Orval in 'Luxemburg gave us supper and lodging.'⁴ With little of speech, Bouillé rides; with thoughts that do not brook speech. Northward, towards uncertainty, and the Cimmerian Night: towards West-Indian Isles, for with thin Emigrant delirium the son of the whirlwind cannot act; towards England, towards premature Stoical death; not towards France any more. Honour to the Brave; who, be it in this quarrel or in that, *is* a substance and articulate-speaking piece of human Valour, not a fanfaronading hollow Spectrum and squeaking and gibbering Shadow! One of the few Royalist Chief-actors this Bouillé, of whom so much can be said.

The brave Bouillé too, then, vanishes from the tissue of our Story. Story and tissue, faint ineffectual Emblem of that grand Miraculous Tissue, and Living Tapestry named *French Revolution*, which did weave itself then in very fact, 'on the loud-sounding LOOM OF TIME!' The old Brave drop out from it, with their

¹ Déclaration du Sieur Thomas (in Choiseul, p. 168).

² [The Royal Family started back at about 7.30. Bouillé had received the news of the King's arrest, at Stenay at 4.30: and he arrived at Varennes at 9.30. In his *Mémoires* (ii. 242) he blames his son for not bringing the news earlier. He also blames the Colonel (Mandel) of *Royal-Allemand* for several instances of slowness during these days (*cf.* Bimbenet, 71 and 111, 251). Bimbenet is however of opinion that Bouillé ought to have been disquieted earlier, and that he might have moved *Royal-Allemand* a good deal earlier in the night.]

³ Weber, ii. 386.

⁴ Aubriot, *ut supra*, p. 156.

strivings; and new acrid Drouets, of new strivings and colour, come in:—as is the manner of that weaving.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RETURN

So, then, our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has *executed* itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread royal *ultimatum*, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily to some purpose. How many Royalist Plots and Projects, one after another, cunningly-devised, that were to explode like powder-mines and thunder-claps; not one solitary Plot of which has issued otherwise! Powder-mine of a *Séance Royale* on the Twenty-third of June 1789, which exploded as we then said, 'through the touchhole;' which next, your wargod Broglie having reloaded it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came fervent Opera-Repast, with flourishing of sabres, and *O Richard, O my King*; which, aided by Hunger, produces Insurrection of Women, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne. Valour profits not; neither has fortune smiled on fanfaronade. The Bouillé Armament ends as the Broglie one had done. Man after man spends himself in this cause, only to work it quicker ruin; it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of Earth and Heaven.

On the Sixth of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by Demoiselle Théroigne and some two hundred thousand, made a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never witnessed; we prophesied him Two more such; and accordingly another of them, after this Flight to Metz, is now coming to pass. Théroigne will not escort here; neither does Mirabeau now 'sit in one of the accompanying carriages.' Mirabeau lies dead, in the Pantheon of Great Men. Théroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liège, professionally, and been seized there. Bemurmured now by the hoarse-flowing Danube: the light of her Patriot Supper-parties gone quite out; so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies—how! Fleeting Time shears

down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession,¹ though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is returning. Not till Saturday: for the Royal Berline travels by slow stages; amid such loud-voiced confluent sea of National Guards, sixty thousand as they count; amid such tumult of all people. Three National-Assembly Commissioners,² famed Barnave, famed Petion, generally-respectable Latour-Maubourg, have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well, can ride in the rear, with Dame de Tourzel³ and the *Soubrettes*.

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock,⁴ Paris by hundreds of thousands is again drawn up: not now dancing the tricolor joy-dance of hope; nor as yet dancing in fury-dance of hate and revenge: but in silence, with vague look of conjecture, and curiosity mostly scientific. A Saint-Antoine Placard⁵ has given notice this morning that 'whosoever insults Louis shall be caned,

¹[The return was made by the same road as the flight as far as Châlons (reached at 11 P.M. on 22nd); there the Royal Family went to bed. The King wished to rest a day there to recover from his fatigues, but this was not allowed. Next morning an army of roughs entered the chapel where he was hearing mass and insisted on his immediate departure. From Châlons on 23rd the Royal Family went by Épernay and Château-Thierry, rejoining the southern road at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. They slept at Dormans on 23rd and at Meaux on 24th; on Saturday 25th they had to travel 13 hours in blazing sunshine: the crowd would not allow the blinds to be drawn down, and the dust was choking (Browning, 47, *sqq.*). The Commissioners writing to the Assembly say that it is the great number of National Guards acting as a voluntary escort that is delaying the return journey (Bimbenet, 136).]

²[The lives of the Royal Family were several times in danger before the arrival of the Commissioners; the lives of the Body Guards hung on a thread the whole time. The Marquis de Dampierre, who came to pay his respects to the King between Saint-Menehould and Châlons, was murdered before his eyes and his head shown to the King. Even as far as Dormans the crowd of 60,000 National Guards seems to have dreaded a rescue by Bouillé (Stockmar, 139, *sqq.*; Bimbenet, 131).]

³[Mme de Tourzel was in the same carriage with the King and Petion (*see* Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 352; Stockmar, 149).]

⁴[The journey from the *Barrière de l'Étoile* to the Tuileries alone took five hours (Stockmar, 160).]

⁵[Camille Desmoulins in 'Rév. de France et de Brabant' (No. 82) says this placard was carried on a pikehead, and also posted on the walls of Saint-Antoine.]

whosoever applauds him shall be hanged.' Behold then, at last, that wonderful New Berline; encircled by blue National sea with fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thousands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes;¹ Petion, Barnave, their Majesties, with Sister Elizabeth, and the children of France, are within.

Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty; who keeps declaring to the successive Official persons, what is evident, "*Eh bien, me voilà*, Well, here you have me;" and what is not evident, "I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers;" and so forth: speeches natural for that poor Royal Man; which Decency would veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natural for that Royal Woman. Thus lumbers and creeps the ignominious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a silent-gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks,² to some *Procession du Roi de Basoche*; or say, Procession of King Crispin, with his Dukes of Sutor-mania and royal blazonry of Cordwainery. Except indeed that this is *not* comic; ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real. Miserablest *fleBILE ludibrium* of a Pickleherring Tragedy! It sweeps along there, in most ungorgeous pall, through many streets in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace—towards its doom, of slow torture, *peine forte et dure*.

Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Couriers; will at least massacre *them*. But our august Assembly, which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave, 'all dusty,' is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet

¹ [Lafayette (iii. 89) denies that the Body Guards were bound.]

² Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, iii. 22. [The *Basoche* (*vid. note supr.*, vol. i. p. 109) held an annual festival in which the President of the Corporation figured as the *Roi de Basoche*. This was abolished by Henry III., but the Corporation continued to exist until 1789, and the "Volunteers of the *Basoche*," afterwards incorporated with the National Guard, distinguished themselves after their kind in October '89.]

address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic; and has gained the Queen's trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who is to be trusted. Very different from heavy Petion; who, if Campan speak truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his wine-glass, in the Royal Berline; flung out his chicken-bones past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King's saying, "France cannot be a Republic," answered, "No, it is not ripe yet." Barnave is henceforth a Queen's adviser, if advice could profit: and her Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a regard for Barnave; and that, in a day of retribution and Royal triumph, Barnave shall *not* be executed.¹

On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickleherring Tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, towards 'pain strong and hard.' Watched, fettered and humbled, as Royalty never was. Watched even in its sleeping-apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep with door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a little!²

CHAPTER IX

SHARP SHOT

IN regard to all which, this most pressing question arises:³ What is to be done with it? Depose it! resolutely answer Robespierre

¹ Campan, ii. c. 18. [When Malouet first saw the King after his return the only thing the latter said to him was 'We were very much pleased with Barnave' (Malouet, ii. 140). Petion left a report of the journey (which is printed at length in Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 347-367) in which he spoke with distrust of Barnave's attitude, and with the most ludicrous self-satisfaction of his own, adding the loathsome insinuation that Madame Elisabeth (of all people in the world!) made during the journey indecent advances to him, Petion!!]

² *Ibid.* ii. 149.

³ [Morris (i. 436), wrongly I think, says that the "King's attempt at escape was mistaken in time; had he kept quiet a little longer he would soon have been master," but Morris never allows either for the cowardice of the *Bourgeoisie* nor the fierceness of the proletariat. It must be remembered that during the three

and the thoroughgoing few. For, truly, with a King who runs away, and needs to be watched in his very bedroom that he may stay and govern you, what other reasonable thing can be done? Had Philippe d'Orléans not been a *caput mortuum*! But of him, known as one defunct, no man now dreams. Depose it not; say that it is inviolable, that it was spirited away, was *enlevé*; at any cost of sophistry and solecism, reestablish it! so answer with loud vehemence all manner of Constitutional Royalists; as all your pure Royalists do naturally likewise, with low vehemence, and rage compressed by fear, still more passionately answer. Nay Barnave and the two Lameths,¹ and what will follow them, do likewise answer so. Answer, with their whole might: terror-struck at the unknown Abysses on the verge of which, driven thither by themselves mainly, all now reels, ready to plunge.

By mighty effort and combination, this latter course is the course fixed on; and it shall by the strong arm, if not by the clearest logic, be made good. With the sacrifice of their hard-earned popularity, this notable Triumvirate, says Toulangeon, 'set the Throne up again, which they had so toiled to overturn:

months that followed France made a virtual experiment in Republican government. The executive power was suspended and the King only recovered such nominal liberty as he had previously possessed when he accepted the Constitution on Sept. 14th. Lafayette (iii. 93) explains that the rigid guard at the Tuileries was inevitable, but that he took care that it should be composed as agreeably to the King as possible. He further admits that for a time he himself now leant towards the idea of a Republic, as did La Rochefoucauld and Dupont de Nemours; but the overwhelming majority of the Assembly thought otherwise.]

¹[The first symptoms of a separation between the *Triumvirate* and the extreme Left had been visible as early as April; and in May a temporary alliance of these new moderates with the Right took place, Cazalès, Barnave and Dupont coalescing to oppose Robespierre on the question of re-eligibility of members. The Right had hitherto as a rule taken the extremely foolish course of hounding on the extreme Left in its violent motions, in order to destroy its credit. A very useful law was passed by these allies on May 13th forbidding the Sections of Paris or any municipal bodies to get up or present organised petitions. This was striking at the root of the anarchy; it was however little obeyed during the next 12 months and overridden for good in June '92. We have abundant evidence in M. Taine's second volume and in Schmidt's Police Reports to show how completely every section of Paris was dominated by its violent minority. Even when by chance the radicals were outvoted in one section, they had only to send for reinforcements to another or to prolong their meetings till midnight when the respectable people went to bed.

The vote of July 15th was that Bouillé and his accomplices were to be prosecuted for "taking away" the King and Royal Family. The objection to admitting it to be a voluntary flight was that, by the Constitution, the King alone was inviolable and the Queen would therefore have to be prosecuted.]

‘as one might set up an overturned pyramid, on its vertex ;’ to stand so long as it is *held*.

Unhappy France ; unhappy in King, Queen and Constitution ; one knows not in which unhappiest ! Was the meaning of our so glorious French Revolution this, and no other, That when Shams and Delusions, long soul-killing, had become body-killing, and got the length of Bankruptcy and Inanition, a great People rose and, with one voice, said, in the name of the Highest : *Shams shall be no more ?* So many sorrows and bloody horrors, endured, and to be yet endured through dismal coming centuries, were they not the heavy price paid and payable for this same : Total Destruction of Shams from among men ? And now, O Barnave Triumvirate ! is it in such *double*-distilled Delusion, and Sham even of a Sham, that an effort of this kind will rest acquiescent ? Messieurs of the popular Triumvirate, never !—But, after all, what can poor popular Triumvirates, and fallible august Senators, do ? They can, when the Truth is all-too horrible, stick their heads ostrich-like into what sheltering Fallacy is nearest ; and wait there, *à posteriori*.

Readers who saw the Clermontais and Three-Bishopricks gallop in the Night of Spurs ; Diligences ruffling up all France into one terrific terrified Cock of India ; and the Town of Nantes in its shirt,—may fancy what an affair to settle this was. Robespierre, on the extreme Left, with perhaps Petion and lean old Goupil, for the very Triumvirate has defalcated, are shrieking hoarse ; drowned in Constitutional clamour. But the debate and arguing of a whole Nation ; the bellowings through all Journals, for and against ; the reverberant voice of Danton ; the Hyperion shafts of Camille, the porcupine-quills of implacable Marat :—conceive all this.

Constitutionalists in a body, as we often predicted, do now secede from the Mother Society, and become *Feuillans* ; threatening her with inanition, the rank and respectability being mostly gone. Petition after Petition, forwarded by Post, or borne in Deputation, comes praying for Judgment and *Déchéance*, which

is our name for Deposition; praying, at lowest, for Reference to the Eighty-three Departments of France. Hot Marseillaise Deputation comes declaring, among other things: "Our Phœcean Ancestors flung a Bar of Iron into the Bay at their first landing; this Bar will float again on the Mediterranean brine before we consent to be slaves." All this for four weeks or more, while the matter still hangs doubtful; Emigration streaming with double violence over the frontiers;¹ France seething in fierce agitation of this question and prize-question: What is to be done with the fugitive Hereditary Representative?

Finally, on Friday the 15th of July 1791, the National Assembly decides; in what negatory manner we know. Whereupon the Theatres all close, the *Bourne*-stones and Portable-chairs begin spouting. Municipal Placards flaming on the walls, and Proclamations published by sound of trumpet, 'invite to repose;' with small effect. And so, on Sunday the 17th, there shall be a thing seen, worthy of remembering. Scroll of a Petition, drawn up by Brissots, Dantons, by Cordeliers, Jacobins; for the thing was infinitely shaken and manipulated, and many had a hand in it: such Scroll lies now visible, on the wooden framework of the Fatherland's Altar, for signature.² Unworking Paris, male and female, is crowding thither, all day, to sign or to see. Our fair Roland herself the eye of History can discern there 'in the morning;' ³ not without interest. In few weeks the fair Patriot will quit Paris; yet perhaps only to return.

But, what with sorrow of balked Patriotism, what with closed theatres, and Proclamations still publishing themselves by sound

¹ Bouillé, ii. 101.

² [There were in fact *three petitions* laid on the altar on three successive days.

(i.) On 15th that the Assembly should not decide the King's fate until it had appealed to the primary assemblies all over France—in short, for the principle of the *Referendum*.

(ii.) On 16th (Danton's handiwork) that the Assembly should receive the abdication of Louis (made on June 21st by his flight), and provide for replacing him by Constitutional means (was Danton here acting in the Orléanist interest or for a Regency for the Dauphin?).

(iii.) On 17th demanding the punishment of the King and the establishment of a Republic; this is the only one which obtained any considerable number of signatures, and this is the one to which Carlyle refers here and on the next page. (*See Rév. Fr. xxxv. 430, and Belloc, Danton, p. 148.*)

³ Madame Roland, ii. 74.

of trumpet, the fervour of men's minds, this day, is great. Nay, over and above, there has fallen out an incident, of the nature of Farce-Tragedy and Riddle; enough to stimulate all creatures. Early in the day, a Patriot (or some say, it was a Patriotess, and indeed the truth is undiscoverable), while standing on the firm dealboard of Fatherland's Altar, feels suddenly, with indescribable torpedo-shock of amazement, his bootsole pricked through from below; clutches up suddenly this electrified bootsole and foot; discerns next instant—the point of a gimlet or bradawl playing up, through the firm deal-board, and now hastily drawing itself back! Mystery, perhaps Treason? The wooden framework is impetuously broken up; and behold, verily a mystery; never explicable fully to the end of the world! Two human individuals, of mean aspect, one of them with a wooden leg, lie ensconced there, gimlet in hand: they must have come in overnight; they have a supply of provisions,—no 'barrel of gunpowder' that one can see; they affect to be asleep; look blank enough, and give the lamest account of themselves. "Mere curiosity; they were boring up, to get an eyehole; to see, perhaps 'with lubricity,' whatsoever, from that *new* point of vision, could be seen:"—little that was edifying, one would think! But indeed what stupidest thing may not human Dulness, Pruriency, Lubricity, Chance and the Devil, choosing Two out of Half-a-million idle human heads, tempt them to? ¹

Sure enough, the two human individuals with their gimlet are there. Ill-starred pair of individuals! For the result of it all is, that Patriotism, fretting itself, in this state of nervous excitability, with hypothesis, suspicions and reports, keeps questioning these two distracted human individuals, and again questioning them; claps them into the nearest Guardhouse, clutches them out again; one hypothetic group snatching them from another: till finally, in such extreme state of nervous excitability, Patriotism hangs them as spies of *Sieur Motier*; and the life and secret is choked out of them forevermore. Forevermore, alas! Or is a day to be

¹ Hist. Parl. xi. 104. [Lafayette calls them "two *invalides*, moved by indecent curiosity" (iii. 105).]

looked for when these two evidently mean individuals, who are human nevertheless, will become Historical Riddles; and, like him of the *Iron Mask* (also a human individual, and evidently nothing more),—have their Dissertations? To us this only is certain, that they had a gimlet, provisions and a wooden leg; and have died there on the *Lanterne*, as the unluckiest fools might die.

And so the signature goes on, in a still more excited manner. And Chaumette, for Antiquarians possess the very Paper to this hour,¹—has signed himself ‘in a flowing saucy hand slightly leaned;’ and Hébert, detestable *Père Duchesne*, as if ‘an inked spider had dropped on the paper;’ Usher Maillard also has signed, and many Crosses, which cannot write. And Paris, through its thousand avenues, is welling to the *Champ-de-Mars* and from it, in the utmost excitability of humour; central Fatherland’s Altar quite heaped with signing Patriots and Patriotesses; the Thirty benches and whole internal Space crowded with onlookers, with comers and goers; one regurgitating whirlpool of men and women in their Sunday clothes. All which a Constitutional *Sieur Motier* sees; and Bailly, looking into it with his long visage made still longer. Auguring no good; perhaps *Déchéance* and Deposition after all! Stop it, ye Constitutional Patriots; fire itself is quenched, yet only quenched at *first*.

Stop it, truly: but how stop it? Have not the first free People of the Universe a right to petition?—Happily, if also unhappily, here is one proof of riot: these two human individuals hanged at the *Lanterne*. Proof, O treacherous *Sieur Motier*? Were they not two human individuals sent thither by *thee* to be hanged; to be a pretext for thy bloody *Drapeau Rouge*? This question shall many a Patriot, one day, ask; and answer affirmatively, strong in Preternatural Suspicion.

Enough, towards half-past seven in the evening, the mere natural eye can behold this thing: *Sieur Motier*, with Municipals in scarf, with blue National Patrollotism, rank after rank, to the

¹ Hist. Parl. xi. 113, &c.

clang of drums ; wending resolutely to the Champ-de-Mars ; Mayor Bailly, with elongated visage, bearing, as in sad duty bound, the *Drapeau Rouge*. Howl of angry derision rises in treble and bass from a hundred thousand throats, at the sight of Martial Law ; which nevertheless, waving its Red sanguinary Flag, advances there, from the Gros-Caillou Entrance ; advances, drumming and waving, towards Altar of Fatherland. Amid still wilder howls, with objurgation, obstestation ; with flights of pebbles and mud, *saxa et fæces* ; with crackle of a pistol-shot ;—finally with volley-fire of Patrollotism ; levelled muskets ; roll of volley on volley ! Precisely after one year and three days, our sublime Federation Field is wetted, in this manner, with French blood.

Some 'Twelve unfortunately shot,'¹ reports Bailly, counting by units ; but Patriotism counts by tens and even by hundreds. Not to be forgotten, nor forgiven ! Patriotism flies, shrieking, execrating.² Camille ceases journalising, this day ; great Danton with Camille and Fréron have taken wing, for their life ; Marat burrows deep in the Earth, and is silent. Once more Patrollotism has triumphed ; one other time ; but it is the last.

This was the Royal Flight to Varennes. Thus was the

¹[Twelve is the official number given in the *Procès-Verbal* of the *Commune* (Von Sybel, i. 315) ; Lafayette (iii. 105), Morris (i. 436), and Bailly (i. 401, *sgg.*) agree pretty fairly as to the "massacre" and the first and last of these were the two people most concerned in it. The National Guard only fired after two of their number had been killed by stones, and Lafayette himself fired at (Bailly does not mention the two killed, but only several wounded) ; the crowd was dispersed by cavalry without more bloodshed. Not till 6 P.M. did the *Conseil-Général* of the *Commune* decide to proclaim martial law : they then marched in a body to the *Champ-de-Mars*, and arrived at about 8. Morris, who on July 15th "expected a battle under his windows" on account of the leniency of the Assembly to the King, is now much more cheerful, and considers the 17th a great blow to Anarchy. As late as Dec. '91 he told Talleyrand that "since the frolic at the *Champ-de-Mars* there is little fear of Anarchy, for the people have discovered that death is a game two can play at" (i. 491).]

²[There is no doubt that the Radicals took the thing very seriously. A warrant was issued by Lafayette for Danton's arrest on Aug. 4th ; but he had already left Paris, first for Rosny, then for Arcis, then for Troyes, and, on the news of the warrant, for England. He remained in England till about Sept. 10th when he was again in Paris. He would not have returned had it not been certain, on the eve of the acceptance of the Constitution, that an amnesty for all Revolutionary acts would be published (Belloc, Danton, 148).]

Throne overturned thereby ; but thus also was it victoriously set up again—on its vertex ; and will stand while it can be held.¹

¹[The preliminary inquiry into the King's *enlèvement* was opened on July 11th and lasted 10 days ; 43 depositions in all were received, which may be read in Bimbenet's *Pièces Justificatives*. The trial of the prisoners (Choiseul, Goguelat, Damas, Maldent, Moustier, Valory) was never finished, and, by the amnesty at the end of the Constituent, they were liberated at the beginning of October (Bimbenet, *Introd.* xi. *sqq.*).]

BOOK V

PARLIAMENT FIRST

CHAPTER I

GRANDE ACCEPTATION

IN the last nights of September, when the autumnal equinox is past, and gray September fades into brown October, why are the Champs Élysées illuminated; why is Paris dancing, and flinging fire-works? They are gala-nights, these last of September; Paris may well dance, and the Universe: the Edifice of the Constitution is completed! Completed; nay *revised*, to see that there was nothing insufficient in it; solemnly proffered to his Majesty; solemnly accepted by him, to the sound of cannon-salvoes, on the fourteenth of the month. And now by such illumination, jubilee, dancing and fire-working, do we joyously handsel the new Social Edifice, and first raise heat and reek there, in the name of Hope.

The Revision, especially with a throne standing on its vertex,¹ has been a work of difficulty, of delicacy. In the way of propping and buttressing, so indispensable now, something could be done; and yet, as is feared, not enough. A repentant Barnave Triumvirate, our Rabauts, Duports, Thourets, and indeed all Con-

¹[The Committee to revise the Constitution had been appointed as far back as Sept. 23rd '90, and Mirabeau had proposed to take advantage of it to rescind the fatal decree which forbade ministers to have seats in the Assembly: the same thing was attempted by Thouret and Duport in Aug. '91, but on an amendment by Buzot, it was decreed that members might not take office till two years after the dissolution of the Assembly. The Committee, with two exceptions, Beaumetz and Clermont-Tonnerre, consisted of members of the Left (*e.g.*, Lameth, Barnave, Duport) and even Republicans like Buzot and Petion. The days of revision were fatally wasted by the moderates, and the Right broke away from their temporary league with the moderates (*vid. note supr.*, p. 131): time was thus given to the Anarchic forces to raise their head again after the severe blow they had received on July 17th. The electoral qualification was slightly raised on the Revision (*vid. note supr.*, i. 383), but no other change was made.]

stitutional Deputies did strain every nerve: but the Extreme Left was so noisy; the People were so suspicious, clamorous to have the work ended: and then the loyal Right Side sat feeble-petulant all the while, and as it were pouting and petting; unable to help, had they even been willing. The Two Hundred and Ninety had solemnly made scission, before that; and departed, shaking the dust off their feet. To such transcendency of fret, and desperate hope that worsening of the bad might the sooner end it and bring back the good, had our unfortunate loyal Right Side now come!¹

However, one finds that this and the other little prop has been added, where possibility allowed. Civil-list² and Privy-purse were from of old well cared for. King's Constitutional Guard, Eighteen hundred loyal men from the Eighty-three Departments, under a loyal Duke de Brissac; this, with trustworthy Swiss besides, is of itself something. The old loyal Bodyguards are indeed dissolved, in name as well as in fact; and gone mostly towards Coblenz. But now also those Sansculottic violent Gardes Françaises, or Centre Grenadiers, shall have their mittimus: they do ere long, in the Journals, not without a hoarse pathos, publish their Farewell; 'wishing all Aristocrats the graves in Paris which to us are denied.'³ They depart, these first Soldiers of the Revolution; they hover very dimly in the distance for about another year; till they can be remodelled, new-named and sent to fight the Austrians; and then History beholds them no more. A most notable Corps of men; which has its place in World-History;—though to us, so is History written, they remain mere rubrics of men; nameless; a shaggy Grenadier Mass, crossed with buff-

¹Toulougeon, ii. 56, 59.

²[The 'Civil List' was the annual sum which the Assembly allowed to the King for the maintenance of his household. On Jan. 4th '90 they asked the King what he would require, and on June 9th he asked for 25 million *livr.*, and got it decreed (see Bacourt, i. 447).]

³Hist. Parl. xiii. 73. [The fact is that the battalions of the National Guard called 'Centre Grenadiers' consisted not only of the old *Gardes-Françaises* but also of deserters from other line regiments, and were the real hindrance to the establishment of an orderly police in Paris. The enrolled *Bourgeoisie*, or unpaid part of the National Guard, practically never turned out for duty, and the National Guard was therefore a band of police pledged to serve the cause of anarchy. Most of these disbanded men re-enlisted in other paid battalions of National Guard.]

belts. And yet might we not ask: What Argonauts, what Leonidas' Spartans had done such a work? Think of their destiny: since that May morning, some three years ago, when they, unparticipating, trundled off D'Espréménil to the Calypso Isles; since that July evening, some two years ago, when they, participating and *sacre-ing* with knit brows, poured a volley into Besenval's Prince de Lambesc! History waves them her mute adieu.

So that the Sovereign Power, these Sansculottic Watchdogs, more like wolves, being leashed and led away from his Tuileries, breathes freer. The Sovereign Power is guarded henceforth by a loyal Eighteen Hundred,—whom Contrivance, under various pretexts, may gradually swell to Six Thousand; who will hinder no journey to Saint-Cloud. The sad Varennes business has been soldered up; cemented, even in the blood of the Champ-de-Mars, these two months and more; and indeed ever since, as formerly, Majesty has had its privileges, its 'choice of residence,' though, for good reasons, the royal mind 'prefers continuing in Paris.' Poor royal mind, poor Paris; that have to go mumming; enveloped in speciosities, in falsehood which knows itself false; and to enact mutually your sorrowful farce-tragedy, being bound to it; and on the whole, to hope always, in spite of hope!

Nay, now that his Majesty has accepted the Constitution,¹ to the sound of cannon-salvoes, who would not hope?² Our good King was misguided, but he meant well. Lafayette has moved for an Amnesty, for universal forgiving and forgetting of Revolutionary faults; and now surely the glorious Revolution, cleared of its rubbish, is complete! Strange enough, and touching in

¹[The words in which the King should notify his acceptance were a subject of much discussion in the Tuileries, and were finally drawn up by La Marck. The formal ceremony was made as humiliating as possible; no throne was placed for the King, but a chair on the left of the President's chair. When the King had sworn the Assembly put their hats on before he put on his. Mme Campan (ii. 19) says he sobbed when he re-entered the Tuileries. The acceptance was notified to the Powers, but no formal answers were returned. Morris (who was at this time intimately *lié* with Montmorin) writes on Aug. 6th that the King considers himself as good as gone, and that whatever is now done must be done for his son. (Cf. also Mallet, i. 245, *sqq.*)

²[Sept. 14th.]

several ways, the old cry of *Vive le Roi* once more rises round King Louis the Hereditary Representative. Their Majesties went to the Opera; gave money to the Poor: the Queen herself, now when the Constitution is accepted, hears voice of cheering. Bygone shall be bygone; the New Era *shall* begin! To and fro, amid those lamp-galaxies of the Elysian Fields, the Royal Carriage slowly wends and rolls; everywhere with *vivats*, from a multitude striving to be glad. Louis looks out, mainly on the variegated lamps and gay human groups, with satisfaction enough for the hour. In her Majesty's face, 'under that kind graceful smile a deep sadness is legible.'¹ Brilliancies, of valour and of wit stroll here observant: a Dame de Staël, leaning most probably on the arm of her Narbonne. She meets Deputies; who have built this Constitution; who saunter here with vague communings,—not without thoughts whether it will stand. But as yet melodious fiddle-strings twang and warble everywhere, with the rhythm of light fantastic feet; long lamp-galaxies fling their coloured radiance; and brass-lunged Hawkers elbow and bawl, "*Grande Acceptation, Constitution Monarchique*:" it behoves the Son of Adam to hope. Have not Lafayette, Barnave, and all Constitutionalists set their shoulders handsomely to the inverted pyramid of a throne? Feuillans, including almost the whole Constitutional Respectability of France, perorate nightly from their tribune; correspond through all Post-offices; denouncing unquiet Jacobinism; trusting well that *its* time is nigh done. Much is uncertain, questionable; but if the Hereditary Representative be wise and lucky, may one not, with a sanguine Gaelic temper, hope that he will get in motion better or worse; that what is wanting to him will gradually be gained and added?

For the rest, as we must repeat, in this building of the Constitutional Fabric, especially in this Revision of it, nothing that one could think of to give it new strength, especially to steady it, to give it permanence, and even eternity, has been forgotten. Biennial Parliament, to be called Legislative, *Assemblée Législative*; with Seven Hundred and Forty-five Members, chosen in a judicious

¹ De Staël, *Considérations*, i. c. 23, p. 434.

manner by the 'active citizens' alone, and even by electing of electors still more active: this, with privileges of Parliament, shall meet, self-authorised if need be, and self-dissolved; shall grant money-supplies and talk; watch over the administration and authorities; discharge forever the functions of a Constitutional Great Council, Collective Wisdom and National Palaver—as the Heavens will enable. Our First biennial Parliament, which indeed has been a-choosing since early in August, is now as good as chosen. Nay it has mostly got to Paris: it arrived gradually;—not without pathetic greeting to its venerable Parent, the now moribund Constituent; and sat there in the Galleries, reverently listening; ready to begin, the instant the ground were clear.

Then as to changes in the Constitution itself? This, impossible for any Legislative, or common biennial Parliament, and possible solely for some resuscitated Constituent or National Convention, is evidently one of the most ticklish points. The august moribund Assembly debated it for four entire days. Some thought a change, or at least a reviewal and new approval, might be admissible in thirty years, some even went lower, down to twenty, nay to fifteen. The august Assembly had once decided for thirty years; but it revoked that, on better thoughts; and did not fix any date of time, but merely some vague outline of a posture of circumstances, and, on the whole, left the matter hanging.¹ Doubtless a National Convention can be assembled even *within* the thirty years: yet one may hope, not; but that Legislatives, biennial Parliaments of the common kind, with their limited faculty, and perhaps quiet successive additions thereto, may suffice, for generations, or indeed while computed Time runs.

¹ Choix des Rapports, &c. (Paris, 1825), vi. 239-317. [No date for an Assembly to revise the Constitution was fixed, Lafayette sensibly carrying that it was undesirable to attempt to bind posterity. Malouet's still more interesting proposal, that until 1793 the Constitution should be considered provisional, and any constituted authority might petition against it, was of course rejected. When three successive Legislatures had proposed a change in the Constitution such change might be carried out by the fourth, but it was voted "undesirable that such change should be made for thirty years to come." The whole of subsequent French history is an ironical commentary on this clause. Robespierre had the last word in the debates on Revision, with a tremendous, though covert, denunciation of the *Triumvirate*, and a menace for the future. (See Duvergier de Hauranne, i. 186; Loménie, Les Mirabeau, v. 171; Ferrières, ii. 419.)]

Furthermore, be it noted that no member of this Constituent has been, or could be, elected to the new Legislative. Noble-minded were these Law-makers! cry some: and Solon-like would banish themselves.¹ So splenetic! cry more: each grudging the other, none daring to be outdone in self-denial by the other. So unwise in either case! answer all practical men. But consider this other self-denying ordinance, That none of us can be King's Minister, or accept the smallest Court Appointment, for the space of four, or at lowest (and on long debate and Revision), for the space of two years!² So moves the incorruptible seagreen Robespierre; with cheap magnanimity he; and none dare be outdone by him. It was such a law, not superfluous *then*, that sent Mirabeau to the gardens of Saint-Cloud, under cloak of darkness, to that colloquy of the gods; and thwarted many things. Happily and unhappily there is no Mirabeau now to thwart.

Welcomer meanwhile, welcome surely to all right hearts, is Lafayette's chivalrous Amnesty.³ Welcome too is that hard-wrung Union of Avignon;⁴ which has cost us, first and last, 'thirty sessions of debate,' and so much else: may it at length prove lucky! Rousseau's statue is decreed: virtuous Jean-Jacques, Evangelist of the Contrat Social. Not Drouet of Varennes; nor worthy Lataille, master of the old world-famous Tennis-Court in Versailles, is forgotten; but each has his honourable mention, and due reward in money.⁵ Whereupon, things being all so neatly

¹[May 16th '91.]

²[April 7th '91.]

³[Sept. 30th '91.]

⁴[The territory of Avignon and the Venaissin, Papal possessions since the fourteenth century, had always been a trouble to France, the city of Avignon especially becoming an asylum for smugglers and escaped convicts. The territory was governed by a Cardinal Legate. In Nov. '89 it had been proposed in the Assembly to unite it to France, and in June '90 a little Revolution in the city drove out the Cardinal Legate and demanded union. Carpentras, the capital of the Venaissin, was rather jealous of Avignon and opposed the union. The Assembly hesitated long: to seize Avignon, even in accordance with the wishes of its inhabitants, was to violate the public law of Europe, and for that it was hardly yet prepared. In Nov. '90, after endless debates, it was decided to request the King to send troops thither to preserve order. Finally the last act of the Constituent was to declare the union of the whole district with France, without compensation to the Pope. In these debates the principles of 1793 and 1795 are already foreshadowed; "natural frontiers" are talked of and the right to Avignon compared to the right to Alsace. But the troops had not been sent, and the massacres had meanwhile broken out (*vid. infr.*, ii. 159, *sqq.*.)]

⁵Moniteur, in Hist. Parl. xi. 473. [Two millions in all were voted for distribution among those who were employed in bringing the King back to Paris and in other

wind, and the Deputations, and Messages, and royal and other Ceremonials having rustled by; and the King having now affectionately perorated about peace and tranquillisation, and members having answered "*Oui ! oui !*" with effusion, even with tears,—President Thouret, he of the Law Reforms, rises, and, with a strong voice, utters these memorable last-words: "The National Constituent Assembly declares that it has finished its mission; and that its sittings are all ended." Incorruptible Robespierre, virtuous Petion are borne home on the shoulders of the people; with vivats heaven-high. The rest glide quietly to their respective places of abode. It is the last afternoon of September 1791; on the morrow morning the new Legislative will begin.

So, amid glitter of illuminated streets and Champs Elysées, and crackle of fireworks and glad deray, has the first National Assembly vanished; *dissolving*, as they well say, into blank Time; and is no more. National Assembly is gone, its work remaining; as all Bodies of men go, and as man himself goes: it had its beginning, and must likewise have its end. A Phantasm-Reality born of Time, as the rest of us are; flitting ever backwards now on the tide of Time; to be long remembered of men. Very strange Assemblages, Sanhedrims, Amphictyonics, Trades-Unions, Ecumenic Councils, Parliaments and Congresses, have met together on this Planet, and dispersed again; but a stranger Assemblage than this august Constituent, or with a stranger mission, perhaps never met there. Seen from the distance, this also will be a miracle. Twelve Hundred human individuals, with the Gospel of Jean-Jacques Rousseau in their pocket, congregating in the name of Twenty-five Millions, with full assurance of faith, to 'make the Constitution:' such sight, the acme and main product of the Eighteenth Century, our World can witness once only. For Time is rich in wonders, in monstrosities most rich; and is observed never to repeat himself, or any of his Gospels:—surely

services to the State: of this Drouet obtained 30,000 *livr.* and La Taille 6,000. La Taille's grant was almost the last act of the Constituent (Sept. 30th) (*Moniteur*, Aug. 19th '91, Oct. 2nd '91.)]

least of all, this Gospel according to Jean-Jacques. Once it was right and indispensable, since such had become the Belief of men ; but once also is enough.

They have made the Constitution, these Twelve Hundred Jean-Jacques Evangelists ; not without result. Near twenty-nine months they sat, with various fortune ; in various capacity ; —always, we may say, in that capacity of car-borne Carroccio, and miraculous Standard of the Revolt of Men, as a Thing high and lifted up ; whereon whosoever looked might hope healing. They have seen much, cannons levelled on them ; then suddenly, by interposition of the Powers, the cannons drawn back ; and a wargod Broglie vanishing, in thunder *not* his own, amid the dust and downrushing of a Bastille and Old Feudal France. They have suffered somewhat : Royal Session, with rain and Oath of the Tennis-Court ; Nights of Pentecost ; Insurrections of Women. Also have they not done somewhat ? Made the Constitution, and managed all things the while ; passed, in these twenty-nine months, ‘twenty-five hundred Decrees,’ which on the average is some three for each day, including Sundays ! Brevity, one finds, is possible, at times : had not Moreau de St. Méry to give three thousand orders before rising from his seat ?—There was valour (or value) in these men ; and a kind of faith,—were it only faith in this, That cobwebs are not cloth ; that a Constitution could be made. Cobwebs and chimeras ought verily to disappear ; for *a* Reality there is. Let formulas, soul-killing, and now grown body-killing, insupportable, begone, in the name of Heaven and Earth !—Time, as we say, brought forth these Twelve Hundred ; Eternity was before them, Eternity behind : they worked, as we all do, in the confluence of Two Eternities ; what work was given them. Say not that it was nothing they did. Consciously they did somewhat ; unconsciously how much ! They had their giants and their dwarfs, they accomplished their good and their evil ; they are gone, and return no more. Shall they not go with our blessing, in these circumstances ; with our mild farewell ?¹

¹[Sorel (who knows his countrymen well), ii. 466, points out that the Assembly was already long ago discredited in public opinion because it had *failed to govern*,

By post, by diligence, on saddle or sole; they are gone: towards the four winds. Not a few over the marches, to rank at Coblenz. Thither wended Maury, among others; but in the end towards Rome,—to be clothed there in red Cardinal plush; in falsehood as in a garment; pet-son (her *last* born?) of the Scarlet Woman. Talleyrand-Périgord, excommunicated Constitutional Bishop, will make his way to London: to be Ambassador, spite of the Self-denying Law; brisk young Marquis Chauvelin acting as Ambassador's-Cloak.¹ In London too, one finds Petion the virtuous; harangued and haranguing, pledging the wine-cup with Constitutional Reform-Clubs, in solemn tavern-dinner. Incorruptible Robespierre retires for a little to native Arras: seven short weeks of quiet; the last appointed him in this world. Public Accuser in the Paris Department, acknowledged highpriest of the Jacobins; the glass of incorruptible thin Patriotism, for his narrow emphasis is loved of all the narrow,—this man seems to be rising, somewhither? He sells his small heritage at Arras; accompanied by a Brother and a Sister, he returns, scheming out with resolute timidity a small sure destiny for himself and them, to his old lodging, at the Cabinet-maker's in the Rue St. Honoré:—O resolute-tremulous incorruptible seagreen man, towards *what* a destiny!

just as the old Monarchy was discredited for the same reason before '89. The New Legislative Assembly even more signally *failed to govern*, or rather prevented the ministers from governing, and so the inert mass of the nation was at last not unwilling to see if a Republican Executive would *govern* more successfully.]

¹[Carlyle here mixes up Talleyrand's two first missions to London, and antedates the first of them. It was not as ambassador, but in a private capacity, that he first went to London (Jan. '92—March '92), to sound not the English Government but the English Whig party—in short to intrigue against Pitt. The mission was part of Narbonne's policy of securing the neutrality, or perhaps even the alliance of England in the coming Continental war at the price of a West Indian island or two. Talleyrand was warmly received in Whig circles, notably at Lansdowne House. It was Biron not Chauvelin who accompanied him on this mission; and it was Talleyrand who afterwards suggested the despatch of Chauvelin as an accredited ambassador.]

His second mission, this time with Chauvelin, was at the end of April '92, after war had been declared on Austria; and this time he sought to obtain Pitt's consent to the establishment of Belgium as an independent Republic. But England only answered with a quasi-growl on the subject of Holland and of the Revolutionary propaganda.

Talleyrand returned on June 20th, and was again sent to London as Danton's emissary on Sept. 8th; when, learning that he was compromised by the papers found in the Iron press, he remained in England as an ordinary *Emigré*, till he went to America. (*Vid. supr.*, note on i. 147.)]

Lafayette, for his part, will lay down the command.¹ He retires Cincinnatus-like to his hearth and farm; but soon leaves them again. Our National Guard, however, shall henceforth have no one Commandant; but all Colonels shall command in succession, month about.² Other Deputies we have met, or Dame de Staël has met, 'sauntering in a thoughtful manner;' perhaps uncertain what to do. Some, as Barnave, the Lameths, and their Duport, will continue here in Paris; watching the new biennial Legislative, Parliament the First; teaching it to walk, if so might be; and the Court to lead it.

Thus these: sauntering in a thoughtful manner; travelling by post or diligence,—whither Fate beckons. Giant Mirabeau slumbers in the Pantheon of Great Men: and France? and Europe?—The brass-lunged Hawks sing "Grand Acceptation, Monarchic Constitution" through these gay crowds: the Morrow, grandson of Yesterday, must be what it can, as Today its father is. Our new biennial Legislative begins to constitute itself on the first of October 1791.

CHAPTER II

THE BOOK OF THE LAW

IF the august Constituent Assembly itself, fixing the regards of the Universe, could, at the present distance of time and place, gain comparatively small attention from us, how much less can this poor Legislative! It has its Right Side and its Left; the less Patriotic and the more, for Aristocrats exist not here or now: it spouts and speaks; listens to Reports, reads Bills and Laws; works in its vocation, for a season: but the History of France

¹[Oct. 8th '91.]

²[On Lafayette's resignation the National Guard underwent considerable changes. It was by the decrees of Sept. 23rd and 29th that each of the six *Legion* Commanders was to command in turn; but oddly enough the names of the old *districts* of Paris are retained for the *battalions* long after Paris was divided into *Sections*. Yet the same decree (of Sept. 29th) authorises each *Section* to provide itself with two pieces of cannon. The frequent additions of paid battalions constitute a puzzle. The effective force of *paid* troops at the end of '91 is calculated by Mortimer-Ternaux (i. 339) as 32,600 men: of the six Commandants three perished violently in 1792. (See Tourneux, ii. xi., *sqq.*)]

one finds, is seldom or never there. Unhappy Legislative, what can History do with it; if not drop a tear over it, almost in silence? First of the two-year Parliaments of France, which, if Paper Constitution and oft-repeated National Oath could avail aught, were to follow in softly-strong indissoluble sequence while Time ran,—it had to vanish dolefully within *one* year; and there came no second like it. Alas! your biennial Parliaments in endless indissoluble sequence; they, and all that Constitutional Fabric, built with such explosive Federation Oaths, and its top-stone brought out with dancing and variegated radiance, went to pieces, like frail crockery, in the crash of things; and already, in eleven short months, were in that Limbo near the Moon, with the ghosts of other Chimeras. There, except for rare specific purposes, let them rest, in melancholy peace.

On the whole, how unknown is a man to himself; or a public Body of men to itself! Æsop's fly sat on the chariot-wheel, exclaiming, What a dust I do raise! Great Governors, clad in purple with fasces and insignia, are governed by their valets, by the pouting of their women and children; or, in Constitutional countries, by the paragraphs of their Able Editors. Say not, I am this or that; I am doing this or that! For thou knowest *it* not, thou knowest only the name it as yet goes by. A purple Nebuchadnezzar rejoices to feel himself now verily Emperor of this great Babylon which he has builded; and *is* a nondescript biped-quadruped, on the eve of a seven-years course of grazing! These Seven Hundred and Forty-five elected individuals doubt not but they are the first biennial Parliament, come to govern France by parliamentary eloquence: and they *are* what? And they have come to do what? Things foolish and not wise!

It is much lamented by many that this First Biennial had no members of the old Constituent in it, with their experience of parties and parliamentary tactics; that such was their foolish Self-denying Law. Most surely, old members of the Constituent had been welcome to us here. But, on the other hand, what old or what new members of any Constituent under the Sun could have effectually profited? There are first biennial Parliaments so

postured as to be, in a sense, *beyond* wisdom ; where wisdom and folly differ only in degree, and wreckage and dissolution are the appointed issue for both.

Old-Constituents, your Barnaves, Lameths and the like, for whom a special Gallery has been set apart, where they may sit in honour and listen, are in the habit of sneering at these new Legislators ;¹ but let not us ! The poor Seven Hundred and Forty-five, sent together by the active citizens of France, are what they could be : do what is fated them. That they are of Patriot temper we can well understand. Aristocrat Noblesse had fled over the marches, or sat brooding silent in their unburnt Châteaux ; small prospect had they in Primary Electoral Assemblies. What with flights to Varennes, what with Days of Poniards, with plot after plot, the People are left to themselves ; the People must needs choose Defenders of the People, such as can be had. Choosing, as *they* also will ever do, ‘if not the ablest man, yet the man ablest to be chosen !’ Fervour of character, decided Patriot-Constitutional feeling ; these are qualities : but free utterance, mastership in tongue-fence ; this is the quality of qualities. Accordingly one finds, with little astonishment, in this First Biennial, that as many as Four hundred Members are of the Advocate or Attorney species. Men who can speak, if there be aught to speak : nay here are men also who can think, and even act. Candour will say of this ill-fated First French Parliament, that it wanted not its modicum of talent, its modicum of honesty ; that it, neither in the one respect nor in the other, sank below the average of Parliaments, but rose above the average. Let average Parliaments, whom the world does *not* guillotine, and cast forth to long infamy, be thankful not to themselves but to their stars !²

¹ Dumouriez, ii. 150, &c.

²[The great characteristic of the Legislative Assembly was the extreme youth of its members as a whole. There were few men of any mark among them ; most of them being esurient barristers, editors or pamphleteers. The Right might perhaps number 160, among whom were some honourable men such as Vaublanc, Beugnot, Daverhoul, Raymond, Hua, Dumas, Jaucourt, Pastoret and Théodore Lameth. The Left were over 300 in number, and the Centre on the whole inclined steadily to the Left. It was unfortunate that the elections to the Legislative took place during the temporary suspension of the Monarchy.]

France, as we say, has once more done what it could: fervid men have come together from wide separation; for strange issues. Fiery Max Isnard is come, from the utmost Southeast;¹ fiery Claude Fauchet, Te-Deum Fauchet Bishop of Calvados,² from the utmost Northwest. No Mirabeau now sits here, who had swallowed formulas: our only Mirabeau now is Danton, working as yet out of doors; whom some call 'Mirabeau of the Sansculottes.'

Nevertheless we have our gifts,—especially of speech and logic. An eloquent Vergniaud³ we have; most mellifluous yet most impetuous of public speakers; from the region named Gironde, of the Garonne: a man unfortunately of indolent habits; who will sit playing with your children, when he ought to be scheming and perorating. Sharp-bustling Guadet;⁴ considerate grave Gensonné;⁵ kind-sparkling mirthful young Ducos;⁶ Valazé⁷ doomed to a sad end: all these likewise are of that Gironde or Bourdeaux region: men of fervid Constitutional principles; of quick talent, irrefragable logic, clear respectability; who will have the Reign of Liberty establish itself, but only by respectable methods. Round whom others of like

¹[Isnard, *vid. supr.*, i. 403.]

²[Fauchet, *vid. supr.*, ii. 44.]

³[Vergniaud (Pierre-Victurnien) was the son of an army contractor, and was born at Limoges in 1753. He had been patronised by Turgot as a boy when the great minister was *Intendant* of the Limousin: and had at first studied theology, but finally decided for the bar and became one of the leading barristers at Bordeaux. He had been on the Administrative Council of the Department of the Gironde in 1790, and sat for that Department in the Legislative and Convention. There is no doubt of his extraordinary eloquence: but also none of his laziness and instability of character. He was guillotined with the other Girondins Oct. 31st '93. His speeches have been collected by M. Vermorel and a monograph written on him by M. Charles Vatel (Paris, 1873).]

⁴[Guadet, born at Saint-Émilion 1758, also a barrister, followed the fortunes of Vergniaud, sat for Gironde in Legislative and Convention, guillotined at Bordeaux Jan. 15th 1794.]

⁵[Gensonné, born at Bordeaux 1758, also a barrister, sat for the Gironde in Legislative and Convention: more of a statesman, less of an orator than Guadet or Vergniaud; guillotined with Vergniaud, Oct. 31st 1793.]

⁶[Ducos, a merchant at Bordeaux, born 1765, sat for Gironde in Legislative and Convention, guillotined Oct. 31st 1793.]

⁷[Valazé (C. E. Dufriche de), born at Alençon 1751, had served in the army as Lieutenant, then turned barrister, sat in the Convention (*not* in the Legislative at all) for the Department of Orne; was one of the more courageous among the not too courageous party of the Girondists; when condemned to death, Oct. 30th '93, with the rest, he committed suicide in the court.]

temper will gather; known by and by as *Girondins*, to the sorrowing wonder of the world. Of which sort note Condorcet,¹ Marquis and Philosopher; who has worked at much, at Paris Municipal Constitution, Differential Calculus, Newspaper *Chronique de Paris*, Biography, Philosophy; and now sits here as two-years Senator: a notable Condorcet, with stoical Roman face, and fiery heart; 'volcano hid under snow;' styled likewise, in irreverent language, '*mouton enragé*,' peaceablest of creatures bitten rabid! Or note, lastly, Jean-Pierre Brissot;² whom Destiny, long working noisily with him, has hurled hither, say, to have done with him. A biennial Senator he too; nay, for the present, the king of such. Restless, scheming, scribbling Brissot; who took to himself the style *de Warville*, heralds know not in the least why;—unless it were that the father of him did, in an unexceptionable manner, perform Cookery and Vintnery in the Village of *Ouarville*? A man of the windmill species, that grinds always, turning towards all winds; not in the steadiest manner.

In all these men there is talent, faculty to work; and they will do it: working and shaping, not *without* effect, though alas not in marble, only in quicksand!—But the highest faculty of them all remains yet to be mentioned; or indeed has yet to unfold itself for mention: Captain Hippolyte Carnot,³ sent hither

¹[Condorcet, *vid. supr.*, i. 171.]

²[Brissot, *vid. supr.*, i. 170.]

³[Carnot's name was not Hippolyte but Lazare Nicholas Marguerite. He was born at Nolay in 1753, the son of a notary. He had two distinguished brothers, and a distinguished son and grandson, the latter being once President of the French Republic. He was an officer in the Engineers 1777, captain 1783, won a prize for an *Éloge sur Vauban*, was for a moment in the Bastille, sent a *mémoire* on a financial question to the Constituent Assembly, sat in the Legislative and Convention for the Pas-de-Calais. Carlyle's judgment of him is excellent. He was absolutely deficient in statesmanship or political knowledge; but he was high-minded and clean-handed. A grim republican, he was prepared to serve any Government which would defend France, and even to sit in the *Comité de Salut Public* with Robespierre (whom he loathed) provided he could have a free hand for the reorganisation of the army; so he became, without ever having to conduct a campaign himself, the hero of the National defence of 1793—4 and the "Organiser of Victory." He stoutly defended the remaining Terrorists in the Thermidorian period, though he himself was in much danger after the insurrection of *Prairial*; became a Director; was banished in '97; returned '99 and was for a moment minister of war in the Consulate; protested almost alone of the old Republicans against the Consulate-for-life and the Empire, during which he retired into private life, only to emerge in time to defend Antwerp in 1814; he was

from the Pas de Calais ; with his cold mathematical head, and silent stubbornness of will : iron Carnot, far-planning, imperturbable, unconquerable ; who, in the hour of need, shall not be found wanting. His hair is yet black ; and it shall grow gray, under many kinds of fortune, bright and troublous ; and with iron aspect this man shall face them all.

Nor is *Côté Droit*, and band of King's friends, wanting : Vau-blanc,¹ Dumas,² Jaucourt the honoured Chevalier ;³ who love Liberty, yet with Monarchy over it ; and speak fearlessly according to that faith ;—whom the thick-coming hurricanes will sweep away. With them, let a new military Théodore Lameth be named ;⁴—were it only for his two Brothers' sake, who look down on him, approvingly there, from the Old-Constituents' Gallery. Frothy professing Pastorets,⁵ honey-mouthed conciliatory Lamourettes,⁶ and speechless nameless individuals sit plentiful, as Moderates, in the middle. Still less is a *Côté Gauche*

Minister of War during the 100 days, and was proscribed at the Restoration ; died at Magdebourg in 1823. His second son was Lazare Hippolyte who published in 1861 the well-known 'Mémoires sur Carnot.' His Correspondence, which was in course of publication by the late M. Charavay, is one of our principal sources of information on the army under the Terror.]

¹ [Vaublanc (Vincent Marie Vienot, Comte de), born 1756 at St. Domingo, served in the Army there, returned early to France and sat for Seine-et-Marne in the Legislative ; proscribed under the Terror he wandered over France on foot, took part in the insurrection of *Vendémiaire*, and was condemned to death for it, but pardoned ; served each successive Government till the fall of Charles X. ; has left interesting memoirs ; died 1845.]

² [Dumas (Mathieu, Comte), born 1753, served in America, sat in the Legislative, emigrated after Aug. 10th, returned '95, served all successive Governments and died a Peer of France in 1837.]

³ [Jaucourt (Arnauld François Marquis de), born 1757, Colonel of Dragoons in the old Army, sat in the Legislative, resigned his seat in July, imprisoned in the *Abbaye* and escaped with difficulty in the September massacres, emigrated to England, returned but did not serve the Empire ; died a Peer of France 1852 ; was a Protestant.]

⁴ [Théodore Comte de Lameth was the eldest of the three brothers, born 1756, Colonel in the cavalry before the Revolution, sat in the Legislative, emigrated after Aug. 10th, returned after Brumaire, and served no Government except that of the 100 days. Died 1854. (*Vid. supr.*, i. 183.)]

⁵ [Pastoret, born 1756, sat in the *Cour des Aides*, began life as a follower of Duport and only rallied to Royalism during the session of the Legislative, emigrated Aug. 10th, returned, served the Empire and Restoration ; Professor of Law in the College of France 1804, Chancellor of France 1829, died 1840.]

⁶ [Adrien Lamourette, born 1742, Grand Vicar of Arras in 1789, "Constitutional Bishop" of Lyons, sat in the Legislative, was in Lyons during the siege and arrested there, guillotined at Paris Jan. 10th 1794.]

wanting: extreme Left; sitting on the topmost benches, as if aloft on its speculative Height or *Mountain*, which will become a practical fulminatory Height, and make the name of Mountain famous-infamous to all times and lands.

Honour waits not on this Mountain; nor as yet even loud dishonour. Gifts it boasts not, nor graces, of speaking or of thinking; solely this one gift of assured faith, of audacity that will defy the Earth and the Heavens. Foremost here are the Cordelier Trio: hot Merlin from Thionville,¹ hot Bazire,² Attorneys both; Chabot,³ disrobed Capuchin, skilful in agio. Lawyer Lacroix,⁴ who wore once as subaltern the single epaulette, has loud lungs and a hungry heart. There too is Couthon, little dreaming *what* he is;—whom a sad chance has paralysed in the lower extremities. For, it seems, he sat once a whole night, not warm in his true-love's bower (who indeed was by law another's), but sunken to the middle in a cold peat-bog, being hunted out from her; quaking for his life, in the cold quaking morass;⁵ and goes now on crutches to the end. Cambon likewise, in whom slumbers undeveloped such a finance-talent for printing

¹[Merlin of Thionville (so called to distinguish him from Merlin of Douai), born 1762, trained for the Church, sat in Legislative and Convention, defended Mainz against the Prussians 1793, was sent to La Vendée with the garrison of Mainz, took an active part against Robespierre at Thermidor, retired into private life 1798, only emerging during the 100 days, died 1833.]

²[Bazire, born 1764, a follower of Danton's, needy barrister, sat in Legislative and Convention, got involved in disreputable stock exchange transactions with the brothers Frey, guillotined April 5th '94.]

³[Chabot, a Capuchin friar, born 1759, Vicar of "Bishop" Grégoire, deputy to Legislative and Convention, guillotined with Danton April 5th '94.]

⁴[Lacroix, another follower of Danton born 1754, sat in Legislative and Convention, followed Danton to Belgium in the autumn of '92 and made a fortune there by questionable means, executed with the Dantonists, April 5th '94. The 'single epaulette' is a reference to his having served in the *Gendarmerie*.]

⁵Dumouriez, ii. 370. [Georges Couthon, born 1756 in Auvergne, a barrister, sat for Puy-de-Dôme in Legislative and Convention. He was a great orator and a man of sincere convictions, though of the most violent kind. He seems really to have believed in Robespierre, and stuck to him to the last; which is curious, because on first entering the Convention he seems to have leant more towards the Girondins. He was a member of the great *Comité de Salut Public* (July '93), one of the chiefs in the massacres at Lyons; guillotined with Robespierre at Thermidor. His Correspondence has been published by M. Mège in the 'Documents Inédits sur la Rév. Française,' Paris, 1870. For the history of his paralysis (in one leg only, and that only a violent rheumatic affection) see Mège, p. 15, who refutes the story of its origin given here by Carlyle.]

of Assignats; Father of Paper-money; who, in the hour of menace, shall utter this stern sentence. "War to the Manor-house, peace to the Hut, *Guerre aux Châteaux, paix aux Chaumières!*"¹ Lecointre,² the intrepid Draper of Versailles, is welcome here; known since the Opera-Repast and Insurrection of Women. Thuriot³ too; Elector Thuriot, who stood in the embrasures of the Bastille, and saw Saint-Antoine rising in mass; who has many other things to see. Last and grimmest of all, note old Ruhl,⁴ with his brown dusky face and long white hair; of Alsatian Lutheran breed; a man whom age and book-learning have not taught; who, haranguing the old men of Rheims, shall hold up the sacred *Ampulla*⁵ (Heaven-sent, wherefrom Clovis and all Kings have been anointed) as a mere worthless oil-bottle, and dash it to sherds on the pavement there; who, alas, shall dash much to sherds, and finally his own wild head by pistol-shot, and *so end it*.

Such lava welters redhot in the bowels of this Mountain; unknown to the world and to itself! A mere commonplace Mountain hitherto; distinguished from the Plain chiefly by its superior *barrenness*, its baldness of look: at the utmost it may,

¹ Choix des Rapports, xi. 25. [Cambon, a merchant at Montpellier, born 1754: was never a real *Montagnard* nor a party man at all. He was the only person who could during the Revolution lay any claim to the title of a financier; a member of the first (Dantonist) *Comité de Salut Public*, April—July '93, the creator of the *Livre Rouge* with which the Government pretended to begin the liquidation of the Debt (Aug. '93); in a manner subsidiary to Carnot he must be regarded as one of the heroes of the National defence in '93—4, for he had to find the means for it, and somehow or other he found them. He earned the hatred of all parties by belonging to none, and was proscribed in the spring of '95; amnestied in '96, he retired with honourable independence to his business at Montpellier, and after that time served only the Government of the 100 days. Exiled 1816, died 1820. It is absurd to call him the father of paper money, a title that should rather be given to Clavière.]

² [Lecointre, *vid. supr.*, note i. 172.]

³ [Thuriot, *vid. supr.*, note i. 238.]

⁴ [Ruhl, a Protestant minister at Strasburg; date of his birth unknown; sat in Legislative and Convention for Bas-Rhin, member of *Comité de Sûreté Générale*, 1793—4. Arrested during the insurrection of *Prairial*, he stabbed himself in court.]

⁵ [The *Ampoule*, said to have been brought by an angel at the prayer of St. Remi for the anointing of Clovis, was preserved in the Abbey of Saint-Remi at Rheims in a reliquary of crystal and gold; the abbot was its perpetual guardian, and only delivered it to the Archbishop of Rheims on the occasion of the *Sacre*; the anointing ceremony took place on nine separate parts of the Royal person before the crown was placed on the King's head. The *Ampoule* was broken by Ruhl on July 7th, 1793.]

to the most observant, perceptibly *smoke*. For as yet all lies so solid, peaceable; and doubts not, as was said, that it will endure while Time runs. Do not all love Liberty and the Constitution? All heartily;—and yet with degrees. Some, as Chevalier Jaucourt and his Right Side, may love Liberty less than Royalty, were the trial made; others, as Brissot and his Left Side, may love it more than Royalty. Nay again, of these latter some may love Liberty more than Law itself; others not more. Parties *will* unfold themselves; no mortal as yet knows how. Forces work within these men and without: dissidence grows opposition; ever widening; waxing into incompatibility and internecine feud; till the strong is abolished by a stronger; himself in his turn by a strongest! Who can help it? Jaucourt and his Monarchists, Feuillans, or Moderates; Brissot and his Brissotins, Jacobins, or Girondins; these, with the Cordelier Trio, and all men, must work what is appointed them, and in the way appointed them.¹

And to think what fate these poor Seven Hundred and Forty-five are assembled, most unwittingly, to meet! Let no heart be so hard as not to pity them. Their soul's wish was to live and work as the First of the French Parliaments; and make the Constitution march.² Did they not, at their very instalment, go through the most affecting Constitutional ceremony, almost with tears? The Twelve eldest are sent solemnly to fetch the Constitution itself, the printed Book of the Law. Archivist Camus,³ an Old-Constituent appointed Archivist, he and the Ancient

¹[The names *Girondist* and *Gironde* never appear as party names during the Legislative; all the left are lumped together by contemporaries either as *Brissotins* or *Jacobins*, and the name *Montagne* is used for the extreme wing of this party. (See Biré, *La Légende des Girondins* (Paris, 1882), 34.)]

²[This sentence is contradictory of much that Carlyle has just said; it is evident that the extreme left wanted to discredit the Constitution in order to establish a Republic, and the extreme right desired to alter it considerably in order to restore the Royal prerogative.]

³[Camus, born 1740, Advocate of the Clergy, a rigid Jansenist, deputy for the *Tiers-Etat* of Paris to the States-General, nominated to the control of the National Archives 1789 (August), deputy to Convention, delivered with other prisoners to the Austrians by Dumouriez, and exchanged for Madame Royale 1795, member of the Council of 500, died 1804. He was one of the authors of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy; and, though of great personal piety, always of extreme opinions.]

Twelve, amid blare of military pomp and clangour, enter, bearing the divine Book : and President and all Legislative Senators, laying their hand on the same, successively take the Oath, with cheers and heart-effusion, universal three-times-three.¹ In this manner they begin their Session. Unhappy mortals ! For, that same day, his Majesty having received their Deputation of welcome, as seemed, rather drily, the Deputation cannot but feel slighted, cannot but lament such slight : and thereupon our cheering swearing First Parliament sees itself, on the morrow, obliged to explode into fierce retaliatory sputter of anti-royal Enactment as to how they, for their part, will receive Majesty ; and how Majesty shall not be called Sire any more, except they please : and then, on the following day, to recall this Enactment of theirs, as too hasty, and a mere sputter, though not unprovoked.²

An effervescent well-intentioned set of Senators ; too combustible, where continual sparks are flying ! Their History is a series of sputters and quarrels ; true desire to do their function, fatal impossibility to do it. Denunciations, reprimandings of King's Ministers, of traitors supposed and real ; hot rage and fulmination against fulminating Emigrants ; terror of Austrian Kaiser, of 'Austrian Committee' in the Tuileries itself ; rage and haunting terror, haste and doubt and dim bewilderment !—Haste, we say ; and yet the Constitution had provided against haste. No Bill can be passed till it have been printed, till it have been thrice read, with intervals of eight days ;—'unless the Assembly shall beforehand decree that there is urgency.' Which, accordingly the Assembly, scrupulous of the Constitution, never omits to do : Considering this, and also considering that, and then that other, the Assembly decrees always '*qu'il y a urgence ;*' and thereupon 'the Assembly, having decreed that there is urgency,' is free to decree—what indispensable distracted thing seems best to it. Two thousand and odd decrees, as men reckon,

¹ Moniteur, Séance du 4 Octobre 1791.

² [Oct. 5th—Oct. 6th. The motion was Couthon's ; the motion for repeal was Vosgien's. Morris (i. 461) says that the repeal was 'due to outside opinion ;' Paris apparently becoming alarmed at the prospect of a bankruptcy, 'for it exists upon the interests of the National Debt.']

within Eleven months!¹ The haste of the Constituent seemed great; but this is treble-quick. For the time itself is rushing treble-quick; and they have to keep pace with that. Unhappy Seven Hundred and Forty-five: true-patriotic, but so combustible; being fired, they must needs fling fire: Senate of touch-wood and rockets, in a world of smoke-storm, with sparks wind-driven continually flying!

Or think, on the other hand, looking forward some months, of that scene they call *Baiser de Lamourette*!² The dangers of the country are now grown imminent, immeasurable; National Assembly, hope of France, is divided against itself. In such extreme circumstances, honey-mouthed Abbé Lamourette, new Bishop of Lyons, rises, whose name, *l'amourette*, signifies *the sweetheart*, or Delilah doxy,—he rises, and, with pathetic honeyed eloquence, calls on all august Senators to forget mutual griefs and grudges, to swear a new oath, and unite as brothers. Whereupon they all, with vivats, embrace and swear; Left Side confounding itself with Right; barren Mountain rushing down to fruitful Plain, Pastoret into the arms of Condorcet, injured to the breast of injurer, with tears: and all swearing that whosoever wishes either Feuillant Two-Chamber Monarchy or Extreme-Jacobin Republic, or any thing but the Constitution and that only, shall be anathema maranatha.³ Touching to behold! For, literally on the morrow morning, they must again quarrel, driven by Fate; and their sublime reconciliation is called derisively the *Baiser de L'amourette*, or Delilah Kiss.

Like fated Eteocles-Polynices Brothers, embracing, though in vain; weeping that they must not love, that they must hate only, and die by each other's hands! Or say, like doomed Familiar Spirits; ordered, by Art Magic under penalties, to do a harder

¹ Montgaillard, iii. 1, 237.

² [*Baiser Lamourette* (not *de Lamourette*) was not till July 7th '92. Malouet, writing to Mallet du Pan, attributes it to a momentary fear of both parties (Mallet, i. 314). A deputation of twenty-four was sent to carry the news to the King. The King came to the Assembly, expressed his gratification and was well received (for the last time). It is unfortunate that it should be placed so utterly out of chronological order here. (See Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 35.)]

³ Moniteur, Séance du 6 Juillet 1792.

than twist ropes of sand : 'to make the Constitution march.' If the Constitution would but march! Alas, the Constitution will not stir. It falls on its face; they tremblingly lift it on end again : march, thou gold Constitution! The Constitution will not march.—“He shall march, by ——!” said kind Uncle Toby, and even swore. The Corporal answered mournfully :¹ “He will never march in this world.”

A Constitution, as we often say, will march when it images, if not the old Habits and Beliefs of the Constituted; then accurately their Rights, or better indeed their Might;—for these two, well-understood, are they not one and the same? The old Habits of France are gone : her new Rights and Might are not yet ascertained, except in Paper-theorem; nor can be, in any sort, till she have *tried*. Till she have measured herself, in fell death-grip, and were it in utmost preternatural spasm of madness, with Principalities and Powers, with the upper and the under, internal and external; with the Earth and Tophet and the very Heaven! Then will she know.—Three things bode ill for the marching of this French Constitution : the French People; the French King; thirdly, the French Noblesse and an assembled European World.

CHAPTER III

AVIGNON

BUT quitting generalities, what strange Fact is this, in the far Southwest, towards which the eyes of all men do now, in the end of October, bend themselves? A tragical combustion, long smoking and smouldering unluminous, has now burst into flame there.

Hot is that Southern Provençal blood : alas, collisions, as was once said, must occur in a career of Freedom; different directions will produce such; nay different *velocities* in the same direction will! To much that went on there, History, busied elsewhere, would not specially give heed : to troubles of Uzès, troubles of

¹ [Tristram Shandy, Edition 1782, vol. iv. cap. 51, very loosely quoted. The last words of the paragraph are “Ah, well-a-day!—do what we can for him,” said Trim, maintaining his point, “the poor soul will die;”—“He shall not die, by G—,” cried my uncle Toby. It is from the ‘Story of Le Fèvre.’]

Nismes, Protestant and Catholic, Patriot and Aristocrat; to troubles of Marseilles, Montpellier, Arles; to Aristocrat Camp of Jalès, that wondrous real-imaginary Entity, now fading pale-dim, then always again glowing forth deep-hued (in the imagination mainly);—ominous magical, ‘an Aristocrat *picture* of war done naturally!’ All this was a tragical deadly combustion, with plot and riot, tumult by night and by day; but a *dark* combustion, not luminous, not noticed; which now, however, one cannot help noticing.

Above all places, the unluminous combustion in Avignon and the Comtat Venaissin was fierce. Papal Avignon, with its Castle rising sheer over the Rhône-stream; beautifullest Town, with its purple vines and gold-orange groves; why must foolish old rhyming Réné, the last Sovereign of Provence, bequeath it to the Pope and Gold Tiara, not rather to Louis Eleventh with the Leaden Virgin in his hatband? ¹ For good and for evil! Popes, Antipopes, with their pomp, have dwelt in that Castle of Avignon rising sheer over the Rhône-stream: there Laura de Sade went to hear mass; her Petrarch twanging and singing by the Fountain of Vaucluse hard by, surely in a most melancholy manner. This was in the old days.

And now in these new days such issues do come from a squirt of the pen by some foolish rhyming Réné, after centuries,—this is what we have: Jourdan *Coupe-tête*,² leading to siege and warfare an Army, from three to fifteen thousand strong, called the Brigands of Avignon; which title they themselves accept, with the addition of an epithet, ‘The *brave* Brigands of Avignon!’ It is even so. Jourdan the Headsman fled hither from that Châtelet Inquest, from that Insurrection of Women; and began dealing in madder: but the scene was rife in other than dye-stuffs; so Jourdan shut his madder-shop, and has risen, for he was the

¹[It was not Réné (died 1480) but Joanna I. of Naples who sold Avignon in 1348 to Pope Clement VI. for 80,000 gold florins. The Venaissin had been papal territory ever since 1271. (See Lavissee et Rambaud, Hist. Gén. iii. 313; and Lodge, Close of the Middle Ages (London, 1901), pp. 47 and 153.)]

²[*Vid.* note *supr.*, i. 171.]

man to do it. The tile-beard of Jourdan is shaven off; his fat visage has got coppered and studded with black carbuncles; the Silenus trunk is swollen with drink and high living: he wears blue National uniform with epaulettes, 'an enormous sabre, two horse-pistols crossed in his belt, and other two smaller sticking from his pockets;' styles himself General, and is the tyrant of men.¹ Consider this one fact, O Reader; and what sort of facts must have preceded it, must accompany it! Such things come of old René; and of the question which has risen, Whether Avignon cannot now cease wholly to be Papal, and become French and free?

For some twenty-five months the confusion has lasted.² Say three months of arguing; then seven of raging; then finally some fifteen months now of fighting, and even of hanging. For already in February 1790, the Papal Aristocrats had set up four gibbets, for a sign; but the People rose in June, in retributive frenzy; and, forcing the public Hangman to act, hanged four Aristocrats, on each Papal gibbet a Papal Haman. Then were Avignon Emigrations, Papal Aristocrats emigrating over the Rhône River; demission of Papal Consul, flight, victory: re-entrance of Papal Legate, truce, and new onslaught; and the various turns of war. Petitions there were to National Assembly; Congresses of Townships; threescore and odd Townships voting for French Reunion, and the blessings of Liberty; while some twelve of the smaller, manipulated by Aristocrats, gave vote the other way: with shrieks and discord! Township against Township, Town against Town: Carpentras, long jealous of Avignon, is now turned out in open war with it;—and Jourdan *Coupe-tête*, your first General being killed in mutiny, closes his dye-shop; and does there visibly, with siege-artillery, above all with bluster and tumult, with the 'brave Brigands of Avignon,' beleaguer the rival Town, for two months, in the face of the world.

Feats were done, doubt it not, far-famed in Parish History; but to Universal History unknown. Gibbets we see rise, on the

¹ Dampmartin, *Événemens*, i. 267.

² [*Vid.* note *supr.*, ii. 143.]

one side and on the other ; and wretched carcasses swinging there, a dozen in the row ; wretched Mayor of Vaison buried before dead.¹ The fruitful seedfields lie unreaped, the vineyards trampled down ; there is red cruelty, madness of universal cholera and gall. Havoc and anarchy everywhere ; a combustion most fierce, but *unlucent*, not to be noticed here !—Finally, as we saw, on the 14th of September last, the National Constituent Assembly,—having sent Commissioners and heard them ;² having heard Petitions, held Debates, month after month ever since August 1789 ; and on the whole ‘ spent thirty sittings ’ on this matter,—did solemnly decree that Avignon and the Comtat were incorporated with France, and his Holiness the Pope should have what indemnity was reasonable.³

And so hereby all is amnestied and finished ? Alas, when madness of cholera has gone through the blood of men, and gibbets have swung on this side and on that, what will a parchment Decree and Lafayette Amnesty do ? Oblivious Lethe flows not *above* ground ! Papal Aristocrats and Patriot Brigands are still an eye-sorrow to each other ; suspected, suspicious, in what they do and forbear. The august Constituent Assembly is gone but a fortnight, when, on Sunday the Sixteenth morning of October 1791, the unquenched combustion suddenly becomes luminous. For Anti-constitutional Placards are up, and the Statue of the Virgin is said to have shed tears, and grown red.⁴ Wherefore, on that morning, Patriot l’Escuyer, one of our ‘ six leading Patriots,’ having taken counsel with his brethren and General Jourdan, determines on going to Church, in company with a friend or two : not to hear mass, which he values little ; but to meet all the Papalists there in a body, nay to meet that same weeping Virgin,

¹ Barbaroux, Mémoires, p. 26.

² Lescène Desmaisons, Compte rendu à l’Assemblée Nationale 10 Septembre 1791 (Choix des Rapports, vii. 273-93).

³ [The hardship of this lay not in the union to France of Avignon (which desired union), or even of Carpentras and the Venaissin (which did not) ; but in the culpable slackness of the French Government—both King and Assembly—in not sending troops to preserve order. That really gave away the lives of the respectable people of both Avignon and Carpentras into the hands of the Brigands.]

⁴ Procès verbal de la Commune d’Avignon, &c. (in Hist. Parl. xii. 419-23).

for it is the Cordeliers Church ; and give them a word of admonition. Adventurous errand ; which has the fatallest issue ! What L'Escuyer's word of admonition might be, no History records ; but the answer to it was a shrieking howl from the Aristocrat Papal worshippers, many of them women. A thousand-voiced shriek and menace ; which, as L'Escuyer did not fly, became a thousand-handed hustle and jostle ; a thousand-footed kick, with tumbings and tramlings, with the pricking of sempstress stilettoes, scissors and female pointed instruments. Horrible to behold ; the ancient Dead, and Petrarchan Laura, sleeping round it there ;¹ high Altar and burning tapers looking down on it ; the Virgin quite tearless, and of the natural stone-colour !—L'Escuyer's friend or two rush off, like Job's Messengers, for Jourdan and the National Force. But heavy Jourdan will seize the Town-Gates first ; does not run treble-fast, as he might : on arriving at the Cordeliers Church, the Church is silent, vacant ; L'Escuyer, all alone, lies there, swimming in his blood, at the foot of the high Altar ; pricked with scissors, trodden, massacred ;—gives one dumb sob, and gasps out his miserable life forevermore.²

Sight to stir the heart of any man ; much more of many men, self-styled Brigands of Avignon ! The corpse of L'Escuyer, stretched on a bier, the ghastly head girt with laurel, is borne through the streets ; with many-voiced unmelodious *Nenia* ; funeral-wail still deeper than it is loud ! The copper-face of Jourdan, of bereft Patriotism, has grown black. Patriot Municipality despatches official Narrative and tidings to Paris ; orders numerous or innumerable arrestments for inquest and perquisition. Aristocrats male and female are haled to the Castle ; lie crowded in subterranean dungeons there, bemoaned by the hoarse rushing of the Rhône ; cut out from help.

So lie they ; waiting inquest and perquisition. Alas ! with

¹ Ugo Foscolo, Essay on Petrarch, p. 35.

² The Brigands had taken possession of the old Papal castle, and Lescuyer, one of the members of the Electoral Assembly of Avignon, was attempting to carry off the funds of the *Mont de Piété* for the benefit of the Brigands, when the Papalists rose and murdered him. Jourdan and his friends knew of the approach of the French troops, and, thinking they were nearer than they really were, determined to murder their opponents first (Von Sybel, i. 412).]

a Jourdan Headsman for Generalissimo, with his copper-face grown black, and armed Brigand Patriots chanting their *Nenia*, the inquest is likely to be brief. On the next day and the next, let Municipality consent or not, a Brigand Court-Martial establishes itself in the subterranean stories of the Castle of Avignon; Brigand Executioners, with naked sabre, waiting at the door for a Brigand verdict. Short judgment, no appeal! There is Brigand wrath and vengeance; not unrefreshed by brandy. Close by is the dungeon of the *Glacière*,¹ or Ice-Tower: there may be deeds done—? For which language has no name!—Darkness and the shadow of horrid cruelty envelopes these Castle Dungeons, that *Glacière* Tower: clear only that many have entered, that few have returned. Jourdan and the Brigands, supreme now over Municipals, over all authorities Patriot or Papal, reign in Avignon, waited on by Terror and Silence.

The result of all which is, that, on the 15th of November 1791, we behold Friend Dampmartin, and subalterns beneath him, and General Choisi above him, with Infantry and Cavalry, and proper cannon-carriages rattling in front, with spread banners, to the sound of fife and drum, wend, in a deliberate formidable manner, towards that sheer Castle Rock, towards those broad Gates of Avignon; three new National-Assembly Commissioners following at safe distance in the rear.² Avignon, summoned in the name of Assembly and Law, flings its Gates wide open; Choisi with the rest, Dampmartin and the '*Bons Enfants*, Good Boys, of *Baufremont*,'—so they name these brave Constitutional Dragoons, known to them of old,—do enter, amid shouts and scattered flowers. To the joy of all honest persons; to the terror only of Jourdan Headsman and the Brigands. Nay next we behold carbuncled swollen Jourdan himself show copper-face, with sabre and four pistols; affecting to talk high; engaging, meanwhile, to surrender the Castle that instant. So the Choisi Grenadiers enter with him there. They start and stop, passing that *Glacière*, snuffing its horrible breath; with wild yell, with

¹[The *Glacière* is one of the seven towers of the old Papal palace.]

²Dampmartin, i. 251-94.

cries of "Cut the Butcher down!"—and Jourdan has to whisk himself through secret passages, and instantaneously vanish.

Be the mystery of iniquity laid bare then! A Hundred and Thirty Corpses,¹ of men, nay of women and even children (for the trembling mother, hastily seized, could not leave her infant), lie heaped in that *Glacière*; putrid, under putridities: the horror of the world. For three days there is mournful lifting out, and recognition; amid the cries and movements of a passionate Southern people, now kneeling in prayer, now storming in wild pity and rage: lastly there is solemn sepulture, with muffled drums, religious requiem, and all the people's wail and tears. Their Massacred rest now in holy ground; buried in one grave.

And Jourdan *Coupe-tête*? Him also we behold again, after a day or two: in flight, through the most romantic Petrarchan hill-country; vehemently spurring his nag; young Ligonnet, a brisk youth of Avignon, with Choisi Dragoons, close in his rear! With such swollen mass of a rider no nag can run to advantage. The tired nag, spur-driven, does take the River Sorgue; but sticks in the middle of it; firm on that *chiaro fondo di Sorga*; and will proceed no further for spurring! Young Ligonnet dashes up; the Copper-face menaces and bellows, draws pistol, perhaps even snaps it; is nevertheless seized by the collar; is tied firm, ancles under horse's belly, and ridden back to Avignon, hardly to be saved from massacre on the streets there.²

Such is the combustion of Avignon and the Southwest, when it becomes luminous. Long loud debate is in the august Legislative, in the Mother-Society, as to what now shall be done with it. Amnesty,³ cry eloquent Vergniaud and all Patriots: let there be mutual pardon and repentance, restoration, pacification,

¹[Von Sybel gives 110 as the figure; some 2,000 brigands were expelled from the city by the French troops.]

²Dampmartin, *ubi supra*. [Dampmartin calls him Ligoné.]

³[The Amnesty to the Avignon murderers occupied a great deal of the time of the Assembly until the following spring, and produced a notable if somewhat Jesuitical speech from Vergniaud (March 19th '92) in which he argued that some of the crimes were committed before, some after the amnesty of Sept. 30th '91. This was of course assuming that the massacre of Oct. 16th was an ordinary episode in the little civil war which had been sputtering for nearly a year in that country.]

and, if so might anyhow be, an end! Which vote ultimately prevails.¹ So the Southwest smoulders and welters again in an 'Amnesty,' or Non-remembrance, which alas cannot *but* remember, no Lethe flowing above ground! Jourdan himself remains unchanged; gets loose again, as one not yet gallows-ripe; nay, as we transiently discern from the distance, is 'carried in triumph through the cities of the South.'² What things men carry!

With which transient glimpse, of a Copper-faced Portent faring in this manner through the cities of the South, we must quit these regions;—and let them smoulder. They want not their Aristocrats; proud old Nobles, not yet emigrated. Arles has its '*Chiffonne*,' so, in symbolical cant, they name that Aristocrat Secret-Association; Arles has its pavements piled up, by and by, into Aristocrat barricades. Against which Rebecqui, the hot-clear Patriot must lead Marseillaise with cannon. The Bar of Iron has not yet risen to the top in the Bay of Marseilles; neither have these hot Sons of the Phoceans submitted to be slaves. By clear management and hot instance, Rebecqui dissipates that *Chiffonne*, without bloodshed; restores the pavement of Arles. He sails in Coast-barks, this Rebecqui, scrutinising suspicious Martello-towers, with the keen eye of Patriotism; marches overland with despatch, singly, or in force; to City after City; dim scouring far and wide;³—argues, and if it must be, fights.⁴ For there is much to do; Jalès itself is looking suspicious. So that Legislator Fauchet, after debate on it, has to propose Commissioners and a Camp on the plain of Beaucaire; with or without result.

Of all which, and much else, let us note only this small consequence, that Young Barbaroux, Advocate, Town-Clerk of Marseilles, being charged to have these things remedied, arrives

¹[March 20th '92.]

²*Deux Amis*, vii. (Paris, 1797), pp. 59-71.

³Barbaroux, p. 21; *Hist. Parl.* xiii. 421-4.

⁴[Rebecqui, born at Marseilles in 1760, was a member of its Departmental Directory and had served as civil commissary at Avignon after the massacre. He followed Barbaroux to Paris, threw in his lot with the same Girondist party, sat in the Convention for Bouches-du-Rhône, resigned his seat in April '93, was outlawed after May 31st, drowned himself May 6th '94.]

at Paris in the month of February 1792.¹ The beautiful and brave: young Spartan, ripe in energy, not ripe in wisdom; over whose black doom there shall flit nevertheless a certain ruddy fervour, streaks of bright Southern tint, not wholly swallowed of Death! Note also that the Rolands of Lyons are again in Paris;² for the second and final time. King's Inspectorship is abrogated at Lyons,³ as elsewhere: Roland has his retiring-pension to claim, if attainable; has Patriot friends to commune with; at lowest, has a Book to publish. That young Barbaroux and the Rolands came together; that elderly Spartan Roland liked, or even loved the young Spartan, and was loved by him, one can fancy: and Madame ——? Breathe not, thou poison-breath, Evil-speech! That soul is taintless, clear as the mirror-sea. And yet if they two did look into each other's eyes, and each, in silence, in tragical renunciation, did find that the other was all-too lovely? *Honi soit!* She calls him 'beautiful as Antinous': he 'will speak elsewhere of that astonishing woman.' —A Madame d'Udon (or some such name, for Dumont does not recollect quite clearly) gives copious Breakfast to the Brissotin Deputies and us Friends of Freedom, at her House in the Place Vendôme; with temporary celebrity, with graces and wreathed smiles; not without cost. There, amid wide babble and jingle, our plan of Legislative Debate is settled for the day, and much counselling held. Strict Roland is seen there, but does not go often.⁴

¹[March.]

²[Dec. 15th '91.]

³[The Lyons silk industry remained fairly prosperous till 1792. Before the Revolution Lyons worked up all the home-grown silk of France, and imported 27 millions' worth of the raw material. During the years 1792—9 it hardly used one-quarter of the home-grown material, and imported none (*see Rev. de la Rév.* vii. 85).]

⁴Dumont, *Souvenirs*, p. 261. [In Feb. '92 the Radical party in Marseilles got the upper hand in the small civil war which raged all over the South-Eastern corner of France from Oct. '91 to the end of '93. About the same time the moderates in Arles got the upper hand in that city; everywhere else in the district parties were more evenly balanced. Barbaroux was sent to Paris (March '92) to denounce to the Assembly the aristocratic tendencies of Arles, and he there fell entirely into the toils of Mme Roland, posing as one of her platonic lovers. About the same time (March 12th) Rebecqui led 4,000 *Marseillais* with six cannons against Arles, and was completely successful. The Assembly in Paris was delighted, and ordered the disarming of all respectable citizens in Arles. These successes of the *Marseillais*,

CHAPTER IV

NO SUGAR

SUCH are our inward troubles ; seen in the Cities of the South ; extant, seen or unseen, in all cities and districts, North as well as South. For in all are Aristocrats, more or less malignant ; watched by Patriotism ; which again, being of various shades, from light Fayetteist-Feuillant down to deep-sombre Jacobin, has to watch even *itself*.

Directories of Departments, what we call County Magistracies, being chosen by Citizens of a too 'active' class, are found to pull one way ; Municipalities, Town Magistracies, to pull the other way.¹ In all places too are Dissident Priests ; whom the Legislative will have to deal with : contumacious individuals, working on that angriest of passions ; plotting, enlisting for Coblentz ; or suspected of plotting : fuel of a universal unconstitutional heat. What to do with them ? They may be conscientious as well as contumacious : gently they should be dealt with, and yet it must be speedily. In unilluminated La Vendée the simple are like to be seduced by them ; many a simple peasant, a Cathelineau² the wooldealer wayfaring meditative with his woolpacks, in these hamlets, dubiously shakes his head !

and the missson of Barbaroux, put it into the head of the Paris Radicals to use them against the Tuileries when the time should come. (See Von Sybel, i. 415, 436 ; and *vid. infr.*, ii. 228-9.)]

¹[The President of the Directory of the Department of the Seine (Paris) was the Duc de La Rochefoucauld ; four moderate ex-Constituents also sat in it (Talleyrand being one) ; Rœderer was its *procureur-syndic*. Mirabeau had been a member of it, and had placed some confidence in its action ; he had a hand in drawing up the address against disorder with which it placarded the walls of Paris on March 4th (see Schmidt, Tableaux de la Rév. Fr. i. 12-16). It was at perpetual variance with the *Conseil-Général* of the *Commune*, in which the January elections had produced the return of several very violent men, such as Panis and Sergent (a barrister and an engraver), both unheard of men at the time. The *Commune* was legally (by decree of May 27th '90) subject to the Department of the Seine ; but the power of calling out the armed force, and the police were in the hands of the *Commune*, which really made the authority of the Department of no effect. (See Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 46 ; *vid. supr.*, i. 429.)]

²[Jacques Cathelineau was born 1759, and placed himself at the head of the first great insurrection of La Vendée, March 12th 1793 ; on June 12th he was chosen General in chief of the *Vendéan* forces, and was mortally wounded at the attack on Nantes, June 29th.]

Two Assembly Commissioners went thither last Autumn; considerate Gensonné, not yet called to be a senator; Gallois, an editorial man. These Two, consulting with General Dumouriez, spake and worked, softly, with judgment; they have hushed down the irritation, and produced a soft Report,—for the time.

The General himself doubts not in the least but he can keep peace there; being an able man. He passes these frosty months among the pleasant people of Niort, occupies 'tolerably handsome apartments in the Castle of Niort,' and tempers the minds of men.¹ Why is there but one Dumouriez? Elsewhere you find, South or North, nothing but untempered obscure jarring; which breaks forth ever and anon into open clangour of riot. Southern Perpignan has its tocsin, by torchlight; with rushing and onslaught: Northern Caen not less, by daylight; with Aristocrats ranged in arms at Places of Worship; Departmental compromise proving impossible; breaking into musketry and a plot discovered!² Add Hunger too: for bread, always dear, is getting dearer: not so much as Sugar can be had; for good reasons. Poor Simoneau, Mayor of Étampes, in this Northern region, hanging out his Red Flag in some riot of grains, is trampled to death by a hungry exasperated People.³ What a trade this of Mayor, in these times! Mayor of Saint-Denis hung at the Lanterne, by Suspicion and Dyspepsia, as we saw long since; Mayor of Vaison, as we saw lately, buried before dead; and now this poor Simoneau the Tanner, of Étampes,—whom legal Constitutionalism will not forget.⁴

With factions, suspicions, want of bread and sugar, it is verily what they call *déchiré*, torn asunder, this poor country: France and all that is French. For, over seas too come bad news. In black Saint-Domingo, before that variegated Glitter in the Champs Élysées was lit for an Accepted Constitution, there had risen, and

¹ Dumouriez, ii. 129.

² Hist. Parl. xii. 131, 141; xiii. 114, 417.

³ [March 3rd '92.]

⁴ [This was on the occasion of one of the few attempts to put down a bread riot with legal forms. Simoneau was a rich tanner. He called out the troops in Étampes (eighty men of the 18th cavalry), but they would not respond, and allowed him to be murdered before their eyes. (*Vid. infr.*, ii. 207.)]

was burning contemporary with it, quite another variegated Glitter and nocturnal Fulgor, had we known it : of molasses and ardent-spirits ; of sugar-boileries, plantations, furniture, cattle and men : sky-high ; the Plain of Cap Français one huge whirl of smoke and flame !

What a change here, in these two years ; since that first ' Box of Tricolor Cockades ' got through the Custom-house, and atrabiliar Creoles too rejoiced that there was a levelling of Bastilles ! Levelling is comfortable, as we often say : levelling, yet only down to oneself. Your pale-white Creoles have their grievances :—and your yellow Quarteroons ? And your dark-yellow Mulattoes ? And your Slaves soot-black ? Quarteroon Ogé, Friend of our Parisian-Brissotin *Friends of the Blacks*, felt for his share too, that Insurrection was the most sacred of duties. So the tricolor Cockades had fluttered and swashed only some three months on the Creole hat, when Ogé's signal-conflagrations went aloft ; with the voice of rage and terror. Repressed, doomed to die, he took black powder or seedgrains in the hollow of his hand, this Ogé ; sprinkled a film of white ones on the top, and said to his Judges, " Behold they are white ; " then *shook* his hand, and said, " Where are the whites, *Où sont les blancs !*"¹

So now, in the Autumn of 1791, looking from the sky-windows of Cap Français, thick clouds of smoke girdle our horizon, smoke in the day, in the night fire ; preceded by fugitive shrieking white women, by Terror and Rumour. Black demonised squadrons are massacring and harrying, with nameless cruelty. They fight and fire ' from behind thickets and coverts,' for the Black man loves the Bush ; they rush to the attack, thousands strong, with brandished cutlasses and fusils, with caperings, shoutings and vociferation,—which, if the White Volunteer Company stands firm, dwindle into staggerings, into quick gabblement, into panic flight at the first volley, perhaps before it.² Poor Ogé could be broken on the wheel ; this fire-whirlwind too can be abated, driven up into the mountains : but Saint-Domingo is *shaken*, as Ogé's seed-

¹ [*Vid. supr.*, i. 364 and note.]

² *Deux Amis*, x. 157.

grains were ; shaking, writhing in long horrid death-throes, it is Black without remedy ; and remains, as African Haiti, a monition to the world.

O my Parisian Friends, is not *this*, as well as Regraters and Feuillant Plotters, one cause of the astonishing dearth of Sugar ! The Grocer, palpitant, with drooping lip, sees his Sugar *taxé* ;¹ weighed out by female Patriotism, in instant retail, at the inadequate rate of twenty-five sous, or thirteen pence a pound. “Abstain from it ?” Yes, ye Patriot Sections, all ye Jacobins, abstain ! Louvet and Collot-d’Herbois so advise ; resolute to make the sacrifice ; though “how shall literary men do without coffee ?” Abstain, with an oath ; that is the surest !²

Also, for like reason, must not Brest and the Shipping Interest languish ? Poor Brest languishes, sorrowing, not without spleen ; denounces an Aristocrat Bertrand-Moleville, traitorous Aristocrat Marine Minister. Do not her Ships and King’s Ships lie rotting piecemeal in harbour ; Naval Officers mostly fled, and on furlough too, with pay ?³ Little stirring there ; if it be not the Brest Galleys, whip-driven, with their Galley-Slaves,—alas, with some Forty of our hapless Swiss Soldiers of Château-Vieux, among others ! These Forty Swiss, too mindful of Nanci, do now, in their red wool caps, tug sorrowfully at the oar ; looking into the Atlantic brine, which reflects only their own sorrowful shaggy faces ; and seem forgotten of Hope.

But, on the whole, may we not say, in figurative language, that the French Constitution which shall march is very *rheumatic*, full of shooting internal pains, in joint and muscle ; and will not march without difficulty ?⁴

¹[This probably refers to the riots on Jan. 20th and 23rd 1792, when a lot of grocers’ shops were plundered, and sugar, then worth 3 *livres* the pound, was forcibly sold at 25 *sous*.]

²Débats des Jacobins, &c. (Hist. Parl. xiii. 171, 92-8).

³[See Appendix on Navy.]

⁴The most fatal symptom was the weakness of the ministry—nay, the complete want of a ministry. Montmorin remained Foreign Minister till the end of October ’91, simply because the King could find no one to take his place. The post was successively offered to Moustier, Ségur, Choiseul-Gouffier, Barthélemy : all declined. At the end of November Delessart, who was already Minister of the Interior, was compelled to take the Foreign Office and resign the Home Office to Cahier de

CHAPTER V

KINGS AND EMIGRANTS

EXTREMELY rheumatic Constitutions have been known to march, and keep on their feet, though in a staggering sprawling manner, for long periods, in virtue of one thing only: that the *Head* were healthy. But this Head of the French Constitution! What King Louis is and cannot help being, Readers already know. A King who cannot take the Constitution, nor reject the Constitution: nor do any thing at all, but miserably ask, What shall I do? A King environed with endless confusions; in whose own mind is no germ of order. Haughty implacable remnants of Noblesse struggling with humiliated repentant Barnave-Lameths; struggling in that obscure element of fetchers and carriers, of Half-pay braggarts from the Café Valois, of Chambermaids, whisperers, and subaltern officious persons; fierce Patriotism looking on all the while, more and more suspicious, from without: what, in such struggle, can they do? At best, *cancel* one another, and produce *zero*. Poor King! Barnave and your Senatorial Jaucourts speak earnestly into this ear; Bertrand-Moleville, and Messengers from Coblenz,¹ speak earnestly into that: the poor Royal head turns to the one side and to the other side; can turn itself fixedly to

Gerville. The incessant interference of the Diplomatic Committee of the Assembly, during the session of the Constituent, had frightened all the old *employés* at the Foreign Office: the new Assembly was not to be a whit behind the old one in usurping the functions of the Executive Government, and its Diplomatic Committee was constituted on Oct. 16th; Brissot, Gensonné and Koch were the leading members; and from the first they meant War and a Republic by means of War. (*Cf.* Masson, *Affaires Etrangères*, 112 *sqq.*; Morris, i. 470, 482.]

¹[Antoine François de Bertrand-Moleville was born at Toulouse 1744, of a legal family, became *Intendant* of Brittany 1784, Minister of Marine Oct. '91—March '92, quarrelled in that capacity with Narbonne, and remained one of the unofficial advisers of the King until Aug. 10th, when he was accused by the Assembly, and with great difficulty remained hidden until his escape to England in September. He had courage and wit; and, as his *Mémoires* too often prove, a lively imagination. They were published in London in 1797. They show that Bertrand 'played the game' of Constitutional Minister with much spirit, if with little success; they demonstrate in fact the utterly unworkable character of the Constitution of 1791. As Minister of Marine he had to be responsible for the safety of the Colonies, and he really seems to have done the best he could with the wretched materials to his hand. He remained in England till the Restoration, and found himself utterly neglected by the Restored Monarchy; died 1818.]

no side. Let Decency drop a veil over it: sorrier misery was seldom enacted in the world. This one small fact, does it not throw the saddest light on much? The Queen is lamenting to Madame Campan: "What am I to do? When they, these Barnaves, get us advised to any step which the Noblesse do not like, then I am pouted at; nobody comes to my card-table; the King's Couchee is solitary."¹ In such a case of dubiety, what *is* one to do? Go inevitably to the ground!

The King has accepted this Constitution, knowing beforehand that it will not serve: he studies it, and executes it in the hope mainly that it will be found inexecutable. King's Ships lie rotting in harbour, their officers gone; the Armies disorganised; robbers scour the Highways, which wear down unrepaired; all Public Service lies slack and waste: the Executive makes no effort, or an effort only to throw the blame on the Constitution. Shamming death, '*faisant la mort!*' What Constitution, use it in this manner, can march? 'Grow to disgust the Nation,' it will truly, unless *you* first grow to disgust the Nation! It is Bertrand de Moleville's plan, and his Majesty's; the best they can form.²

Or if, after all, this best-plan proved too slow; proved a failure? Provident of that too, the Queen, shrouded in deepest mystery, 'writes all day, in cipher, day after day, to Coblenz;' Engineer Goguelat, he of the *Night of Spurs*, whom the Lafayette Amnesty has delivered from Prison, rides and runs. Now and then, on fit occasion, a Royal familiar visit can be paid to that Salle de Manège, an affecting encouraging Royal Speech (sincere, doubt it not, for the moment) can be delivered there, and the Senators all cheer and almost weep;—at the same time Mallet du Pan has visibly ceased editing,³ and invisibly bears abroad a King's Autograph, soliciting help from the Foreign Potentates.⁴

¹ Campan, ii. 177, 202. [Carlyle persists in spelling *Coucher* 'Couchee' or 'Couchée'.]

² Bertrand Moleville, i. c. 4. [It was not really Bertrand's plan, but Mirabeau's, much diluted and worked by lesser men. It was afterwards still more feebly copied by the Roland ministry, and much jeered at as the *Bureau de l'Esprit Public*.]

³[May 21st '92.]

⁴ Moleville, i. 370. [For Mallet's connection with the *Mercur*, *vid. supr.*, i. 387. Mallet du Pan was born at Celigny near Geneva 1749, had been early patronised by

Unhappy Louis, *do* this thing or else that other,—if thou couldst!

The thing which the King's Government did do was to stagger distractedly from contradiction to contradiction; and wedding Fire to Water, envelope itself in hissing, and ashy steam. Danton and needy corruptible Patriots are sopped with presents of cash: they accept the sop; they rise refreshed by it, and—travel their own way.¹ Nay, the King's Government did likewise hire Hand-clappers, or *claqueurs*, persons to applaud. Subterranean Rivarol has Fifteen Hundred Men in King's pay, at the rate of some £10,000 sterling per month; what he calls 'a staff of genius:' Paragraph-writers, Placard Journalists; 'two hundred and eighty Applauders, at three shillings a day:' one of the strangest Staffs ever commanded by man. The muster-rolls and account-books of which still exist.² Bertrand-Moleville himself, in a way he thinks very dexterous, contrives to pack the Galleries of the Legislative; gets Sansculottes hired to go thither, and applaud at a signal given, they fancying it was Petion that bade them: a device which was not detected for almost a week. Dexterous enough; as if a man, finding the Day fast decline, should determine on altering the Clock-hands: *that* is a thing possible for him.³

Voltaire, contributed to Linguet's *Annales*, and came to Paris as editor of the *Mercure* 1784. He had no connection with the Court till Nov. 1791, when the Queen sent him some information which she wished to appear in the *Mercure*. In May he was desirous of a rest and wished to visit Geneva; and his name was suggested to the King by Malouet (to whom the Court sometimes listened) as that of a possible messenger to the Allies. The choice of such a man proves that the King had nothing to do with the *Émigrés*. Bertrand does not honestly state the truth about his mission in the passage here cited; it was simply to prevent the *Émigrés* having a hand in the councils of the Allies. To this plan however Louis did not stick, and forgot all about Mallet as soon as he had gone (*vid. infr.*, ii. 235).

Mallet had no success, returned to France and continued the *Mercure*, in the face of still greater threats and dangers, till the eve of August 10th, and then emigrated. His counsels were always valued by the wiser heads among the Allies and he remained the warm friend of Mounier, Malouet, Lally Tollendal and also of the best men in England until he died in that country in 1800. Englishmen owe him a warm debt of gratitude for his courageous championship of Warren Hastings.]

¹ *Ibid.* i. c. 17.

² Montgaillard, iii. 41.

³ [Among those mentioned by Bertrand as receiving Court pay are Condorcet, Brissot and Danton; Vergniaud, Guadet, Isnard and Fauchet had also offered their services, but Delessart found them too dear. With the exception of Condorcet there is no antecedent improbability; but on the other hand Bertrand is not to be

Here too let us note an unexpected apparition of Philippe d'Orléans at Court: his last at the Levée of any King. D'Orléans, sometime in the winter months seemingly, has been appointed to that old first-coveted rank of Admiral,—though only over ships rotting in port.¹ The wished-for comes too late! However, he waits on Bertrand-Moleville to give thanks: nay to state that he would willingly thank his Majesty in person; that, in spite of all the horrible things men have said and sung, he is far from being his Majesty's enemy; at bottom, how far! Bertrand delivers the message, brings about the royal Interview, which does pass to the satisfaction of his Majesty; D'Orléans seeming clearly repentant, determined to turn over a new leaf. And yet, next Sunday, what do we see? 'Next Sunday,' says Bertrand, 'he came to the King's Levée;² but the Courtiers ignorant of 'what had passed, the Crowd of Royalists who were accustomed 'to resort thither on that day specially to pay their court, gave 'him the most humiliating reception. They came pressing round 'him; managing, as if by mistake, to tread on his toes, to elbow 'him towards the door, and not let him enter again. He went 'down stairs to her Majesty's Apartments, where cover was laid; 'so soon as he showed face, sounds rose on all sides, "*Messieurs, 'take care of the dishes,*" as if he had carried poison in his pockets. 'The insults, which his presence everywhere excited, forced him 'to retire without having seen the Royal Family: the crowd 'followed him to the Queen's staircase; in descending, he received a spitting (*crachat*) on the head, and some others on his 'clothes. Rage and spite were seen visibly painted on his face:'³

trusted on any matter of the kind. With regard to Danton, Lafayette (iii. 83) categorically accuses him of having received a certain sum from Montmorin; but this is probably a twisting of the fact that Danton was reimbursed, as all the lawyers of the old Corporations were, when the Parlement of Paris was suppressed (*vid.* note *supr.*, i. 294.)

¹[Among the Naval promotions signed by the King Sept. 16th '91 was that of d'Orléans; almost all the other officers promoted refused to accept promotion; but the Duke accepted, and there remain several letters signed by him as Admiral to the Minister of Marine (Hist. de L. P. J. Duc d'Orléans et du Parti d'Orléans, par Tournois, Paris, 1842, vol. ii. p. 206, *sqq.*). So far as I know the Duke's name does not occur in any list of French Admirals, but Léon Guérin, Hist. Maritime de la France (v. 338), confirms the statement.]

²[Jan. 1st 1792.]

³Bertrand-Moleville, i. 177.

as indeed how could they miss to be? He imputes it all to the King and Queen, who know nothing of it, who are even much grieved at it; and so descends to his Chaos again. Bertrand was there at the Château that day himself, and an eye-witness to these things.

For the rest, Non-jurant Priests, and the repression of them, will distract the King's conscience; Emigrant Princes and Noblesse will force him to double-dealing; there must be *veto* on *veto*; amid the ever-waxing indignation of men. For Patriotism, as we said, looks on from without, more and more suspicious. Waxing tempest, blast after blast, of Patriotic indignation, from without; dim inorganic whirl of Intrigues, Fatuities, within! Inorganic, fatuous; from which the eye turns away. De Staël intrigues for her so gallant Narbonne, to get him made War-Minister; and ceases not, having got him made.¹ The King shall fly to Rouen; shall there, with the gallant Narbonne, properly 'modify the Constitution.' This is the same brisk Narbonne, who, last year, cut out from their entanglement, by force of dragoons, those poor fugitive Royal Aunts: men say he is at bottom their Brother, or even *more*, so scandalous is scandal. He drives now, with his De Staël, rapidly to the Armies, to the Frontier Towns; produces rose-coloured Reports, not too credible; perorates, gesticulates; wavers poisoning himself on the top, for a moment, seen of men; then tumbles, dismissed, washed away by the Time-flood.²

¹[Dec. 6th '91.]

²[Count Louis de Narbonne, who became War Minister in Dec. '91, was a spirited man of liberal views, but too ambitious and too ill-balanced for such a crisis. He was probably the grandson of Louis XV., whose personal beauty was reproduced in him, and was almost certainly the lover of Mme de Staël. He was so far under the influence of the Radicals as to wish for war, but he also wished to save the Monarchy; and his aim was to get the King to retire from Paris, and put himself at the head of his troops, to restore discipline before the war began. Narbonne seems to have hoped only for a small war, *e.g.*, with the Elector of Trier, or at most with Austria, whose position as head of the Empire he entirely misjudged. He misjudged also the temper of the Assembly, for the Gironde was rapidly pushing France into a war of principles against as many European powers as liked to join. The result was that Narbonne's name became suspect to the Girondists, who would have demanded his dismissal, had not Bertrand persuaded the King to dismiss Narbonne and himself on March 10th, and to replace the former by de Grave. Result—the Assembly voted that Narbonne carried with him the regrets of the Nation, and fell upon the remnants of his ministry instead.]

Also the fair Princess de Lamballe intrigues, bosom-friend of her Majesty: to the angering of Patriotism. Beautiful Unfortunate, why did she ever return from England? Her small silver-voice, what can it profit in that piping of the black World-tornado? Which will whirl *her*, poor fragile Bird of Paradise, against grim rocks. Lamballe and De Staël intrigue visibly, apart or together: but who shall reckon how many others, and in what infinite ways, invisibly! Is there not what one may call an 'Austrian Committee,' sitting invisible in the Tuileries; centre of an invisible Anti-National Spiderweb, which, for we sleep among mysteries, stretches its threads to the ends of the Earth? Journalist Carra has now the clearest certainty of it: to Brissotin Patriotism,¹ and France generally, it is growing more and more probable.

O Reader, hast thou no pity for this Constitution? Rheumatic shooting pains in its members; pressure of hydrocephale and hysteric vapours on its Brain: a Constitution divided against itself; which will never march, hardly even stagger! Why were not Drouet and Procureur Sausse in their beds, that unblessed Varennes Night! Why did they not, in the name of Heaven, let the Korff Berline go whither it listed! Nameless incoherency, incompatibility, perhaps prodigies at which the world still shudders, had been spared.

But now comes the third thing that bodes ill for the marching of this French Constitution: besides the French People, and the French King, there is thirdly—the assembled European World. It has become necessary now to look at that also. Fair France is so luminous: and round and round it, is troublous Cimmerian

Narbonne emigrated after Aug. 10th, returned to France 1800 and served the Empire from 1809 till his death in 1814. Frances Burney met him in England, and found her future husband (M. d'Arblay) in his train in Nov. 1792. Her estimate of him was very high, and she seems to have blinded herself to the relations between him and M^{de} de Staël (Diary of M^{de} d'Arblay, vol. iii. pp. 32, 51-4, etc., edition 1891.)

¹[For the 'Austrian Committee' *vid. note supr.*, ii. 85. The *Comité de Surveillance* of the Legislative had established a vast system of spies on all officials, and these had correspondents in the Tuileries itself. Fauchet in the name of this committee avowed this fact (May 18th '92) in supporting Carra's denunciation of the Austrian Committee (*see* Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 39).]

Night. Calonnes, Breteuils hover dim, far-flown; overnetting Europe with intrigues. From Turin to Vienna; to Berlin, and utmost Petersburg in the frozen North! Great Burke has raised his great voice long ago; eloquently demonstrating that the end of an Epoch is come, to all appearance the end of Civilised Time. Him many answer: Camille Desmoulins, Cloutz Speaker of Mankind, Paine the rebellious Needleman, and honourable Gaelic Vindicators in that country and in this: but the great Burke remains unanswerable; 'the Age of Chivalry *is* gone,' and could not but go, having now produced the still more indomitable Age of Hunger. Altars enough, of the Dubois-Rohan sort, changing to the Gobel-and-Talleyrand sort, are faring by rapid transmutations to—shall we say, the right Proprietor of them? French Game and French Game-Preservers did alight on the Cliffs of Dover, with cries of distress. Who will say that the end of much is not come? A set of mortals has risen, who believe that Truth is not a printed Speculation, but a practical Fact; that Freedom and Brotherhood are possible in this Earth, supposed always to be Belial's, which 'the Supreme Quack' was to inherit! Who will say that Church, State, Throne, Altar are not in danger; that the sacred Strongbox itself, last Palladium of effete Humanity, may not be blasphemously blown upon, and its padlocks undone?

The poor Constituent Assembly might act with what delicacy and diplomacy it would; declare that it abjured meddling with its neighbours, foreign conquest, and so forth; but from the first this thing was to be predicted: that old Europe and new France could not subsist *together*. A Glorious Revolution, oversetting State-Prisons and Feudalism; publishing, with outburst of Federative Cannon, in face of all the Earth, that Appearance is not Reality, how shall it subsist amid Governments which, if Appearance is *not* Reality, are—one knows not what? In death-feud, and internecine wrestle and battle, it shall subsist with them; not otherwise.

Rights of Man, printed on Cotton Handkerchiefs, in various dialects of human speech, pass over to the Frankfort Fair.¹ What

¹ Toulangeon, i. 256.

say we, Frankfort Fair? They have crossed Euphrates, and the fabulous Hydaspes; wafted themselves beyond the Ural, Altai, Himmalayah; struck off from wood stereotypes, in angular Picture-writing, they are jabbered and jingled off in China and Japan. Where will it stop? Kien-Lung smells mischief; not the remotest Dalai-Lama shall now knead his dough-pills in peace.—Hateful to us as is the Night! Bestir yourselves, ye Defenders of Order! They do bestir themselves: all Kings and Kinglets, with their spiritual temporal array, are astir; their brows clouded with menace. Diplomatic emissaries fly swift; Conventions, privy Conclaves assemble; and wise wigs wag, taking what counsel they can.

Also, as we said, the Pamphleteer draws pen, on this side and that: zealous fists beat the Pulpit-drum. Not without issue! Did not iron Birmingham, shouting 'Church and King,' itself knew not why, burst out, last July, into rage, drunkenness and fire; and your Priestleys, and the like, dining there on that Bastille day, get the maddest singeing: ¹ scandalous to consider! In which same days, as we can remark, High Potentates, Austrian and Prussian, with Emigrants, were faring towards Pilnitz in Saxony; there, on the 27th of August, they, keeping to themselves what further 'secret Treaty' there might or might not be, did publish their hopes and their threatenings, their Declaration that it was 'the common cause of Kings.'²

¹[Carlyle seems to infer that Priestley was at the 'Bastille Dinner,' held by the 'Constitutional Society' of Birmingham, July 14th '91. The Dict. Nat. Biogr. says that he intended to be present but received advice to stay away. After the guests had left an angry crowd hung about the doorways, and broke the windows of the Hotel in which they had dined: then wrecked seven houses, one of them being Priestley's. The magistrates were powerless, and order was not restored till the arrival of the dragoons from Nottingham on 16th (see Lecky, v. 528).]

²[The interference of 'Kings in the Cause of Kings' (*vid. supr.*, ii. 54) would hardly take place without some return for their trouble. Frederick William of Prussia, who had been quite outwitted by Leopold in the Eastern question, began to be deeply interested in French affairs, and to draw nearer to Austria in consideration of them. False and foolish as he was, he was not without honourable ideas, honestly desired to save the King of France, was genuinely charitable to the *Émigrés*, though quite deceived by them (which Leopold never was). Neither of them however gave any sort of sanction to the 'crusade' that Gustavus III. was meditating. On Aug. 27th 1791 they held their conference at Pillnitz (near Dresden), and issued the famous 'Declaration of Pillnitz,' the points of which are these: (i.) the situation of Louis XVI. and the anarchy in France are a matter of concern to all

Where a will to quarrel is, there is a way. Our readers remember that Pentecost-Night, Fourth of August 1789, when Feudalism fell in a few hours? The National Assembly, in abolishing Feudalism, promised that 'compensation' should be given; and did endeavour to give it. Nevertheless the Austrian Kaiser answers that his German Princes, for their part, cannot be unfeudalised; that they have Possessions in French Alsace, and Feudal Rights secured to them, for which no conceivable compensation will suffice. So this of the Possessed Princes,¹ '*Princes Possessionés*,' is bandied from Court to Court; covers acres

European Sovereigns, (ii.) an attempt shall be made to bring this fact to the notice of the other Powers, and it is hoped a common plan of working may be arranged, so as to employ *conjointly the most efficacious means* of remedy for these evils, (iii.) '*alors et dans ce cas*' (i.e., if the other Powers will consent) prompt action shall be taken (by Us, the signatories), (iv.) and meanwhile (We, the signatories) will hold our troops in readiness. It will then be seen that any *action* was to depend on the consent of other Powers (of whom some, e.g., England, would probably refuse altogether). Leopold therefore was much relieved when on Sept. 14th Louis XVI. accepted a new Constitution, and was restored (?) to Constitutional power. Not unnaturally the *Émigrés* put a different interpretation on the language of Pillnitz, and their influence on Frederick William grew daily, as it became manifest that the "re-establishment of order" in France was imaginary. Monsieur assumed the "Regency" of France, established a regular ministry and government at Coblenz; and published an absurd manifesto which irritated the Tuileries as much as it did the Legislative Assembly. Leopold too, though he sternly warned the Elector of Trier to dismiss the *Émigrés*, could not refuse to accept the *Conclusum* of the Diet calling on him to defend with arms the rights of the Empire: and at last on Feb. 7th '92 signed with Frederick William the Treaty of Berlin, by which Austria and Prussia agreed to interfere with arms to restore order in France, and to be indemnified in hard cash, if Louis XVI. were successfully restored; if not, to indemnify themselves by conquests. This treaty is of course the starting point of the War. But Leopold died on March 1st and during the last three weeks of his life seems to have done little to put it in force. (Sorel, vol. ii. *passim*.)

¹[These "Possessed Princes" were landowners who held lands on both sides of the frontier. On the German side they were Sovereign Princes of the Empire, on the French mere French Country Gentlemen. They lost, in common with all other French gentlemen, all 'feudal' rights on Aug. 4th '89, but these rights had been solemnly guaranteed to them by treaties between France and the Empire long before. The chief persons affected were the three Ecclesiastical Electors (Mainz, Trier, Köln), the Bishops of Speyer and Basel, the Markgraf of Baden, the Dukes of Wurtemberg and Zweibrücken, the Landgraf of Hesse Darmstadt and the Princes of Nassau, Leiningen and Löwenstein. They not unnaturally complained to the Diet and to Leopold. On Feb. 11th '90 Montmorin informed the Assembly of this complaint, and at first there was talk of compensation; but this attitude did not suit the dominant party in Paris, in justice to which it must be remembered that in the territory of these very princes the *Émigrés* were breathing out fire and slaughter. When the Diet at last uttered its *Conclusum* (Aug. '91), demanding the Kaiser's armed intervention, Leopold had no choice but to support it: there is no doubt that he profoundly regretted and dreaded the war, yet even had he lived one does not see how he could have averted it. Carlyle does not even mention his death! (See Häusser, *Deutsche Geschichte seit der Tod Friedrichs des Grossen* (Berlin, 1869), i. 275, 599.)]

of diplomatic paper at this day : a weariness to the world. Kaunitz argues from Vienna ; Delessart responds from Paris, though perhaps not sharply enough. The Kaiser and his Possessed Princes will too evidently come and *take* compensation,—so much as they can get. Nay might one not *partition* France, as we have done Poland, and are doing ; and so pacify it with a vengeance ?

From South to North ! For actually it is ‘ the common cause of Kings.’ Swedish Gustav, sworn Knight of the Queen of France, will lead Coalised Armies ;—had not Ankarström treasonously shot him ; for, indeed, there were griefs nearer home.¹ Austria and Prussia speak at Pilnitz ; all men intensely listening. Imperial Rescripts have gone out from Turin ; there will be secret Convention at Vienna. Catherine of Russia beckons approvingly ; will help, were she ready. Spanish Bourbon stirs amid his pillows ; from him too, even from him, shall there come help. Lean Pitt, ‘ the Minister of Preparatives,’ looks out from his watch-tower in Saint James’s, in a suspicious manner. Councillors plotting, Calonnes dim-hovering ;—alas, Sergeants rub-a-dubbing openly through all manner of German market-towns, collecting ragged valour !² Look where you will, immeasurable Obscurantism is girdling this fair France ; which, again, will not be girdled by it. Europe is in travail ; pang after pang ; what a shriek was that of Pilnitz ! The birth will be : WAR.

Nay the worst feature of the business is this last, still to be named ; the Emigrants at Coblenz. So many thousands ranking there, in bitter hate and menace : King’s Brothers, all Princes of the Blood except wicked D’Orléans ; your duelling De Castries, your eloquent Cazalès ; bull-headed Malseignes, a wargod Broglie ; Distaff Seigneurs, insulted Officers, all that have ridden across the Rhine-stream ;—D’Artois welcoming Abbé Maury with a kiss, and clasping him publicly to his own royal heart ! Emigration, flowing over the Frontiers, now in drops, now in streams, in various humours of fear, of petulance, rage and hope, ever since

¹ 30th March 1792 (Annual Register, p. 11).

² Toulougeon, ii. 100-117.

those first Bastille days when D'Artois went, 'to shame the citizens of Paris,'—has swollen to the size of a Phenomenon for the world. Coblantz is become a small extra-national Versailles; a Versailles *in partibus*: briguing, intriguing, favouritism, strumpetocracy itself, they say, goes on there; all the old activities, on a small scale, quickened by hungry Revenge.¹

Enthusiasm, of loyalty, of hatred and hope, has risen to a high pitch; as, in any Coblantz tavern you may hear, in speech and in singing. Maury assists in the interior Council; much is decided on: for one thing, they keep lists of the dates of your emigrating; a month sooner, or a month later, determines your greater or your less right to the coming Division of the Spoil. Cazalès himself, because he had occasionally spoken with a Constitutional tone, was looked on coldly at first: so pure are our principles.² And arms are a-hammering at Liège; 'three thousand horses' ambling hitherward from the Fairs of Germany: Cavalry enrolling; likewise Foot-soldiers, 'in blue coat, red waistcoat and nankeen trousers.'³ They have their secret domestic correspondences, as their open foreign: with disaffected Crypto-Aristocrats, with contumacious Priests, with Austrian Committee in the Tuileries. Deserters are spirited over by assiduous crimps; Royal-Allemand is gone almost wholly. Their route of march, towards France and the Division of the Spoil, is marked out, were the Kaiser once ready. "It is said, they mean to poison the sources; but," adds Patriotism making report of it, "they will not poison the source of Liberty;" whereat '*on applaudit*,' we cannot but applaud. Also they have manufactories of False Assignats; and men that circulate in the interior, distributing

¹[The *Émigrés*, with the exception of the two princes, left Coblantz in Dec. '91, when Leopold, in his anxiety for peace, ordered the Elector of Trier to dismiss those in arms. Condé and some few leaders established themselves at Ettenheim (which belonged to the Rohan family), but until the actual declaration of war the *Émigrés* ceased to exist as a coherent body. The War gave them again some cohesion, and a large contingent accompanied the Prussian army into Lorraine; but Austria always looked coldly on them. The name *Condéens* is found for them as early as Jan. '91, and stuck to them until their final dispersal in 1797 (Forneron, ii. caps. 8, 9, etc.).]

²Montgaillard, iii. 5-17. Toulangeon, *ubi supra*.

³See Hist. Parl. xiii. 11-38, 41-61, 358, &c.

and disbursing the same; one of these we denounce now to Legislative Patriotism: 'a man Lebrun by name; about thirty 'years of age, with blonde hair and in quantity; has,' only for the time being surely, 'a black-eye, *œil poché*; goes in a *wiski* 'with a black horse,'¹—always keeping his Gig!

Unhappy Emigrants, it was their lot, and the lot of France! They are ignorant of much that they should know: of themselves, of what is around them. A Political Party that knows not *when it is beaten*, may become one of the fatallest of things, to itself, and to all. Nothing will convince these men that they cannot scatter the French Revolution at the first blast of their war-trumpet; that the French Revolution is other than a blustering Effervescence, of brawlers and spouters, which, at the flash of chivalrous broad-swords, at the rustle of gallows-ropes, will burrow itself, in dens the deeper the welcomer. But, alas, what man does know and measure himself, and the things that are round him;—else where were the need of physical fighting at all? Never, till they are cleft asunder, can these heads believe that a Sansculottic arm has any vigour in it: cleft asunder, it will be too late to believe.

One may say, without spleen against his poor erring brothers of any side, that above all other mischiefs, this of the Emigrant Nobles acted fatally on France. Could they have known, could they have understood! In the beginning of 1789, a splendour and a terror still surrounded them: the Conflagration of their Châteaux, kindled by months of obstinacy, went out after the Fourth of August; and might have continued out, had they at all known what to defend, what to relinquish as indefensible. They were still a graduated Hierarchy of Authorities, or the accredited similitude of such: they sat there, uniting King with Commonalty; transmitting and translating *gradually*, from degree

¹ *Moniteur*, Séance du 2 Nov. 1791 (Hist. Parl. xii. 212). [A long *mémoire* was read from a M. Bollerédon in which he says that he came across this Lebrun 'during a journey he had recently made,' without further specifying. Lebrun, he says, was only one of the agents of the *Émigrés*; for this purpose (the manufacture of false *Assignats*) he professed to be a Lyons merchant (*Moniteur*, Nov. 3rd '91).]

to degree, the command of the one into the obedience of the other; rendering command and obedience still possible. Had they understood their place, and what to do in it, this French Revolution, which went forth explosively in years and in months, might have spread itself over generations; and not a torture-death but a quiet euthanasia have been provided for many things.

But they were proud and high, these men; they were not wise to consider. They spurned all from them in disdainful hate, they drew the sword and flung away the scabbard. France has not only no Hierarchy of Authorities, to translate command into obedience; its Hierarchy of Authorities has fled to the enemies of France; calls loudly on the enemies of France to interfere armed, who want but a pretext to do that. Jealous Kings and Kaisers might have looked on long, meditating interference, yet afraid and ashamed to interfere: but now do not the King's Brothers, and all French Nobles, Dignitaries and Authorities that are free to speak, which the King himself is not,—passionately invite us, in the name of Right and of Might? Ranked at Coblenz, from Fifteen to Twenty thousand stand now brandishing their weapons, with the cry: On, on! Yes, Messieurs, you shall on;—and divide the spoil according to your dates of emigrating.

Of all which things a poor Legislative Assembly, and Patriot France, is informed: by denunciating friend, by triumphant foe. Sulleau's Pamphlets, of the Rivarol Staff of Genius, circulate; heralding supreme hope. Durosoy's Placards tapestry the walls; *Chant du Coq*¹ crows day, pecked at by Tallien's *Ami des Citoyens*. King's-Friend Royou, *Ami du Roi*, can name, in exact arithmetical ciphers, the contingents of the various Invading Potentates; in all, Four hundred and nineteen thousand Foreign fighting men,

¹[*Le Chant du Coq*, July 22nd—Oct. 30th '91, was, like the *Sentinelle*, a placarded news-sheet the work of some obscure men, whose names are given by Tourneux, ii. 620. *L'Ami des Citoyens* is by Tallien: the first number of which a copy exists is dated Aug. 28th '91: it continued to appear (very irregularly) until Jan. '93 (*ibid.* 621, 624).]

with Fifteen thousand Emigrants. Not to reckon these your daily and hourly desertions, which an Editor must daily record, of whole Companies, and even Regiments, crying *Vive le Roi, Vive la Reine*, and marching over with banners spread¹—lies all, and wind; yet to Patriotism not wind; nor, alas, one day, to Royou! Patriotism, therefore, may brawl and babble yet a little while: but its hours are numbered: Europe is coming with Four hundred and nineteen thousand and the Chivalry of France; the gallows, one may hope, will get its own.

CHAPTER VI

BRIGANDS AND JALÈS

WE shall have War, then; and on what terms! With an Executive 'pretending,' really with less and less deceptiveness now, 'to be dead;' casting even a wishful eye towards the enemy; on such terms we shall have War.

Public Functionary in vigorous action there is none; if it be not Rivarol with his staff of Genius and Two Hundred and eighty Applauders. The Public Service lies waste; the very Taxgatherer has forgotten his cunning: in this and the other Provincial Board of Management (*directoire de Département*) it is found advisable to *retain* what Taxes you can gather, to pay your own inevitable expenditures. Our Revenue is Assignats; emission on emission of Paper-money. And the Army; our Three grand Armies, of Rochambeau, of Lückner, of Lafayette? Lean, disconsolate hover these Three grand Armies, watching the Frontiers there; three Flights of long-necked Cranes in moulting time;—wrecked, disobedient, disorganised; who never saw fire; the old Generals and Officers gone across the Rhine. War-Minister Narbonne, he of the rose-coloured Reports, solicits recruitments, equipments, money, always money; threatens, since he can get none, to 'take his sword,' which belongs to himself, and go serve his country with that.²

¹ Ami-du-Roi Newspaper (in Hist. Parl. xiii. 175).

² Moniteur, Séance du 23 Janvier 1792; Biographie des Ministres, § Narbonne. [It was the bad condition of the Army (which had lost both its officers and its

The question of questions is : What shall be done ? Shall we, with a desperate defiance which Fortune sometimes favours, draw the sword at once, in the face of this in-rushing world of Emigration and Obscurantism ; or wait, and temporise and diplomatise, till, if possible, our resources mature themselves a little ? And yet again, are our resources growing towards maturity ; or growing the *other* way ? Dubious : the ablest Patriots are divided ; Brissot and his Brissotins, or Girondins, in the Legislative, cry aloud for the former defiant plan ; Robespierre, in the Jacobins, pleads as loud for the latter dilatory one : with responses, even with mutual reprimands ; distracting the Mother of Patriotism.¹ Consider also what agi-

discipline) that led Narbonne to conceive the idea of entrusting the reorganisation of the whole service to the Duke of Brunswick, nephew of the hero of Minden. A negotiation was opened with him in Jan. '92, by means of the younger Custine : Brunswick however refused, and was shortly afterwards ordered by Frederick William to prepare the plan of a campaign against France. The total French regular Army might amount to something under 100,000, of whom 80,000 were on the Eastern frontier when the war broke out. To these must be added some 83 out of 169 battalions of the "Volunteers of 1791," the levy of which had been decreed by the Constituent in July '91. The Legislative however, in spite of the representations of all the Generals and of Narbonne himself, had refused to allow these volunteers to be brigaded with the regulars, as they feared that the military spirit would corrupt these 'citizen soldiers' (Jan. 24th '92). M. Chuquet (*La Première Invasion Prussienne*, cap. ii.) has done good service in pointing out how essentially these 'Volunteers of '91' differed from those of '92 (*vid. infr.*, note ii. 234). They were he says full of patriotic ardour, though quite untrained : but *cf.* Morris to Washington Dec. 27th '91 (i. 492), who calls them "the corrupted scum of overgrown "populations, of which great cities purge themselves . . . without constitution to support the fatigues or courage to encounter the perils of war, they have every "vice and every disease which can render them the scorn of their friends and the "scoff of their foes." It must be remembered that Morris had seen *real* citizen soldiers, drawn from a very different class in his native country, and seen them win great victories : and it must be confessed that the Volunteers of '91 did not at first distinguish themselves by valour in the field. Yet among their officers were Bessières, Championnet, Davoust, Jourdan, Marceau, Moreau, Oudinot, Lefebvre, Saint-Cyr, Desaix, Mortier, Soult, Masséna and Lannes, all of whom except Moreau had served in the old royal army. As two-thirds of the officers of the Line regiments had emigrated (though fewer of the Artillery and Engineers), these men soon came to commands in the regular Army, and, when the war actually began, a good deal of brigading of Volunteers with Regulars was done in spite of the prohibition, which, on the motion of Dubois-Crancé, in Feb. '93, was removed by the Convention. (*Cf.* also Sorel, ii. 334, *sqq.* ; Lafayette, iii. 296, *sqq.*)

¹ [Robespierre's speech at the Jacobins against the war (Jan. 12th '92) was quite as much directed against Vergniaud's speech of 10th as against Brissot's. His argument was not 'wait and temporise,' but "first destroy your domestic tyrants, and then "those of the rest of the World : the war if fought now will be all for the glory of "Lafayette or for the interests of the Court." (Vermorel, *Œuvres de Robespierre* p. 217, *sqq.*) Robespierre in fact was playing his usual game of undermining the party which seemed to be challenging power (*viz.*, the Gironde).]

tated Breakfasts there may be at Madame d'Udon's in the Place Vendôme! The alarm of all men is great. Help, ye Patriots; and O at least agree; for the hour presses. Frost was not yet gone, when in that 'tolerably handsome apartment of the Castle of Niort,' there arrived a Letter: General Dumouriez must to Paris. It is War-Minister Narbonne that writes; the General shall give counsel about many things.¹ In the month of February 1792, Brissotin friends welcome their Dumouriez *Polymetis*,—comparable really to an antique Ulysses in modern costume; quick, elastic, shifty, insuppressible, a 'many-counselled man.'

Let the Reader fancy this fair France with a whole Cimmerian Europe girdling her, rolling in on her, black, to burst in red thunder of War; fair France herself hand-shackled and foot-shackled in the weltering complexities of this Social Clothing, or Constitution, which they have made for her; a France that, in such Constitution, cannot march! And Hunger too; and plotting Aristocrats, and excommunicating Dissident Priests: 'the man Lebrun by name' urging his black *wiski*, visible to the eye; and, still more terrible in his invisibility, Engineer Goguelat, with Queen's cipher, riding and running!

The excommunicatory Priests give new trouble in the Maine and Loire; La Vendée, nor Cathelineau the wool-dealer, has not ceased grumbling and rumbling. Nay behold Jalès itself once more:² how often does that real-imaginary Camp of the Fiend require to be extinguished! For near two years now, it has waned faint and again waxed bright, in the bewildered soul of Patriotism: actually, if Patriotism knew it, one of the most surprising products of Nature working with Art. Royalist Seigneurs, under this or the other pretext, assemble the simple people of these Cevennes Mountains; men not unused to revolt, and with heart for fighting, could their poor heads be got persuaded. The Royalist Seigneur harangues; harping mainly on the religious string: "True Priests maltreated, false Priests intruded, Protestants (once dragooned) now triumphing, things

¹ Dumouriez, ii, c. 6.

²[*Vid. supr.*, i. 363.]

sacred given to the dogs;" and so produces, from the pious Mountaineer throat, rough growlings:—"Shall we not testify, then, ye brave hearts of the Cevennes; march to the rescue? Holy Religion; duty to God and the King?"—"Si fait, si fait, Just so, just so," answer the brave hearts always: "*Mais il y a de bien bonnes choses dans la Révolution*, But there are main good things in the Revolution too!"—And so the matter, cajole as we may, will only turn on its axis, not stir from the spot, and remains theatrical merely.¹

Nevertheless deepen your cajolery, harp quick and quicker, ye Royalist Seigneurs; with a dead-lift effort you may bring it to that. In the month of June next, this *Camp of Jalès* will step forth as a theatricality suddenly become real; Two thousand strong, and with the boast that it is Seventy thousand: most strange to see; with flags flying, bayonets fixed; with Proclamation, and D'Artois Commission of civil war! Let some Rebecqui, or other the like hot-clear Patriot; let some 'Lieutenant-Colonel Aubry,'² if Rebecqui is busy elsewhere, raise instantaneous National Guards, and disperse and dissolve it; and blow the Old Castle asunder,³ that so, if possible, we hear of it no more!

In the Months of February and March, it is recorded, the terror, especially of rural France, had risen even to the transcendental pitch: not far from madness. In Town and Hamlet is rumour, of war, massacre: that Austrians, Aristocrats, above all, that *The Brigands* are close by. Men quit their houses and huts; rush fugitive, shrieking, with wife and child, they know not whither. Such a terror, the eye-witnesses say, never fell on a Nation; nor shall again fall, even in Reigns of Terror expressly

¹ Dampmartin, i. 201.

²[July 11th.]

³Moniteur, Séance du 15 Juillet 1792. [The insurrection of the southern Royalists in the summer of '92 was the work of the two Alliers (Dominique and Claude), of the Abbé de la Bastide and the Comte de Saillant. It was never so serious as that of the "First Federation of Jalès," but cost some bloodshed to put down. On July 8th the Castle of Bannes was surrendered: on July 11th the forces of the Department of the Gard under d'Albignac defeated the Royalists under the Chevalier de Melon, and burned the town of Saint-André and the Castle of Jalès immediately afterwards. (Cf. *supr.*, i. 363, and E. Daudet, *Conjurations Royalistes du Midi*, p. 190, *sqq.*)]

so-called. The Countries of the Loire, all the Central and South-east regions, start up distracted, 'simultaneously as by an electric shock;'—for indeed grain too gets scarcer and scarcer. 'The people barricade the entrances of Towns, pile stones in the upper stories, the women prepare boiling water; from moment to moment, expecting the attack. In the Country, the alarm-bell rings incessant; troops of peasants, gathered by it, scour the highways, seeking an imaginary enemy. They are armed mostly with scythes stuck in wood; and, arriving in wild troops at the barricaded Towns, are themselves sometimes taken for Brigands.'¹

So rushes old France: old France is rushing *down*. What the end will be is known to no mortal; that the end is near all mortals may know.

CHAPTER VII

CONSTITUTION WILL NOT MARCH²

To all which our poor Legislative, tied up by an unmarching Constitution, can oppose nothing, by way of remedy, but mere bursts of parliamentary eloquence! They go on, debating, denouncing, objurgating: loud weltering Chaos, which devours *itself*.

But their two thousand and odd Decrees? Reader, these happily concern not thee, nor me. Mere Occasional-Decrees, foolish and not foolish; sufficient for *that* day was its own evil!

¹ Newspapers, &c. (in Hist. Parl. xiii. 325).

²[*Cf.* Morris to Washington (Sept. 30th '91). "It is a general and almost universal opinion that the Constitution is inexecutable . . . the makers to a man condemn it . . . the King's present business is to make himself popular, indeed his life and crown depend upon it. The new Assembly, as far as can be ascertained, is deeply imbued with Republican or rather with Democratical principles: the Southern part of the Kingdom is in the same disposition: the Northern is ecclesiastical in its temper: the Eastern attached to Germany: Normandy is aristocratical, and so is a part of Brittany: the interior part of the Kingdom is Monarchical. The Assembly has left the finances in a worse state than it found them, and the chance is now in my opinion rather for than against a bankruptcy. The aristocrats believe sincerely in a coalition of the Powers of Europe to reinstate their Sovereign in his ancient authority, but I believe they are very much mistaken . . . it is very possible that the attempt, if any, will, so far as France is concerned, be confined to a dismemberment." Morris was pretty shrewd in his prophecy.]

Of the whole two thousand there are not now half a score, and these mostly blighted in the bud by royal *Veto*, that will profit or disprofit us. On the 17th of January, the Legislative, for one thing, got its High Court, its *Haute Cour*, set up at Orléans.¹ The theory had been given by the Constituent, in May last, but this is the reality: a Court for the trial of Political Offences; a Court which cannot want work. To this it was decreed that there needed no royal Acceptance, therefore that there could be no *Veto*. Also Priests can now be married; ever since last October. A patriotic adventurous Priest had made bold to marry himself then; and not thinking this enough, came to the bar with his new spouse; that the whole world might hold honeymoon with him, and a Law be obtained.

Less joyful are the Laws against Refractory Priests; and yet not less needful! Decrees on Priests and Decrees on Emigrants: these are the two brief Series of Decrees, worked out with endless debate, and then cancelled by *Veto*, which mainly concern us here. For an august National Assembly must needs conquer these Refractories, Clerical or Laic, and thumbscrew them into obedience: yet, behold, always as you turn your legislative thumbscrew, and will press and even crush till Refractories give way,—King's *Veto* steps in with magical paralysis; and your thumbscrew, hardly squeezing, much less crushing, does not act!

Truly a melancholy Set of Decrees, a pair of Sets; paralysed by *Veto*! First, under date the 28th of October 1791,² we have Legislative Proclamation, issued by herald and bill-sticker; inviting Monsieur, the King's Brother, to return within two months, under penalties. To which invitation Monsieur replies nothing; or indeed replies by Newspaper Parody, inviting the august Legislative 'to return to common sense within two months,' under penalties. Whereupon the Legislative must take stronger measures. So, on the 9th of November, we declare all Emigrants to be 'suspect of conspiracy;' and, in

¹[The Court for the trial of cases of Treason against the nation, *see* Appx. on Judicial system.]

²[Oct. 31st '91.]

brief, to be 'outlawed,' if they have not returned at Newyear's-day:—Will the King say *Veto*? That 'triple impost' shall be levied on these men's Properties, or even their Properties be 'put in sequestration,' one can understand. But further, on Newyear's-day itself, not an individual having 'returned,' we declare, and with fresh emphasis some fortnight later again declare, That Monsieur is *déchu*, forfeited of his eventful Heirship to the Crown; nay more, that Condé, Calonne, and a considerable List of others are accused of high treason; and shall be judged by our High Court of Orléans: *Veto*!—Then again as to Non-jurant Priests: it was decreed, in November last,¹ that they should forfeit what Pensions they had; be 'put under inspection, under *surveillance*,' and, if need were, be banished: *Veto*! A still sharper turn is coming; but to this also the answer will be, *Veto*.²

¹[Nov. 29th '91.]

²[The Laws against the *Émigrés* (for the first proposal of such, *vid. supr.*, ii. 65) falsified one of the first principles of the 'Rights of Man,' but they were only parallel to those which all Governments put in force against rebellious subjects, and almost exactly parallel to those which Louis XIV. issued against the exiled Protestants. The 'triple impost' here referred to by Carlyle was really voted by the Constituent in its last days, Aug. 1st '91. There followed the King's proclamations of October 14th and 31st, and the law of Nov. 9th here alluded to; then the laws of Feb. 12th, April 8th, and July 27th '92, ordering the sequestration of goods of all *Émigrés*, which the King vetoed, in my judgment, wrongly: but immediately after Aug. 10th these laws were passed, confiscation being substituted for sequestration (Oct. 6th); wives and children of *Émigrés* were to be put under *surveillance* of their Municipalities. By a fresh law of Oct. 9th *Émigrés* taken in arms were to be shot by a Military Commission; but the Generals as a rule refused to shoot their countrymen and preferred to send them to Paris (the first batch was condemned in Paris on Oct. 20th). Several additionally stringent laws were passed during the Convention, notably that of March 1st '93, declaring them 'civilly dead,' and all their successions to fall to the Republic, and that of Nov. 1st confiscating the goods of all Frenchmen who had left France before or during the Revolution and not returned. A 'black list' of *Émigrés* and their relations was kept; this was finally closed on Dec. 25th 1799; and all *Émigrés* were amnestied by the law of 1802.

But the Laws against non-juring priests not only violated every principle of toleration, which was the very keystone of the arch of 1789, but wantonly irritated the enormous inert mass of the Nation. It is difficult to say whether they were more unjust or impolitic. They are (specially) the decree of Nov. 29th '91, depriving of salary all non-juring priests (vetoed); May 27th '92 (vetoed) but re-enacted Aug. 10th), declaring the pain of banishment against them under penalty of ten years' imprisonment, if they continue to exercise priestly functions; March 22nd '93, ordering such priests to be transported to Guiana; finally the law of Floréal an II. (May '94), decreeing the penalty of death against such priests if in hiding, and against those who conceal them. For the fall of the "Constitutional Church," *vid. infr.*, note on iii. 142; and for the whole, *see* Appx. on Civil Constitution of the Clergy.]

CONSTITUTION WILL NOT MARCH 191

Veto after *Veto* ; your thumbscrew paralysed !¹ Gods and men may see that the Legislative is in a false position. As, alas, who is in a true one ? Voices already murmur for a ' National Convention.'² This poor Legislative, spurred and stung into action by a whole France and a whole Europe, cannot act ; can only objurgate and perorate ; with stormy ' motions,' and motion in which is no way ; with effervescence, with noise and fuliginous fury !

What scenes in that National Hall ! President jingling his inaudible bell ; or, as utmost signal of distress, clapping on his hat ; ' the tumult subsiding in twenty minutes,' and this or the other indiscreet Member sent to the Abbaye Prison for three days ! Suspected Persons must be summoned and questioned ; old M. de Sombreuil of the *Invalides* has to give account of himself, and why he leaves his Gates open. Unusual smoke rose from the Sèvres Pottery, indicating conspiracy ; the Potters explained that it was Necklace-Lamotte's *Mémoires*, bought up by her Majesty, which they were endeavouring to suppress by fire,³—which nevertheless he that runs may still read.

Again, it would seem, Duke de Brissac and the King's Constitutional-Guard are ' making cartridges secretly in the cellars : ' a set of Royalists, pure and impure ; black cut-throats many of them, picked out of gaming-houses and sinks ; in all Six thousand instead of Eighteen hundred ; who evidently gloom on us every time we enter the Château.⁴ Wherefore, with infinite debate, let Brissac and King's Guard be *disbanded*. Disbanded accordingly they are ; after only two months of existence, for they did not get on foot

¹[On Dec. 19th Morris learns that " the King is in high spirits, since his *Vetos* " have gone off so easily, and says that he will apply them every now and then. " Poor King ! "]

²December 1791 (Hist. Parl. xii. 257).

³Moniteur, Séance du 28 Mai 1792 : Campan, ii. 196. [The *Mémoires justificatifs de la Comtesse de la Motte*, London, 1789, was the edition which was sent to the Paris bookseller Gueffrier, from whom it was bought by La Porte (*Intendant* of the Civil List) to be burnt. It was sent to Sèvres for that purpose, but the whole edition was *not* destroyed, and it formed the basis of the ' *Vie de Jeanne Saint-Remy, écrite par elle-même*,' published in 1793 by Garnery.]

⁴Dumouriez, ii. 168. [The disbandment of the Constitutional Guard (*vid. supr.*, ii. 130) occurred on May 29th '92, as one of the measures by which the Girondists sought to render the King entirely impotent against the insurrection which they were planning.]

till March of this same year. So ends briefly the King's new Constitutional *Maison Militaire*; he must now be guarded by mere Swiss and blue Nationals again. It seems the lot of Constitutional things. New Constitutional *Maison Civile* he would never even establish, much as Barnave urged it; old resident Duchesses sniffed at it, and held aloof; on the whole her Majesty thought it not worth while, the Noblesse would so soon be back triumphant.¹

Or, looking still into this National Hall and its scenes, behold Bishop Torné, a Constitutional Prelate, not of severe morals, demanding that 'religious costumes and such caricatures' be abolished. Bishop Torné² warms, catches fire; finishes by untying, and indignantly flinging on the table, as if for gage or bet, his own pontifical cross.³ Which cross, at any rate, is instantly covered by the cross of *Te-Deum* Fauchet, then by other crosses, and insignia, till all are stripped; this clerical Senator clutching off his skull-cap, that other his frill-collar,—lest Fanaticism return on us.⁴

Quick is the movement here! And then so confused, unsubstantial, you might call it almost *spectral*: pallid, dim, inane, like the Kingdoms of Dis! Unruly Linguet, shrunk to a kind of spectre for us, pleads here some cause that he has; amid rumour and interruption, which excel human patience: he 'tears his papers, and withdraws,' the irascible adust little man. Nay honourable Members will tear their papers, being effervescent: Merlin of Thionville tears his papers, crying: "So, the People cannot be saved by *you!*" Nor are Deputations wanting: Deputations of Sections; generally with complaint and denouncement, always with Patriot fervour of sentiment: Deputation of Women, pleading that they also may be allowed to take Pikes, and exercise in the Champ-de-Mars. Why not, ye Amazons, if it be in you?

¹ Campan, ii. c. 19.

²[Torné "Bishop" of the Department of the Cher, and deputy for that department to the Legislative—a most blatant adulator of Robespierre, resigned his See 1793, died 1797.]

³[April 5th '92.]

⁴Moniteur, du 7 Avril 1792; Deux Amis, vii. 111.

CONSTITUTION WILL NOT MARCH 193

Then occasionally, having done our message and got answer, we 'defile through the Hall, singing *ça-ira*;' or rather roll and whirl through it, 'dancing our *ronde patriotique* the while,'—our new *Carmagnole*, or Pyrrhic war-dance and liberty-dance. Patriot Huguenin, Ex-Advocate, Ex-Carbineer, Ex-Clerk of the Barriers, comes deputed, with Saint Antoine at his heels; denouncing Anti-patriotism, Famine, Forestalment and Man-eaters; asks an august Legislative: "Is there not a *tocsin* in your hearts against these *mangeurs d'hommes*!"¹

But above all things, for this is a continual business, the Legislative has to reprimand the King's Ministers. Of his Majesty's Ministers we have said hitherto, and say, next to nothing. Still more spectral these! Sorrowful; of no permanency any of them, none at least since Montmorin vanished: the 'eldest of the King's Council' is occasionally not ten days old.² Feuillant-Constitutional, as your respectable Cahier de Gerville,³ as your respectable unfortunate Delessarts;⁴ or Royalist-Constitutional, as Montmorin

¹ See *Moniteur*, Séances, in *Hist. Parl.* xiii. 109. [Huguenin had been an *avocat* at Nancy, enlisted in the carabineers, deserted, and became an official in the *Octroi* of Paris. He became president of the Insurrectionary *Commune* on Aug. 9th—10th '92, was accused of speculation even in that capacity; became an army contractor in '93 and was again accused of speculation. Marat and Pache spoke for him, but after Marat's death the charge was revived. He died 1803 (*Mortimer-Ternaux*, ii. 451, *sqq.*).]

² *Dumouriez*, ii. 137. [Montmorin resigned Oct. 31st '91 and was replaced by Delessart (*vid. supr.*, note ii. 170). He told Morris that the real reason he resigned was that he "had not the complete confidence of their Majesties—and the King never answers letters" (*Morris*, i. 465, 470, 482), but he remained unofficial adviser to the King until Aug. 10th. Mallet (i. 263, *sqq.*) shows how wide was the divergence in the *Feuillant* ministry in the winter of '91—2, Bertrand leading one party and Narbonne the other, each having a different plan for getting the King out of Paris.]

³ [Cahier de Gerville, an *avocat* at Paris, chosen *Procureur-Substitut* of the Constitutional Municipality (Aug. '90), Minister of Interior Nov. 27th '91, quarrelled vigorously with Bertrand (*q.v.* i. 132, 281-7), who qualifies him as a 'blatant but honest Republican,' of ferociously anticlerical views. He resigned in March '92, and died in obscurity soon after.]

⁴ [Delessart, a former *Maître des Requêtes* had for a moment been Controller General (Dec. '90) and then Minister of the Interior. He took the Foreign Office on Montmorin's resignation and resigned the Interior in Nov. '91. He was continually denounced (Sept. 3rd, Dec. 3rd '91, Feb. 17th '92) as every Minister was. Finally he was sent to Orléans, March 10th '92. He was never tried (indeed the Court of Orléans seldom got to work on a case at all), and no evidence was put in against him; and he remained in prison till the Orléans prisoners were sent for "trial" to Paris on the request of the *Commune* in Aug. '92. He was massacred with the other prisoners at Versailles, Sept. 9th.]

last Friend of Necker ; or Aristocrat, as Bertrand-Moleville : they flit there phantom-like, in the huge simmering confusion ; poor shadows, dashed in the racking winds ; powerless, without meaning ;—whom the human memory need not charge itself with.

But how often, we say, are these poor Majesty's Ministers summoned over ; to be questioned, tutored ; nay threatened, almost bullied ! They answer what, with adroitest simulation and casuistry, they can : of which a poor Legislative knows not what to make. One thing only is clear, That Cimmerian Europe is girdling us in ; that France (not actually dead, surely ?) cannot march. Have a care, ye Ministers ! Sharp Guadet transfixes you with cross-questions, with sudden Advocate-conclusions ; the sleeping tempest that is in Vergniaud can be awakened. Restless Brissot brings up Reports, Accusations, endless thin Logic ; it is the man's highday even now.¹ Condorcet redacts, with his firm pen, our ' Address of the Legislative Assembly to the French Nation.'² Fiery Max Isnard, who, for the rest, will " carry not Fire and Sword " on those Cimmerian Enemies " but Liberty,"—is for declaring " that we hold Ministers responsible ; and that by responsibility we mean death, *nous entendons la mort.*"³

For verily it grows serious : the time presses, and traitors there are. Bertrand-Moleville has a smooth tongue, the known Aristocrat ; gall in his heart. How his answers and explanations flow ready ; jesuitic, plausible to the ear ! But perhaps the notablest is this, which befell once when Bertrand had done answering and was withdrawn. Scarcely had the august Assembly begun considering what was to be done with him, when the Hall fills with *smoke*. Thick sour smoke : no oratory, only wheezing and barking ;—irremediable ; so that the august Assembly has to adjourn !⁴ A miracle ? Typical miracle ? One knows not : only this one

¹[" Denunciation," said Brissot at the Jacobins, April 25th '92, " is the weapon of the people, the useful and necessary weapon ; " and yet Brissot admitted in a conversation with Dumont that in Delessart's case it had been merely a party move (Dumont, Souvenirs, p. 377).]

² 16th February 1792 (Choix des Rapports, vii. 375-92).

³ [Nov. 29th '91.]

⁴ Courrier-de-Paris, 14 Janvier 1792 (Gorsas's Newspaper), in Hist. Parl. xiii. 83.

seems to know, that 'the Keeper of the Stoves *was appointed* by Bertrand' or by some underling of his!—O fuliginous confused Kingdom of Dis, with thy Tantalus-Ixion toils, with thy angry Fire-floods, and Streams named of Lamentation, why hast thou not thy Lethe too, that so one might *finish* ?

CHAPTER VIII

THE JACOBINS

NEVERTHELESS let not Patriotism despair. Have we not, in Paris at least, a virtuous Petion, a wholly Patriotic Municipality? Virtuous Petion, ever since November, is Mayor of Paris: in our Municipality, the Public, for the Public is now admitted too, may behold an energetic Danton; further an epigrammatic slow-sure Manuel;¹ a resolute unrepentant Billaud-Varennes,² of Jesuit breeding; Tallien able-editor;³ and nothing but Patriots, better or worse. So ran the November Elections: to the joy of most citizens; nay the very Court supported Petion rather than Lafayette. And so Bailly and his Feuillants, long waning like the Moon, had to withdraw then, making some sorrowful obeisance,⁴

¹[Manuel, born at Montargis 1751, was a writer of some elegance, a member of the Constitutional *Commune* and *Procureur* of it in 1791, was suspended with Petion by the King for the insurrection of June 20th, but reinstated by the Assembly; did nothing to stop the massacres of September, sat for Paris in the Convention, and utterly ruined himself by defending the King's life there; guillotined Nov. 14th 1793. He was a strange freak, a mixture of rabidity and tenderness. His last literary work was the publication, in 1792, of Mirabeau's Letters to Sophie (Mme Monnier), written at Vincennes.]

²[Jacques Nicolas Billaud-Varennes (or Billaud de Varenne) was born at Rochelle 1756, was a pupil of the Oratorians, studied for the bar, which he entered at Paris 1785, began to write Radical pamphlets 1791, one of which, *Acéphalocratie*, obtained some vogue in 1791, sat in the Convention for Paris among the most violent *Montagnards*, was a member of the *Comité de Salut Public* Sept. 5th 1793—July 31st 1794, was ordered to be transported to Cayenne after the Insurrection of Germinal (April 1st '95); before he had sailed the Insurrection of Prairial broke out, and this caused him to be indicted at the Tribunal of the Charente-Inférieure, for having excited it; but he had sailed before the order reached him. His subsequent career is doubtful—according to one tradition he escaped from Cayenne, and became, under a feigned name, secretary to the so-called 'government' of Hayti—according to another he remained in Cayenne till 1816, and escaped to die in poverty at Port-au-Prince 1819. He was perhaps the most rabid and inhuman of all the Terrorists and undoubtedly a rival of Robespierre's, to whose fall he contributed in July '94.]

³[Tallien, *vid. sup.*, i. 373.]

⁴Discours de Bailly, Réponse de Petion (*Moniteur* du 20 Nov. 1791). [This refers to the farewell speech of Bailly at the *Hôtel-de-Ville* on Nov. 12th, in which he pointed out the vice of the system of Sections.]

into extinction ;—or indeed into worse, into lurid half-light, grimmed by the shadow of that Red Flag of theirs, and bitter memory of the Champ-de-Mars. How swift is the progress of things and men ! Not now does Lafayette, as on that Federation-day, when *his* noon was, ‘press his sword firmly on the Fatherland’s Altar,’ and swear in sight of France : ah no ; he, waning and setting ever since that hour, hangs now, disastrous, on the edge of the horizon ; commanding one of those Three moulting Crane-flights of Armies, in a most suspected, unfruitful, uncomfortable manner.

But, at worst, cannot Patriotism, so many thousands strong in this Metropolis of the Universe, help itself ? Has it not right-hands, pikes ? Hammering of Pikes, which was not to be prohibited by Mayor Bailly, has been sanctioned by Mayor Petion ; sanctioned by Legislative Assembly. How not, when the King’s so-called Constitutional Guard ‘was making cartridges in secret ?’ Changes are necessary for the National Guard itself ; this whole Feuillant-Aristocrat Staff of the Guard must be disbanded. Likewise, citizens without uniform may surely rank in the Guard, the pike beside the musket, in such a time : the ‘active’ citizen and the passive who can fight for us, are they not both welcome ?—O my Patriot friends, indubitably Yes !¹ Nay the truth is, Patriotism throughout, were it never so white-frilled, logical, respectable, must either lean itself heartily on Sansculottism, the black, bottomless ; or else vanish, in the frightfullest way, to Limbo ! Thus some, with upturned nose, will altogether sniff and disdain Sansculottism ; others will lean heartily on it ; nay others again will lean what we call *heartlessly* on it : three sorts ; each sort with a destiny corresponding.

In such point of view, however, have we not for the present a Volunteer Ally, stronger than all the rest ; namely, Hunger ? Hunger ; and what rushing of Panic Terror this and the sum-total of our other miseries may bring ! For Sansculottism grows by

¹[*Vid. supr.*, note ii. 147. This change in the National Guard was made on the eve of Aug. 10th, in order to render the defence of the Tuileries impossible. The battalions, formerly numbered according to the old districts, were now reduced to the number of the 48 Sections of Paris, each with two pieces of cannon in accordance with the decree of Sept. 29th '91 (*see* Robiquet, 503). The old staff was disbanded July 2nd.]

what all other things die of. Stupid Peter Baille almost made an epigram, though unconsciously, and with the Patriot world laughing not at it but at him, when he wrote: '*Tout va bien ici, le pain manque*, All goes well here, food is not to be had.'¹

Neither, if you knew it, is Patriotism without her Constitution that *can* march; her *not* impotent Parliament; or call it, Ecumenic Council, and General-Assembly of the Jean-Jacques Churches: the MOTHER-SOCIETY, namely! Mother-Society with her three-hundred full-grown Daughters; with what we can call little Grand-daughters trying to walk, in every village of France, numerable, as Burke thinks, by the hundred thousand. This is the true Constitution; made not by Twelve-Hundred august Senators, but by Nature herself; and has grown, unconsciously, out of the wants and the efforts of these Twenty-five Millions of men. They are 'Lords of the Articles,' our Jacobins; they originate debates for the Legislative; discuss Peace and War; settle beforehand what the Legislative is to do. Greatly to the scandal of philosophical men, and of most Historians;—who do in that judge naturally, and yet not wisely. A Governing Power must exist: your other powers here are simulacra; this power is *it*.

Great is the Mother-Society: she has had the honour to be denounced by Austrian Kaunitz;² and is all the dearer to Patriotism. By fortune and valour she has extinguished Feuillantism itself, at least the Feuillant Club. This latter, high as it once carried its head, she, on the 18th of February, has the satisfaction to see shut, extinct; Patriots having gone thither, with tumult, to hiss it out of pain. The Mother-Society has enlarged her locality, stretches now over the whole nave of the Church. Let us glance in, with the worthy Toulangeon, our old Ex-Constituent Friend, who happily has eyes to see. 'The

¹ Barbaroux, p. 94.

² Moniteur, Séance du 29 Mars 1792. [This refers to the celebrated note of Kaunitz to the French Ministry, read by Delessart to the Assembly on March 1st (day of Leopold's death), in which he warned the French people against the doctrines and acts of the Jacobin Club and party. It was an injudicious note, insolently conceived by Kaunitz, and it must be admitted that Kaunitz became in his old age offensive to every one he came across. It seems pretty certain that Leopold was ignorant at least of the wording of it. (See Masson, *Affaires Etrangères*, 133; Häusser, *Deutsche Geschichte vom Tod Friedrichs des Grossen*, i. 336-7.)]

‘nave of the Jacobins Church,’ says he, ‘is changed into a vast ‘Circus, the seats of which mount up circularly like an amphitheatre to the very groin of the domed roof. A high Pyramid of black marble, built against one of the walls, which was formerly a funeral monument, has alone been left standing: it serves now as back to the Office-bearer’s Bureau. Here on an elevated Platform sit President and Secretaries, behind and above them the white Busts of Mirabeau, of Franklin, and various others, nay finally of Marat. Facing this is the Tribune, raised till it is midway between floor and groin of the dome, so that the speaker’s voice may be in the centre. From that point thunder the voices which shake all Europe: down below, in silence, are forging the thunderbolts and the firebrands. Penetrating into this huge circuit, where all is out of measure, gigantic, the mind cannot repress some movement of terror and wonder; the imagination recalls those dread temples which Poetry, of old, had consecrated to the Avenging Deities.’¹

Scenes too are in this Jacobin Amphitheatre,—had History time for them. Flags of the ‘Three Free Peoples of the Universe,’ trinal brotherly flags of England, America, France, have been waved here in concert; by London Deputation, of Whigs or *Wighs* and their Club, on this hand, and by young French Citoyennes on that; beautiful sweet-tongued Female Citizens, who solemnly send over salutation and brotherhood, also Tricolor stitched by their own needle, and finally Ears of Wheat; while the dome rebellows with *Vivent les trois peuples libres!* from all throats:—a most dramatic scene. Demoiselle Théroigne recites, from that Tribune in mid air, her persecutions in Austria; comes leaning on the arm of Joseph Chénier, Poet Chénier, to demand Liberty for the hapless Swiss of Château-Vieux.² Be of hope,

¹ Toulangeon, ii. 124. [*Vid. supr.*, note on i. 390.]

² Débats des Jacobins (Hist. Parl. xiii. 259, etc.).

[This is Marie-Joseph Chénier who made his name with the tragedy of ‘Charles IX.’ first acted in Nov. ’89. He may be called in some ways the professional poet of the Revolution, and it is this professionalism which detracts from his fame as compared with that of his brother André. Though he wrote the ‘Hymn to Reason’ for the Atheist movement of ’93, and the ‘Hymn to the Supreme Being’ for the new Robespierist religion of ’94, he really seems to have tried to save his

ye forty Swiss; tugging there, in the Brest waters; *not* forgotten!

Deputy Brissot perorates from that Tribune; Desmoulins, our wicked Camille, interjecting audibly from below, "*Coquin!*" Here, though oftener in the Cordeliers, reverberates the lion-voice of Danton; grim Billaud-Varennes is here; Collot d'Herbois, pleading for the Forty Swiss, tearing a passion to rags. Apophthegmatic Manuel winds up in this pithy way: "A Minister must perish!"—to which the Amphitheatre responds: "*Tous, Tous, All, All!*" But the Chief Priest and Speaker of this place, as we said, is Robespierre, the long-winded incorruptible man. What spirit of Patriotism dwelt in men in those times, this one fact, it seems to us, will evince: that fifteen hundred human creatures, not bound to it, sat quiet under the oratory of Robespierre; nay, listened nightly, hour after hour, applausive; and gaped as for the word of life. More insupportable individual, one would say, seldom opened his mouth in any Tribune. Acrid, implacable-impotent; dull-drawling, barren as the Harmattan-wind. He pleads, in endless earnest-shallow speech, against immediate War, against Woollen Caps or *Bonnets Rouges*, against many things; and is the Trismegistus and Dalai-Lama of Patriot men. Whom nevertheless a shrill-voiced little man, yet with fine eyes, and a broad beautifully sloping brow, rises respectfully to controvert; he is, say the Newspaper Reporters, 'M. Louvet, Author of the charming Romance of *Faublas*.' Steady, ye Patriots! Pull not *yet* two ways; with

brother (who was a moderate) from the scaffold. The 'Chant du Départ' is the most famous of all his poems. He sat in the Convention, in the Council of 500, and in the tribunate, dying 1811.

His elder brother André, whose works are less known and less voluminous, has been recognised by modern France as the greater poet of the two. Both were born at Constantinople, where their father was an *attaché* of the French Legation. André, who was at the French Embassy in England in 1789, was a prominent member of the 'Club of 1789,' and in that capacity had a fierce quarrel with his Radical brother. He lived in retirement after Aug. 10th, but assisted Malesherbes in composing the King's defence, and this ultimately led to his arrest and execution (after a long imprisonment) two days before 9th Thermidor. His best known poems are his 'Dithyrambe sur le Jeu de Paume,' Ode to Charlotte Corday, and 'Jeune Captive,' the last written in prison: but he was also a considerable prose writer and a contributor to the 'Journal de Paris.' (*Sée Rev. de la Rév.* xii. 513, *sqq.*)

a France rushing panic-stricken in the rural districts, and a Cimmerian Europe storming in on you!¹

CHAPTER IX

MINISTER ROLAND

ABOUT the vernal equinox, however, one unexpected gleam of hope does burst forth on Patriotism: the appointment of a thoroughly Patriot Ministry. This also his Majesty, among his innumerable experiments of wedding fire to water, will try. *Quod bonum sit.* Madame d'Udon's Breakfasts have jingled with a new significance; not even Genevese Dumont but had a word in it. Finally, on the 15th and onwards to the 23d day of March 1792, when all is negotiated,—this is the blessed issue; this Patriot Ministry² that we see.

General Dumouriez, with the Foreign Portfolio,³ shall ply Kaunitz and the Kaiser, in another style than did poor Delesarts; whom indeed we have sent to our High Court of Orléans

¹[Camille Desmoulins had begun occasionally to ridicule Brissot as far back as Jan. '92, and Camille was at this time entirely in Robespierre's interest. On May 17th '92 Robespierre, whose cue it was to be always a little in front of the leading Radicals, and to combat any force or person which promised any sort of stable government, started a paper of his own called 'Défenseur de la Constitution,' and its third number contained a long attack on Brissot, Condorcet, etc. But the Girondists had of course a large majority in the Jacobins, and this was the real reason why Robespierre denounced them. (Cf. Rév. Fr. xxxv. 529 sqq. and Biré, *Légende des Girondins*, 202.)]

²[It was Vergnaud's famous speech of March 10th which terrified the Court into choosing a Girondist Ministry. The real dates are March 17th—24th. The Court, hoping now for deliverance from abroad only, determined to give the Radicals rope with which to hang themselves. Dumouriez however persuaded the King, and perhaps to some extent himself, that he was the Minister to save the Monarchy. He had a soldier's hatred of disorder; the great career for which he had longed seemed to be opening to him (in his 54th year); and he was indifferent whether it should end in making him Marshal of France in a Restored Monarchy, or Dictator in an infant and disordered Republic.]

³[In foreign politics Dumouriez made a mistake somewhat similar to that of Narbonne: he imagined he could confine hostilities to a war with Austria, and that in Belgium only; whereas his party meant a War of Opinion with Europe. Hence his negotiations with England and Prussia came to nothing, much as Narbonne's had done. Internally Dumouriez made a clean sweep of the whole staff of the Foreign Office—the ablest set of professional diplomats in Europe—and brought in no one of ability except the intriguing *Liegeois*, Lebrun, who became Foreign Minister after Aug. 10th. Dumouriez held the Foreign Office till June 14th, when he took over the War Office, which he immediately gave up, to go to the front. (See Masson, *Affaires Étrangères*, 146 sqq.)]

for his sluggishness. War-Minister Narbonne is washed away by the Time-flood; poor Chevalier de Grave,¹ chosen by the Court, is fast washing away: then shall austere Servan,² able Engineer-Officer, mount suddenly to the War Department. Genevese Clavière³ sees an omen realised: passing the finance Hôtel, long years ago, as a poor Genevese exile, it was borne wondrously on his mind that *he* was to be Finance-Minister; and now he is it;—and his poor Wife, given up by the Doctors, rises and walks, not the victim of nerves but their vanquisher.⁴ And above all, our Minister of the Interior? Roland de la Platrière, he of Lyons! So have the Brissotins, public or private Opinion, and Breakfasts in the Place Vendôme, decided it. Strict Roland, compared to a *Quaker endimanché*, or Sunday Quaker, goes to kiss hands at the Tuileries, in round hat and sleek hair, his shoes tied with mere riband or ferrat. The Supreme Usher twitches Dumouriez aside: “*Quoi, Monsieur!* No buckles to his shoes?”—“Ah, Monsieur,” answers Dumouriez, glancing towards the ferrat: “All is lost, *Tout est perdu.*”⁵

And so our fair Roland removes from her upper-floor in the Rue Saint-Jacques, to the sumptuous saloons once occupied by Madame Necker.⁶ Nay still earlier, it was Calonne that did all this gilding; it was he who ground these lustres, Venetian

¹[The Marquis de Grave, born 1755, was *Maréchal de Camp* in 1789, succeeded Narbonne on March 10th, resigned the War Office again May 8th, emigrated after Aug. 10th, returned 1804, served Empire and Restoration and died 1823.]

²[Servan, born 1741, served in the Engineers before 1789, held high command in the National Guard of Paris from 1789—92, took the War Office May 9th—June 12th, and again Aug. 10th—Oct. 3rd; commanded in the Pyrenees Oct. '92—May '93, was dismissed and imprisoned till after Thermidor, died 1808: was a considerable writer on tactics, and probably the author of the scheme for the defence of the Argonne passes, which Carlyle wrongly attributes to Dumouriez (*vid. infr.*, ii. 297 note). He was as closely *lié* with the Rolands as any one, and it was no doubt a conversation of his with Madame Roland about the possibility of establishing a Republic in the south which led to the accusation of “Federalism,” so often hurled against the Gironde. (Mme Roland, *Mém.* p. 249.) Morris (i. 547) reports a similar opinion of Servan's.]

³[Clavière, *vid. supr.*, i. 171 note.]

⁴Dumont, c. 20, 21.

⁵Madame Roland, ii. 80-115.

⁶[The *Hôtel* to which Carlyle here refers is presumably the former *Hôtel* of the *Contrôle Général*, now the *Hôtel* of the Ministry of the Interior. Mortimer-Ternaux (iii. 247) puts it in the Rue Vivienne, but Biré (*Légende* 46-52) says it was in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs; Mme Roland removed thither not from Rue St. Jacques, but from the *Hôtel Britannique*, Rue Guénégaud.]

mirrors ; who polished this inlaying, this veneering and or-moulu ; and made it, by rubbing of the proper *lamp*, an Aladdin's Palace :—and now behold, he wanders dim-flitting over Europe ; half-drowned in the Rhine-stream, scarcely saving his Papers ! *Vos non vobis*.—The fair Roland, equal to either fortune, has her public Dinner on Fridays, the Ministers all there in a body : she withdraws to her desk (the cloth once removed), and seems busy writing ; nevertheless loses no word : if, for example, Deputy Brissot and Minister Clavière get too hot in argument, she, not without timidity, yet with a cunning gracefulness, will interpose. Deputy Brissot's head, they say, is getting giddy, in this sudden height ; as feeble heads do.

Envious men¹ insinuate that the Wife Roland is Minister, and not the Husband : it is happily the worst they have to charge her with. For the rest, let whose head soever be getting giddy, it is not this brave woman's. Serene and queenly here, as she was of old in her own hired garret of the Ursulines Convent ! She who has quietly shelled French-beans for her dinner ; being led to that, as a young maiden, by quiet insight and computation ; and knowing what that was, and what she was : such a one will also look quietly on or-moulu and veneering, not ignorant of these either. Calonne did the veneering : he gave dinners here, old Besenval diplomatically whispering to him ; and was great : yet Calonne we saw at last 'walk with long strides.' Necker next : and where now is Necker ? Us also a swift change has brought hither ; a swift change will send us hence. Not a Palace but a Caravansera !

So wags and wavers this unrestful World, day after day, month

¹[“Envious men” were quite right ; Mme Roland was practically sole Minister, not of the Interior only but of France ; the whole Ministry was swayed by her envy and hatred of the Queen—bitter personal hatred of woman for woman. Roland seems to have regarded himself solely as his wife's and Brissot's spy on the King. “There can be no doubt,” says Von Sybel (i. 459), “of the disloyalty with which he, in his capacity of Minister, attacked the King's conscience in its most sensitive place, and kindled a contest for life and death between King and Assembly.” Louvet admits that Madame Roland wrote *all* the ministerial circulars, letters, speeches and reports to the Assembly ; she herself admits that she employed the secret service money in subsidising the *Sentinelles* and other violent Radical prints. (See Dauban, *Étude sur Mme R.* cxi.-cxiv.)]

after month. The Streets of Paris, and all cities, roll daily their oscillatory flood of men ; which flood does nightly disappear, and lie hidden horizontal in beds and trucklebeds ; and awakes on the morrow to new perpendicularity and movement. Men go their roads, foolish or wise ;—Engineer Goguelat to and fro, bearing Queen’s cipher. A Madame de Staël is busy ; cannot clutch her Narbonne from the Time-flood : a Princess de Lamballe is busy ; cannot help her Queen. Barnave, seeing the Feuillants dispersed, and Coblenz so brisk, begs by way of final recompense to kiss her Majesty’s hand ; “ augurs not well of her new course ; ” and retires home to Grenoble, to wed an heiress there. The Café Valois and Méot the Restaurateur’s hear daily gasconade ; loud babble of Half-pay Royalists, with or without poniards. Remnants of Aristocrat saloons call the new Ministry *Ministère Sansculotte*. A Louvet, of the Romance *Faublas*, is busy in the Jacobins. A Cazotte, of the Romance *Diable Amoureux*, is busy elsewhere : better wert thou quiet, old Cazotte ;¹ it is a world, this, of magic become *real* ! All men are busy ; doing they only half guess what :—flinging seeds, of tares mostly, into the ‘Seed-field of TIME :’ this, by and by, will declare wholly what.

But Social Explosions have in them something dread, and as it were mad and magical ; which indeed Life always secretly has : thus the dumb Earth (says Fable), if you pull her mandrake-roots, will give a demonic mad-making *moan*. These Explosions and Revolts ripen, break forth like dumb dread Forces of Nature ; and yet they are Men’s forces ; and yet *we* are part of them : the Dæmonic that is in man’s life has burst out on us, will sweep us too away !—One day here is like another, and yet it is not like but different. How much is growing, silently resistless, at all moments ! Thoughts are growing ; forms of Speech are growing, and Customs and even Costumes ; still

¹[Cazotte was a well known member of the Sect of the *Illuminati*, and was really almost out of his mind. He was at this time engaged in writing to a clerk of Laporte’s various schemes for the King’s escape. He was arrested after Aug. 10th, and after being spared by Maillard in the prison massacres owing to his daughter’s devotion (*vid. infr.*, p. 290), was condemned by the *Tribunal Criminel Extraordinaire* and guillotined Sept. 23rd.]

more visibly are actions and transactions growing, and that doomed Strife of France, with herself and with the whole world.

The word *Liberty* is never named now except in conjunction with another; *Liberty* and *Equality*. In like manner, what, in a reign of Liberty and Equality, can these words, 'Sir,' 'Obedient Servant,' 'Honour to be,' and such like, signify? Tatters and fibres of old Feudality; which, were it only in the Grammatical province, ought to be rooted out! The Mother-Society has long since had proposals to that effect: these she could not entertain; not, at the moment. Note too how the Jacobin Brethren are mounting new Symbolical head-gear: the Woollen Cap or Night-cap, *bonnet de laine*, better known as *bonnet rouge*,¹ the colour being *red*. A thing one wears not only by way of Phrygian Cap-of-Liberty, but also for convenience's sake, and then also in compliment to the Lower-class Patriots and Bastille-Heroes; for the Red Nightcap combines all the three properties. Nay cockades themselves begin to be made of wool, of tricolor yarn: the riband-cockade, as a symptom of Feuillant Upper-class temper, is becoming suspicious. Signs of the times.

Still more, note the travail-throes of Europe: or rather, note the birth she brings; for the successive throes and shrieks, of Austrian and Prussian Alliance, of Kaunitz Antijacobin Despatch, of French Ambassadors cast out, and so forth, were long to note. Dumouriez corresponds with Kaunitz, Metternich,² or Cobentzel, in another style than Delessarts did. Strict becomes stricter; categorical answer, as to this Coblentz work and much else, shall be given. Failing which? Failing which, on the 20th day of April 1792, King and Ministers step over to the Salle de Manège; promulgate how the matter stands; and poor Louis, 'with tears in his eyes,' proposes that the Assembly do now decree War.³ After due eloquence, War is decreed that night.

¹[Bonnet Rouge, *vid. supr.*, i. 423 note.]

²[Metternich was born in 1773, and made his entrance into political life as Master of the Ceremonies at the Coronation of Francis II.; his influence on politics was as yet *nil*.]

³[The final steps towards war were rapid; *i. e.*, Jan. 1st '92, the *Émigré* Princes and Calonne were 'decreed accused' of high treason; 14th, the Assembly summoned Leopold to explain his intentions; 25th, it repeated the same summons in

War, indeed! Paris came all crowding, full of expectancy, to the morning, and still more to the evening, session. D'Orléans with his two sons is there; looks on, wide-eyed, from the opposite gallery.¹ Thou canst look, O Philippe: it is a War big with issues, for thee and for all men. Cimmerician Obscurantism and this thrice-glorious Revolution shall wrestle for it, then: some Four-and-Twenty years; in immeasurable Briareus wrestle; trampling and tearing; before they can come to any, not agreement, but compromise, and approximate ascertainment each of what is in the other.

Let our Three Generals on the Frontiers look to it, therefore; and poor Chevalier de Grave, the War-Minister, consider what he will do. What is in the three Generals and Armies we may guess. As for poor Chevalier de Grave, he, in this whirl of things all coming to a press and pinch upon him, loses head, and merely whirls with them, in a totally distracted manner; signing himself at last, 'De Grave, *Mayor of Paris*;' whereupon he demits, returns over the Channel, to walk in Kensington Gardens;² and austere Servan, the able Engineer-Officer, is elevated in his stead.³ To the post of Honour? To that of Difficulty, at least.

CHAPTER X

PETION-NATIONAL-PIQUE

AND yet, how, on dark bottomless Cataracts there plays the foolishest fantastic-coloured spray and shadow; hiding the Abyss under vapoury rainbows! Alongside of this discussion as to Aus-

stronger terms; March 1st, came the outburst in the Assembly on the reading of the note of Kaunitz; 10th, decree of accusation against Delessart; 17th—24th, reconstruction of Ministry, and much more offensive tone adopted by Dumouriez. The new Austrian Sovereign Francis II. at once entered into much more cordial relations with Frederick William than Leopold had done, and the Treaty of Berlin of Feb. 7th was at once put in force. Only seven votes in the French Assembly were given against the War, which was decreed on April 20th against the "King of Hungary and Bohemia" (Francis's chief official titles before he was elected Emperor). Prussia however at once informed Custine (now regularly accredited to Berlin) that she considered herself at war with France; yet France never ceased till May '94 to work on the *entourage* of Frederick William in the hope of breaking up the alliance between Prussia and Austria.]

¹ Deux Amis, vii. 146-66.

² Dumont, c. 19, 21.

³[May 8th.]

trian-Prussian War, there goes on not less but more vehemently a discussion, Whether the Forty or Two-and-forty Swiss of Château-Vieux shall be liberated from the Brest Galleys? And then, Whether, being liberated, they shall have a public Festival, or only private ones?

Théroigne, as we saw, spoke; and Collot took up the tale. Has not Bouillé's final display of himself, in that final Night of Spurs, stamped your so-called 'Revolt of Nanci' into a 'Massacre of Nanci,' for all Patriot judgments? Hateful is that massacre; hateful the Lafayette-Feuillant 'public thanks' given for it! For indeed, Jacobin Patriotism and dispersed Feuillantism are now at death-grips; and do fight with all weapons, even with scenic shows. The walls of Paris, accordingly, are covered with Placard and Counter-Placard, on the subject of Forty Swiss blockheads. Journal responds to Journal; Player Collot to Poetaster Roucher; Joseph Chénier the Jacobin, squire of Théroigne, to his Brother André the Feuillant; Mayor Petion to Dupont de Nemours: and for the space of two months, there is nowhere peace for the thought of man,—till this thing be settled.

Gloria in excelsis! The forty Swiss are at last got 'amnestied.' Rejoice ye Forty; doff your greasy wool Bonnets, which shall become Caps of Liberty. The Brest Daughter-Society welcomes you from on board, with kisses on each cheek: your iron Hand-cuffs are disputed as Relics of Saints; the Brest Society indeed can have one portion, which it will beat into Pikes, a sort of Sacred Pikes; but the other portion must belong to Paris, and be suspended from the dome there, along with the Flags of the Three Free Peoples! Such a goose is man; and cackles over plush-velvet Grand Monarques and woollen Galley-slaves; over everything and over nothing,—and will cackle with his whole soul, merely if others cackle!

On the ninth morning of April, these Forty Swiss blockheads arrive. From Versailles; with *vivats* heaven-high; with the affluence of men and women. To the Townhall we conduct them; nay to the Legislative itself, though not without difficulty. They are harangued, bedinnered, begifted,—the very Court, *not* for

conscience-sake, contributing something; and their Public Festival shall be next Sunday.¹ Next Sunday accordingly it is.² They are mounted into a 'triumphal Car resembling a ship;' are carted over Paris, with the clang of cymbals and drums, all mortals assisting applausive; carted to the Champ-de-Mars and Fatherland's Altar; and finally carted, for Time always brings deliverance,—into invisibility forevermore.³

Whereupon dispersed Feuillantism, or that Party which loves Liberty yet *not* more than Monarchy, will likewise have its Festival: Festival of Simonneau, unfortunate Mayor of Étampes,⁴ who died for the Law; most surely for the Law, though Jacobinism disputes; being trampled down with his Red Flag in the riot about grains. At which Festival the Public again assists, *unapplausive*: not we.

On the whole, Festivals are not wanting; beautiful rainbow-spray when all is now rushing treble-quick towards its Niagara Fall. National Repasts there are; countenanced by Mayor Pétion; Saint-Antoine, and the Strong Ones of the Halles defiling through Jacobin Club, "their felicity," according to Santerre, "not perfect otherwise;" singing many-voiced their *ça-ira*, dancing their *ronde patriotique*. Among whom one is glad to discern

¹[April 15th.]

²Newspapers of February, March, April 1792; Iambe d'André Chénier sur la Fête des Suisses; &c. &c. (in Hist. Parl. xiii. xiv.).

³[*Vid. note supr.*, ii. 31. A report on the case of these convicts had already been read by Maillé, Dec. 22nd '91, which recognised that they had been rightly punished, but begged a pardon for them: this was not carried. Observe then that in Dec. '91 they are criminals, in March '92 they are heroes and martyrs. They were now presented to the Municipality by Collot (April 7th) and harangued by Pétion as "soldiers of liberty, for whose sake they had been martyrs." The authorities of the Department of the Seine protested against the proposed *fête*, and had a sharp conflict with the *Hôtel-de-Ville* over it, but in vain. The only other protest came in the splendid satire of André Chénier's (to which Carlyle refers in his previous note). It is to be noticed that the Swiss Government expressly demanded that they should *not* be released. Mortimer-Ternaux well begins his History of the Terror by the contrast between the success of this *Fête de la Liberté* and the *Fête de la Loi* mentioned below (*cf. Mortimer-Ternaux*, i. 51, *sqq.*; Robiquet, 478).]

⁴[*Vid. supr.*, ii. 168. The Assembly had already voted funeral honours to Simonneau, March 18th. On May 6th a petition in favour of a *Fête* in his honour was presented, and the *Fête de la Loi* was fixed for June 3rd in spite of Robespierre's covert opposition in his newspaper. Only the constituted authorities attended, and the whole thing was a dead failure (*see Mortimer-Ternaux*, i. 100, *sqq.*).]

Saint-Huruge, expressly 'in white hat,' the Saint-Christopher of the Carmagnole. Nay a certain *Tambour*, or National Drummer, having just been presented with a little daughter, determines to have the new Frenchwoman christened, on Fatherland's Altar, then and there. Repast once over, he accordingly has her christened;¹ Fauchet the Te-Deum Bishop acting in chief, Thuriot and honourable persons standing gossips: by the name, Petion-National-Pique!² Does this remarkable Citizeness, now past the meridian of life, still walk the Earth? Or did she die perhaps of teething? Universal History is not indifferent.

CHAPTER XI

THE HEREDITARY REPRESENTATIVE

AND yet it is not by carmagnole-dances, and singing of *ça-ira*, that the work can be done. Duke Brunswick is not dancing carmagnoles, but has his drill-sergeants busy.

On the Frontiers, our Armies, be it treason or not, behave in the worst way. Troops badly commanded, shall we say? Or troops intrinsically bad? Unappointed, undisciplined, mutinous; that, in a thirty-years peace, have never seen fire? In any case, Lafayette's and Rochambeau's little clutch, which they made at Austrian Flanders, has prospered as badly as clutch need do: soldiers starting at their own shadow; suddenly shrieking, "*On nous trahit*," and flying off in wild panic, at or before the first shot;³—managing only to hang some two or three prisoners they had picked up, and massacre their own Commander, poor Théobald Dillon, driven into a granary by them in the Town of Lille.⁴

¹[March 25th.]

²Patriote Français (Brissot's Newspaper), in Hist. Parl. xiii. 451. [A good parallel to Mlle P. N. Pique is Civilis-Victoire-Jemappes-Dumouriez-Lebrun, daughter of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, born Nov. 11th 1792 (Masson, Affaires Étrangères, 278). In Rev. de la Rév. (i. 65) the names of several children baptised Petion are given, and even 'Brissot' appears (if one may use such a paradox) as a "Christian" name. It may be remembered that several English girls, born during the Crimean war, were named 'Alma.']

³[April 29th.]

⁴[The 'clutch at Austrian Flanders' was Dumouriez's favourite idea. The Austrian troops were very few in number, and had orders to remain strictly on the defensive, Francis being unwilling to move in earnest till his election to the Em-

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And poor Gouvion: he who sat shiftless in that Insurrection of Women! Gouvion quitted the Legislative Hall and Parliamentary duties, in disgust and despair, when those Galley-slaves of Château-Vieux were admitted there. He said, "Between the Austrians and the Jacobins there is nothing but a soldier's death for it;"¹ and so, 'in the dark stormy night,' he has flung himself into the throat of the Austrian cannon,² and perished in the skirmish at Maubeuge on the ninth of June. Whom Legislative Patriotism shall mourn, with black mort-cloths and melody in the Champ-de-Mars: many a Patriot shiftier, truer none. Lafayette himself is looking altogether dubious; in place of beating the Austrians, is about writing to denounce the Jacobins. Rochambeau, all disconsolate, quits the service: there remains only Lückner, the babbling old Prussian Grenadier.

Without Armies, without Generals! And the Cimmerian Night *has* gathered itself; Brunswick preparing his proclamation; just about to march!³ Let a Patriot Ministry and Legislative say, what in these circumstances it will do? Suppress internal enemies, for one thing, answers the Patriot Legislative; and proposes, on the 24th of May, its Decree for the Banishment

pire and coronation should be over. The movements of Catharine (whose troops entered Poland April 8th) were also very disquieting to the Allies. It was outside Tournay that the *saute qui peut* here referred to took place. Dillon had advanced from Lille towards Tournay with some 3,500; while his men were breakfasting on April 29th the Austrians, in about equal numbers, appeared in sight. Dillon ordered a prudent retreat, which degenerated into a rout as the Austrians followed, though without firing. The French abandoned their guns but only lost two men; on arriving in Lille they called in the mob, who assisted them in massacring Dillon. Biron who had also crossed the frontier and occupied Quiévrain, was obliged to retreat on Valenciennes with his troops in a panic, and with considerable loss. (Von Sybel, i. 448, *sqq.*)

¹ Toulougeon, ii. 149.

² [June 11th '92.]

³ [Brunswick, having accepted the command of the Allies, swallowed his scruples and prepared (about May 12th) the plan of campaign, Hohenlohe and Bouillé assisting him. The attack was to be a triple one: (i.) the advance of the Austrians upon Lille; (ii.) the main attack on Champagne from the Gate of Lorraine (the straightest road to Paris); this was Brunswick's own task with 42,000 Prussians, raised by Austrian, Hessian and *Émigré* contingents to something over 80,000; (iii.) a diversion on Alsace by Austria, *viâ* the Gate of Belfort. The smaller Princes of the Empire, on whose nominal behalf the war was being waged, remained disgracefully neutral. Francis was elected Emperor July 5th, and crowned July 14th. A series of councils of war was held by the allies at the time of the Coronation, in which they openly stated that they expected compensation from France for their trouble (*see* Sorel, ii. 471; Chuquet, *La Première Invasion Prussienne*, cap. iii.)]

of Priests.¹ Collect also some nucleus of determined internal friends, adds War-Minister Servan ; and proposes, on the 7th² of June, his Camp of Twenty-thousand. Twenty-thousand National Volunteers ; Five out of each Canton, picked Patriots, for Roland has charge of the Interior : they shall assemble here in Paris ;³ and be for a defence, cunningly devised, against foreign Austrians and domestic *Austrian Committee* alike. So much can a Patriot Ministry and Legislative do.

Reasonable and cunningly devised as such Camp may, to Servan and Patriotism, appear, it appears not so to Feuillantism ; to that Feuillant-Aristocrat Staff of the Paris Guard ; a Staff, one would say again, which will need to be *dissolved*. These men see, in this proposed Camp of Servan's, an offence ; and even, as they pretend to say, an insult. Petitions there come, in consequence, from blue Feuillants in epaulettes ; ill received. Nay, in the end, there comes one Petition, called 'of the Eight-thousand National Guards :' so many names are on it, including women and children. Which famed Petition of the Eight-thousand is indeed received : and the Petitioners, all under arms, are admitted to the honours of the sitting,—if honours or even if sitting there be ; for the instant their bayonets appear at the one door, the Assembly 'adjourns,' and begins to flow out at the other.⁴

Also, in these same days, it is lamentable to see how National Guards, escorting *Fête-Dieu*, or *Corpus-Christi* ceremonial, do collar and smite down any Patriot that does not uncover as the Hostie passes. They clap their bayonets to the breast of Cattle-butcher Legendre, a known Patriot ever since the Bastille days ; and threaten to butcher him ; though he sat quite respectfully, he

¹ [May 27th.]

² [Carried June 8th.]

³ [The decree for the camp of 20,000, to be chosen from the Departments, had ulterior motives in it. The Gironde were beginning to feel the pressure of Paris, whose mob was swayed by their still more Radical rivals in Club, Assembly and street : the decree was vetoed, but the camp became a fact under another name at Soissons (which is near enough to Paris) (July 2nd). The King sanctioned this as a defence against the Allies, for it is at Soissons that the two great roads from North-East and East (from Maubeuge and Longwy) meet. (See Chuquet, p. 36.)]

⁴ Moniteur, Séance du 10 Juin 1792.

says, in his Gig, at a distance of fifty paces, waiting till the thing were by. Nay, orthodox females were shrieking to have down the *Lanterne* on him.¹

To such height has Feuillantism gone in this Corps. For indeed, are not their Officers creatures of the chief Feuillant, Lafayette? The Court too has, very naturally, been tampering with them; caressing them, ever since that dissolution of the so-called Constitutional Guard. Some Battalions are altogether 'pétris, kneaded full' of Feuillantism, mere Aristocrats at bottom: for instance, the Battalion of the *Filles-Saint-Thomas*, made up of your Bankers, Stockbrokers, and other Full-purses of the Rue Vivienne. Our worthy old Friend Weber, Queen's Foster-brother Weber, carries a musket in that Battalion,—one may judge with what degree of Patriotic intention.

Heedless of all which, or rather heedful of all which, the Legislative, backed by Patriot France and the feeling of Necessity, decrees this Camp of Twenty-thousand. Decisive though conditional Banishment of malign Priests it has already decreed.

It will now be seen, therefore, Whether the Hereditary Representative is for us or against us? Whether or not, to all our other woes, this intolerablest one is to be added; which renders us not a menaced Nation in extreme jeopardy and need, but a paralytic Solecism of a Nation; sitting wrapped as in dead ceremonies, of a Constitutional-Vesture that were no other than a winding-sheet; our right hand glued to our left: to wait there, writhing and wriggling, unable to stir from the spot, till in Prussian rope we mount to the gallows? Let the Hereditary Representative consider it well: The Decree of Priests? The Camp of Twenty-thousand?—By Heaven, he answers, *Veto! Veto!*—Strict Roland hands in his *Letter to the King*; ² or rather it was Madame's Letter, who wrote it all at a sitting; one of the plainest-spoken Letters ever handed-in to any King. This

¹Débats des Jacobins (in Hist. Parl. xiv. 429). [Louis Legendre, born at Versailles 1752, a well-to-do master butcher, member of the *Cordeliers* district and completely under the influence of Danton, deputy for Paris to the Convention, afterwards a leader in Thermidor, which event he regarded as avenging Danton; died, a member of the Council of 500, at Paris 1797.]

²[June 10th.]

plain-spoken Letter King Louis has the benefit of reading overnight. He reads, inwardly digests; and next morning, the whole Patriot Ministry finds itself turned out. It is the 13th of June 1792.¹

Dumouriez, the many-counselled, he, with one Duranthon, called Minister of Justice, does indeed linger for a day or two; in rather suspicious circumstances; speaks with the Queen, almost weeps with her:² but in the end, he too sets off for the Army; leaving what Un-Patriot or Semi-Patriot Ministry and Ministries can now accept the helm, to accept it. Name them not; new quick-changing Phantasms, which shift like magic-lantern figures; more spectral than ever!³

Unhappy Queen, unhappy Louis! The two *Vetos* were so natural: are not the Priests martyrs; also friends? This Camp of Twenty-thousand, could it be other than of stormfullest Sansculottes? Natural; and yet, to France, unendurable. Priests that cooperate with Coblenz must go elsewhere with their martyrdom: stormful Sansculottes, these and no other kind of creatures will drive back the Austrians. If thou prefer the Austrians, then for the love of Heaven go join them. If not, join frankly with what will oppose them to the death. Middle course is none.

Or, alas, what extreme course was there left now for a man like

¹Madame Roland, ii. 115. [The writer frankly admits in her *Mémoires* (353-4, ed. Dauban) that she did all she could to prevent her husband and Clavière putting any confidence in the King. This letter M. Dauban characterises as a "useless violence and a low trick." Mme Roland says, in her vanity, "I wrote it all at one stroke, thought and action being the same with me. Pache "was with me at the time, and said 'it's a very bold thing to do.' 'Yes,' said I, "but just and necessary, and what does the rest matter?" Roland went to the council with the letter in his pocket, and the discussion was reopened on the two vetos. The King asked each of his ministers to put his opinion in writing. Roland came home, and sent the letter to the King as his opinion (*ibid.* 358). She does not add that Roland also communicated the letter to the Assembly, which was of course a distinct breach of trust.]

²[Dumouriez was by this time supporting the King in his hostility to the rest of the Girondist Ministry, though he wished the decree against the Priests to be sanctioned; but he had just at this time exchanged the foreign for the War Office, and now resigned the latter also, to set off for the army. Lacoste the Minister of Marine alone remained. Dumouriez in his *Mémoires* (ii. 275) no doubt lies when he says that the King promised *him* to sanction the two decrees, if *he* would stay in office.]

³[The Lafayetteist ministry consisted of D'Ormesson, Lajard, Terrier de Monciel and Chambonnas.]

Louis? Underhand Royalists, Ex-Minister Bertrand-Moleville, Ex-Constituent Malouet, and all manner of unhelpful individuals, advise and advise. With face of hope turned now on the Legislative Assembly, and now on Austria and Coblenz, and round generally on the Chapter of Chances, an ancient Kingship is reeling and spinning, one knows not whitherward, on the flood of things.

CHAPTER XII

PROCESSION OF THE BLACK BREECHES.

BUT is there a thinking man in France who, in these circumstances, can persuade himself that the Constitution will march? Brunswick is stirring; *he*, in few days now, will march. Shall France sit still, wrapped in dead cerements and grave-clothes, its right hand glued to its left, till the Brunswick Saint-Bartholomew arrive; till France be as Poland, and its Rights of Man become a Prussian Gibbet?

Verily it is a moment frightful for all men. National Death; or else some preternatural convulsive outburst of National Life;—that same *dæmonic* outburst! Patriots whose audacity has limits had, in truth, better retire like Barnave; court private felicity at Grenoble. Patriots whose audacity has no limits must sink down into the obscure; and, daring and defying all things, seek salvation in stratagem, in Plot of Insurrection. Roland and young Barbaroux have spread out the Map of France before them, Barbaroux says 'with tears:' they consider what Rivers, what Mountain-ranges are in it: they will retire behind this Loire-stream, defend these Auvergne stone-labyrinths; save some little sacred Territory of the Free; die at least in their last ditch. Lafayette indites his emphatic Letter to the Legislative against Jacobinism;¹ which emphatic Letter will not heal the unhealable.

¹ *Moniteur*, Séance du 18 Juin 1792. [Lafayette's letter, read in the Assembly on 18th, had some effect; his reputation was still so great that the Right made a momentary rally, and the Assembly voted the printing and circulation of the letter: on the next day the formal Veto of the King on the two decrees was made known, and the Radicals replied to both the Veto and Lafayette with the Insurrection of June 20th. Lafayette's letter must have been concocted with the King's knowledge, as on the same day the new (Lafayette) Ministry was constituted which held office till July 10th, and provisionally till Aug. 1st (*see* Masson, *Affaires Etrangères*, 183; Lafayette, iii. 325; Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 126).]

Forward, ye Patriots whose audacity has no limits ; it is you now that must either do or die ! The Sections of Paris sit in deep counsel ; send out Deputation after Deputation to the Salle de Manége, to petition and denounce. Great is their ire against tyrannous *Veto*, *Austrian Committee*, and the combined Cimmerian Kings. What boots it ? Legislative listens to the ‘tocsin in our hearts ;’ grants us honours of the sitting, sees us defile with jingle and fanfaronade ; but the Camp of Twenty-thousand, the Priest-Decree, bevetoed by Majesty, are become impossible for Legislative. Fiery Isnard says, “We will have Equality, should we descend for it to the tomb.” Vergniaud utters, hypothetically, his stern Ezekiel-visions of the fate of Anti-national Kings. But the question is : Will hypothetic prophecies, will jingle and fanfaronade demolish the *Veto* ; or will the *Veto*, secure in its Tuileries Château, remain undemolishable by these ? Barbaroux, dashing away his tears, writes to the Marseilles Municipality, that they must send him ‘Six-hundred men who know how to die, *qui savent mourir*.’¹ No wet-eyed message this, but a fire-eyed one ;—which will be obeyed !

Meanwhile the Twentieth of June is nigh, anniversary of that world-famous Oath of the Tennis-Court : on which day, it is said, certain citizens have in view to plant a *Mai* or Tree of Liberty in the Tuileries Terrace of the Feuillants ; perhaps also to petition the Legislative and Hereditary Representative about these Vetos ;—with such demonstration, jingle and evolution, as may seem profitable and practicable. Sections have gone singly, and jingled and evolved : but if they all went, or great part of them, and there planting their *Mai* in these alarming circumstances, sounded the tocsin in their hearts ?

Among King’s Friends there can be but one opinion as to such a step : among Nation’s Friends there may be two. On the one hand, might it not by possibility scare away these unblest Vetos ? Private Patriots and even Legislative Deputies may have each his own opinion, or own no-opinion : but the hardest task falls evidently on Mayor Petion and the Municipals, at once

¹ Barbaroux, p. 40.

Patriots and Guardians of the Public Tranquillity. Hushing the matter down with the one hand ; tickling it up with the other ! Mayor Petion and Municipality may lean this way ; Department-Directory with Procureur-Syndic Rœderer,¹ having a Feuillant tendency, may lean that. On the whole, each man must act according to his one opinion or to his two opinions ; and all manner of influences, official representations cross one another in the foolishest way. Perhaps after all, the Project, desirable and yet not desirable, will dissipate itself, being run athwart by so many complexities ; and come to nothing ?

Not so ; on the Twentieth morning of June, a large Tree of Liberty, Lombardy Poplar by kind, lies visibly tied on its car, in the Suburb Saint-Antoine. Suburb Saint-Marceau too, in the uttermost Southeast, and all that remote Oriental region, Pike-men and Pikewomen, National Guards, and the unarmed curious are gathering,—with the peaceablest intentions in the world. A tricolor Municipal arrives ; speaks. Tush, it is all peaceable, we tell thee, in the way of Law : are not Petitions allowable, and the Patriotism of *Mais* ? The tricolor Municipal returns without effect : your Sansculottic rills continue flowing, combining into brooks : towards noontide, led by tall Santerre in blue uniform, by tall Saint-Huruge in white hat, it moves westward, a respectable river, or complication of still-swelling rivers.

What Processions have we not seen : *Corpus-Christi* and Legendre waiting in his Gig ; Bones of Voltaire with bullock-chariots, and goadsmen in Roman Costume ; Feasts of Château-Vieux and

¹[The Departmental authorities, led by Rœderer, sent on 19th a letter to the Municipality urging it to make a strong proclamation for the maintenance of order, and compelled Petion to double the Guards at the Assembly and the Tuileries. Early on 20th they tried to move Petion to further steps, but in vain (*vid. infr.*, ii. 218). As the day went on the Department took on itself the functions of the Municipality and tried to call out the respectable sections of the National Guard. Finally Rœderer rushed to the Assembly, and implored *it* to stop the Insurrection and its own disgrace, but in vain. (Robiquet, 484 ; Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 158.)

Rœderer was a former judge in the Parlement of Metz, born 1754, sat in the Constituent from Oct. 1789 and contributed much to the organisation of the new Administrative System. He was elected *Procureur* of the Department of Seine in Nov. '91, was left alone after Aug. 10th, but went into hiding from May 31st '93 until after Thermidor : aided Napoleon in the *Coup d'État* of Brumaire, and served the Empire, dying a Peer of France, 1835. He left an interesting 'Chronique de Cinquante Jours' (*i.e.*, June 20th—Aug. 10th '92) (Paris, 1832), and was a considerable contributor to the (Moderate) *Journal de Paris*.]

Simonneau ; Gouvion Funerals, Rousseau Sham-funeral, and the Baptism of Petion-National-Pike ! Nevertheless this Procession has a character of its own. Tricolor ribands streaming aloft from Pike-heads ; ironshod batons ; and emblems not a few ; among which see specially these two, of the tragic and the untragic sort : a Bull's Heart transfixed with iron, bearing this epigraph, '*Cœur d'Aristocrate, Aristocrat's heart ;*' and, more striking still, properly the standard of the host, a pair of old Black Breeches (silk, they say), extended on cross-staff, high overhead, with these memorable words : '*Tremblez tyrans, voilà les Sansculottes, Tremble tyrants, here are the Sans-indispensables!*' Also, the Procession trails two cannons.

Scarfed tricolor Municipals do now again meet it, in the Quai Saint-Bernard ; and plead earnestly, having called halt. Peaceable, ye virtuous tricolor Municipals, peaceable are we as the sucking dove. Behold our Tennis-Court *Mai*. Petition is legal ; and as for arms, did not an august Legislative receive the so-called Eight-thousand in arms, Feuillants though they were ? Our Pikes, are they not of National iron ? Law is our father and mother, whom we will not dishonour ; but Patriotism is our own soul. Peaceable, ye virtuous Municipals ;—and on the whole, limited as to time ! Stop we cannot ; march ye with us.—The Black Breeches agitate themselves, impatient ; the cannon-wheels grumble : the many-footed Host tramps on.

How it reached the Salle de Manège, like an ever-waxing river ; got admittance after debate ; read its Address ;¹ and defiled, dancing and *ça-ira-ing*, led by tall sonorous Santerre and tall sonorous Saint-Huruge : how it flowed, not now a waxing river but a shut Caspian lake, round all Precincts of the Tuileries ; the front Patriot squeezed by the rearward against barred iron Grates, like to have the life squeezed out of him, and looking too into the dread throat of cannon, for National Battalions stand

¹[1.30 P.M. This is the first invasion of the Hall of the Legislature by men in arms. It was Vergniaud's proposal to admit them ; Ramond combatted it. More fatal example of weakness could not have been given. Sorel well compares it to the scene in which Louis XIV. entered the Hall of the Parlement of Paris in riding dress, and suspended its political functions. He was then "the State ;" now the vilest scum of Paris asserted a similar claim, and performed a like action. (Sorel, ii, 486.)]

ranked within : how tricolor Municipals ran assiduous, and Royalists with Tickets of Entry ; and both Majesties sat in the interior surrounded by men in black : all this the human mind shall fancy for itself, or read in old Newspapers, and Syndic Rœderer's *Chronicle of Fifty Days*.¹

Our *Mai* is planted ; if not in the Feuillants Terrace, whither is no ingate, then in the Garden of the Capuchins, as near as we could get. National Assembly has adjourned till the Evening Session : perhaps this shut lake, finding no ingate, will retire to its sources again ; and disappear in peace ? Alas, not yet : rearward still presses on ; rearward knows little what pressure is in the front. One would wish at all events, were it possible, to have a word with his Majesty first !

The shadows fall longer, eastward ; it is four o'clock : will his Majesty not come out ? Hardly he ! In that case, Commandant Santerre, Cattle-butcher Legendre, Patriot Huguenin with the tocsin in his heart ; they, and others of authority, will enter *in*. Petition and request to wearied uncertain National Guard ; louder and louder petition ; backed by the rattle of our two cannons ! The reluctant Grate opens : endless Sansculottic multitudes flood the stairs ; knock at the wooden guardian of your privacy. Knocks, in such case, grow strokes, grow smashings : the wooden guardian flies in shivers. And now ensues a Scene over which the world has long wailed ; and not unjustly ; for a sorrier spectacle, of Incongruity fronting Incongruity, and as it were recognising themselves incongruous, and staring stupidly in each other's face, the world seldom saw.

King Louis, his door being beaten on, opens it ; stands with free bosom ; asking, "What do you want ?" The Sansculottic flood recoils awestruck ; returns however, the rear pressing on the front, with cries of, "Veto ! Patriot Ministers ! Remove Veto !" — which things, Louis valiantly answers, this is not the time to do, nor this the way to ask him to do. Honour what virtue is in a man. Louis does not want courage ; he has even the higher kind called moral-courage, though only the passive-

¹ Rœderer, &c. &c. (in Hist. Parl. xv. 98-194).

half of that. His few National Grenadiers shuffle back with him, into the embrasure of a window: there he stands, with unimpeachable passivity, amid the shouldering and the braying; a spectacle to men. They hand him a red Cap of Liberty; he sets it quietly on his head, forgets it there. He complains of thirst; half-drunk Rascality offers him a bottle, he drinks of it. "Sire, do not fear," says one of his Grenadiers. "Fear?" answers Louis: "feel then," putting the man's hand on his heart. So stands Majesty in Red woollen Cap; black Sansculottism weltering round him, far and wide, aimless, with inarticulate dissonance, with cries of "Veto! Patriot Ministers!"

For the space of three hours or more! The National Assembly is adjourned; tricolor Municipals avail almost nothing: Mayor Petion tarries absent; ¹ Authority is none. The Queen with her Children and Sister Elizabeth, in tears and terror not for themselves only, are sitting behind barricaded tables and Grenadiers, in an inner room. The Men in black have all wisely disappeared. Blind lake of Sansculottism welters stagnant through the King's Château, for the space of three hours.

Nevertheless all things do end. Vergniaud arrives with Legislative Deputation, the Evening Session having now opened. Mayor Petion has arrived; is haranguing, 'lifted on the shoulders

¹[Petion may or may not have lost his head—he had not much to lose—but the probable explanation of his attitude is that as a politician he favoured the Insurrection, as *Maire* he was responsible for order; it was just possible that the Insurrection might not succeed; if it did not it would be well for him not to have openly favoured it. He was not present in the *Conseil-Général* of the Municipality on the 16th, when the first step was taken (by Lazowski's petition for leave to go and plant a *Mai* on the Terrace); on 19th he received the representations of the Department with vague words, and convoked the Commanders of the battalions of the National Guard. Santerre at that meeting told him plainly that nothing would hinder the 'citizens' from 'marching.' Thereupon Petion adopted the idea of legalising the Insurrection by enrolling the petitioners of 16th in the National Guard, but early on 20th he forbade them to advance in arms. When however they had started, Petion got together a few members of the Municipality at the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, and contrived to keep the Commandant General of the National Guard (this, by rotation, was M. de Ramainvilliers) there long enough to prevent his rallying the respectable Sections. Petion then retired, became invisible till 5 P.M., and did not get into the King's presence till 6 P.M. When he did, the King threw the blame on him, and rated him sharply: whereon he went to the Assembly and was received with applause! He had the impertinence to present himself at the Tuileries next day, and assure Louis that the 'Capital was quiet.' 'That is false,' said the King, 'hold your tongue,' and turned his back on him. (See Robiquet, 484, *sqq.*; Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 200, *sqg.*)]

of two Grenadiers.' In this uneasy attitude and in others, at various places without and within, Mayor Petion harangues; many men harangue; finally Commandant Santerre defiles; passes out, with his Sansculottism, by the opposite side of the Château. Passing through the room where the Queen, with an air of dignity and sorrowful resignation, sat among the tables and Grenadiers, a woman offers her too a Red Cap; she holds it in her hand, even puts it on the little Prince Royal. "Madame," said Santerre, "this people loves you more than you think."¹—About eight o'clock the Royal Family fall into each other's arms amid 'torrents of tears.' Unhappy Family! Who would not weep for it, were there not a whole world to be wept for?

Thus has the Age of Chivalry gone, and that of Hunger come. Thus does all-needing Sansculottism look in the face of its *Roi*, Regulator, King or Able-man; and find that *he* has nothing to give it. Thus do the two Parties, brought face to face after long centuries, stare stupidly at one another, *This, it is I; but, good Heaven, is that Thou?*—and depart, not knowing what to make of it. And yet, Incongruities having recognised themselves to be incongruous, something must be made of it. The Fates know what.

This is the world-famous Twentieth of June, more worthy to be called the *Procession of the Black Breeches*. With which, what we had to say of this First French biennial Parliament, and its products and activities, may perhaps fitly enough terminate.²

¹ Toulangeon, ii. 173; Campan, ii. c. 20.

² [It is one of the traditional difficulties of French Revolution History to assign to its real authors the origin of the Insurrection of June 20th. The ordinary view is that it was the Girondists' 'day,' as Aug. 10th was Danton's 'day:' this view is however based upon the supposition that a clear line can already be drawn between the Girondists and the Jacobins. We have on the one hand the clear fact that the Gironde approved of and applauded the Insurrection (probably with the intention of forcing the King either to withdraw his Vetos, and recall their leaders to office, or at most to abdicate in favour of the Dauphin); on the other hand the leaders of the insurrection were all either Dantonists, such as Legendre and Santerre (at whose brewery the chiefs met on 19th to plan it), or the offscourings of society such as Fournier, Saint-Huruge, Lazowski, Rossignol, etc. It is quite certain that the Insurrection was in no degree spontaneous (see Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 130, *sqq.*). Malouet, who was an eye-witness, writes to Mallet du Pan that he expects a renewal of it almost at once (Mallet, i. 309), and he mentions the proposal of some of the extreme Radicals to call a 'National Convention.' When Lafayette got the news of it he resolved to go to Paris, and see what his personal popularity could effect; Lückner, who gave him permission to go, advised him not to go, "or the Sansculottes will cut off your head" (Lafayette, iii. 332-3).]

BOOK VI
THE MARSEILLESE

CHAPTER I

EXECUTIVE THAT DOES NOT ACT

How could your paralytic National Executive be put 'in action,' in any measure, by such a Twentieth of June as this? Quite contrariwise:¹ a large sympathy for Majesty so insulted arises everywhere; expresses itself in Addresses, Petitions, 'Petition of the Twenty-thousand inhabitants of Paris,' and such like, among all Constitutional persons; a decided rallying round the throne.²

Of which rallying it was thought King Louis might have made something. However, he does make nothing of it, or attempt to make; for indeed his views are lifted beyond domestic sympathy and rallying, over to Coblenz mainly. Neither in itself is this same sympathy worth much. It is sympathy of men who believe still that the Constitution can march.³ Wherefore the old discord and ferment, of Feuillant sympathy for Royalty, and Jacobin sympathy for Fatherland, acting against each other from within; with terror of Coblenz and Brunswick acting from without:—this

¹[The Directory of the Department ordered an inquiry into the origin of the Insurrection, to be held by the *Juge de Paix* of the Tuileries Section. Till 25th Rœderer carried on a sharp correspondence with Petion on the subject, and at last on July 7th the Departmental authorities took courage to suspend Petion and Manuel from their functions. This order the Assembly quashed on 13th. After that the Departmental authorities gave up the struggle, and gradually dissolved themselves in the face of the permanent Anarchy. Out of 9 directors 8 resigned, out of 36 councillors 17 (*see* Schmidt, *Tableaux*, i. 74, *sqq.*).]

²[Loyal addresses to the King had come in ever since the beginning of May, chiefly through the Departmental authorities. This 'petition of 20,000' was presented on July 1st by Dupont de Nemours and Guillaume: not actually 20,000 names are appended, but all the most distinguished ex-Constituents signed it. (*Mortimer-Ternaux*, ii. 7.)]

³[The Radicals evidently expected an attempt to carry the King off to Lafayette's army, for on July 2nd Thuriot moved and carried the disbandment of the Staff of the National Guard, which contained a good many old officers of Lafayette's.]

discord and ferment must hold on its course, till a catastrophe do ripen and come. One would think, especially as Brunswick is near marching, such catastrophe cannot now be distant. Busy, ye Twenty-five French Millions; ye foreign Potentates, minatory Emigrants, German drill-sergeants; each do what his hand findeth! Thou, O Reader, at such safe distance, wilt see what they make of it among them.

Consider, therefore, this pitiable Twentieth of June as a futility; no catastrophe, rather a *catastasis*, or heightening. Do not its Black Breeches wave there, in the Historical Imagination, like a melancholy flag of distress; soliciting help, which no mortal can give? Soliciting pity, which thou wert hard-hearted not to give freely, to one and all! Other such flags, or what are called Occurrences, and black or bright symbolic Phenomena will flit through the Historical Imagination; these, one after one, let us note, with extreme brevity.

The first phenomenon is that of Lafayette at the Bar of the Assembly; after a week and day. Promptly, on hearing of this scandalous Twentieth of June, Lafayette has quitted his Command on the North Frontier, in better or worse order; and got hither, on the 28th, to repress the Jacobins: not by letter now; but by oral Petition, and weight of character, face to face. The august Assembly finds the step questionable; invites him meanwhile to the honours of the sitting. Other honour, or advantage, there unhappily came almost none; the Galleries all growling; fiery Isnard glooming; sharp Guadet not wanting in sarcasms.¹

And out of doors, when the sitting is over, *Sieur Resson*, keeper of the Patriot *Café* in these regions, hears in the street a hurlyburly; steps forth to look, he and his Patriot customers: it is Lafayette's carriage, with a tumultuous escort of blue

¹Moniteur, Séance du 28 Juin 1792. [Lafayette was at Bavay when he got the news of the Insurrection: on arriving at Paris he went at once to the house of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, and then to the Assembly. He was well received, and the galleries joined in the applause (Carlyle is wrong there, see Mortimer-Ternaux, i. 285). He was well received at the Tuileries also, though not warmly: he got hold of some of his old Staff officers, but admits (Lafayette, iii. 337) that he found them woefully apathetic. The journey therefore proved a failure, and only hastened the catastrophe.]

Grenadiers, Cannoneers, even Officers of the Line, hurraing and capering round it. They make a pause opposite *Sieur Resson's* door; wag their plumes at him; nay shake their fists, bellowing *À bas les Jacobins*; but happily pass on without onslaught. They pass on, to plant a *Mai* before the General's door, and bully considerably. All which the *Sieur Resson* cannot but report with sorrow, that night, in the Mother-Society.¹ But what no *Sieur Resson* nor Mother-Society can do more than guess is this, That a council of rank *Feuillants*, your unabolished Staff of the Guard and who else has status and weight, is in these very moments privily deliberating at the General's: Can we not put down the *Jacobins* by force? Next day, a Review shall be held, in the *Tuileries Garden*, of such as will turn out, and try. Alas, says *Toulangeon*, hardly a hundred turned out. Put it off till tomorrow, then, to give better warning. On the morrow, which is Saturday, there turn out 'some thirty;' and depart shrugging their shoulders!² *Lafayette* promptly takes carriage again; returns musing on many things.

The dust of Paris is hardly off his wheels, the summer Sunday is still young, when *Cordeliers* in deputation pluck up that *Mai* of his: before sunset, Patriots have burned him in effigy. Louder doubt and louder rises, in Section, in National Assembly, as to the legality of such unbidden *Antijacobin* visit on the part of a General: doubt swelling and spreading all over France, for six weeks or so; with endless talk about usurping soldiers, about English Monk, nay about *Cromwell*: O thou poor *Grandison-Cromwell*!—What boots it? King *Louis* himself looked coldly on the enterprise: colossal Hero of two Worlds, having weighed himself in the balance, finds that he is become a gossamer Colossus, only some thirty turning out.

In a like sense, and with a like issue, works our Department-Directory here at Paris; who, on the 6th of July,³ take upon them to suspend Mayor *Petion* and *Procureur Manuel* from all

¹ *Débats des Jacobins* (Hist. Parl. xv. 235).

² *Toulangeon*, ii. 180. See also *Dampmartin*, ii. 161.

³ [July 7th.]

civic functions, for their conduct, replete, as is alleged,¹ with omissions and commissions, on that delicate Twentieth of June. Virtuous Petion sees himself a kind of martyr, or pseudo-martyr, threatened with several things; draws out due heroical lamentation; to which Patriot Paris and Patriot Legislative duly respond. King Louis and Mayor Petion have already had an interview on that business of the Twentieth; an interview and dialogue, distinguished by frankness on both sides;² ending on King Louis's side with the words "*Taisez-vous, Hold your peace.*"

For the rest, this of suspending our Mayor does seem a mistimed measure. By ill chance, it came out precisely on the day of that famous *Baiser de l'amourette*,³ or miraculous reconciliatory Delilah-Kiss, which we spoke of long ago.⁴ Which Delilah-Kiss was thereby quite hindered of effect. For now his Majesty has to write, almost that same night, asking a reconciled Assembly for advice! The reconciled Assembly will not advise; will not interfere. The King confirms the suspension; then perhaps, but not till then will the Assembly interfere, the noise of Patriot Paris getting loud. Whereby your Delilah-Kiss, such was the destiny of Parliament First, becomes a Philistine Battle!

Nay there goes a word that as many as Thirty of our chief Patriot Senators are to be clapped in prison, by mittimus and indictment of Feuillant Justices, *Juges de Paix*; who here in Paris were well capable of such a thing. It was but in May last that *Juge-de-Paix Larivière*,⁵ on complaint of Bertrand-Moleville touching that *Austrian Committee*, made bold to launch his mittimus against three heads of the Mountain, Deputies Bazire, Chabot, Merlin, the Cordelier Trio; summoning them to appear before *him*, and show where that Austrian Committee was, or else suffer the consequences. Which mittimus the Trio, on their

¹[Dupont de Nemours, who took the lead for the Directory in this matter (*vid. supr.*, note ii. 220), had already fiercely attacked Petion apropos of the *Fête of Château-Vieux*. An inculpation of Santerre by name accompanied this manifesto of the Directory. (*See Lavergne, Econ. Fr. 410.*) Petitions from Sections poured in for the reinstatement of Petion and Manuel, and Petion posted a ludicrous proclamation in favour of himself on the walls of Paris.]

²[June 21st.]

³[July 7th.]

⁴[*Baiser l'Amourette, vid. supr.*, note ii. 157.]

⁵[*Vid. supr.*, note ii. 85.]

side, made bold to fling in the fire: and valiantly pleaded privilege of Parliament. So that, for his zeal without knowledge, poor Justice Larivière now sits in the prison of Orléans, waiting trial from the *Haute Cour* there. Whose example, may it not deter other rash Justices; and so this word of the Thirty arrests continue a word merely?

But on the whole, though Lafayette weighed so light, and has had his *Mai* plucked up, Official Feuillantism falters not a whit; but carries its head high, strong in the letter of the Law. Feuillants all of these men; a Feuillant Directory; founding on high character, and such like; with Duke de la Rochefoucault for President,—a thing which may prove dangerous for him! Dim now is the once bright Anglomania of these admired Noblemen. Duke de Liancourt offers, out of Normandy, where he is Lord-Lieutenant, not only to receive his Majesty, thinking of flight thither,¹ but to lend him money to enormous amounts. Sire, it is not a Revolt, it is a Revolution; and truly no rose-water one! Worthier Noblemen were not in France nor in Europe than those two: but the Time is crooked, quick-shifting, perverse; what straightest course will lead to any goal, in *it*?

Another phasis which we note, in these early July days, is that of certain thin streaks of Federate National Volunteers wending from various points towards Paris, to hold a new Federation-Festival, or Feast of Pikes, on the Fourteenth there. So has the National Assembly wished it, so has the Nation willed it.² In this way, perhaps, may we still have our Patriot Camp in spite of *Veto*. For cannot these *Fédérés*, having celebrated

¹ [Aug. 4th—5th. Montmorin, Bertrand, Clermont-Tonnerre, Lally-Tollendal and Malouet urged the same course. The King seemed to yield, and then at the last moment withdrew his consent, reserving such a course for the '*dernière extrémité*' ('I wonder what he called the *dernière extrémité*,' says Bertrand, ii. 138: cf. also Morris (i. 558), who, long after, gave to the Duchesse d'Angoulême an account of the plans for the King's escape (*vid. infr.*, note ii. 244).]

² [This decree for a camp of new battalions of Volunteers at Soissons was merely a resuscitation of the 'Camp of 20,000' (*vid. supr.*, note ii. 210), and the King was very ill advised to sanction it. It is a pity that Carlyle does not here mention Vergniaud's great speech of July 3rd, his finest oratorical effort, and the most open denunciation against the King yet uttered in the Assembly.]

their Feast of Pikes, march on to Soissons; and, there being drilled and regimented, rush to the Frontiers, or whither we like? Thus were the one *Veto* cunningly eluded!

As indeed the other *Veto*, about Priests, is also like to be eluded; and without much cunning. For Provincial Assemblies, in Calvados as one instance, are proceeding, on their own strength, to judge and banish Antinational Priests. Or still worse, without Provincial Assembly, a desperate People, as at Bourdeaux, can 'hang two of them on the Lanterne,' on the way towards judgment.¹ Pity for the spoken *Veto*, when it cannot become an acted one!

It is true, some ghost of a War-minister, or Home-minister, for the time being, ghost whom we do not name, does write to Municipalities and King's Commanders, that they shall, by all conceivable methods, obstruct this Federation, and even turn back the *Fédérés* by force of arms: a message which scatters mere doubt, paralysis and confusion; irritates the poor Legislature; reduces the *Fédérés*, as we see, to thin streaks. But being questioned, this ghost and the other ghosts, What it is then that they propose to do for saving the country?—they answer, That they cannot tell; that indeed they, for their part, have, this morning, resigned in a body; and do now merely respectfully take leave of the helm altogether. With which words they rapidly walk out of the Hall, *sortent brusquement de la salle*, the 'Galleries cheering loudly,' the poor Legislature sitting 'for a good while in silence!' ² Thus do Cabinet-ministers themselves, in extreme cases, strike work; one of the strangest omens. Other complete Cabinet-ministry there will not be; only fragments, and these changeful, which never get completed; spectral Apparitions that cannot so much as appear! King Louis writes that he now views this Federation Feast with approval; and will himself have the pleasure to take part in the same.

¹ Hist. Parl. xvi. 258.

² Moniteur, Séance du 10 Juillet 1792. [The ministry remained provisionally in office till Aug. 1st; when an attempt was made to govern with a real Royalist ministry led by Bigot de Sainte-Croix; Terrier de Monciel remained in office.]

And so these thin streaks of *Fédérés* wend Paris-ward through a paralytic France. Thin grim streaks; not thick joyful ranks, as of old to the first Feast of Pikes! No: these poor Federates march now towards Austria and Austrian Committee, towards jeopardy and forlorn hope; men of hard fortune and temper, not rich in the world's goods. Municipalities, paralysed by War-minister, are shy of affording cash; it may be, your poor Federates cannot arm themselves, cannot march, till the Daughter-Society of the place open her pocket, and subscribe. There will not have arrived, at the set day, Three-thousand of them in all. And yet, thin and feeble as these streaks of Federates seem, they are the only thing one discerns moving with any clearness of aim, in this strange scene. Angry buzz and simmer; uneasy tossing and moaning of a huge France, all enchanted, spell-bound by unmarching Constitution, into frightful conscious and unconscious Magnetic-sleep; which frightful Magnetic-sleep must now issue soon in one of two things: Death or Madness! The *Fédérés* carry mostly in their pocket some earnest cry and Petition, to have the 'National Executive put in action;' or as a step towards that, to have the King's *Déchéance*, King's Forfeiture, or at least his Suspension, pronounced. They shall be welcome to the Legislative, to the Mother of Patriotism; and Paris will provide for their lodging.¹

Déchéance, indeed: and, what next? A France spell-free, a Revolution saved; and any thing, and all things next! so answer grimly Danton and the unlimited Patriots, down deep in their subterranean region of Plot, whither they have now dived. *Déchéance*, answers Brissot with the limited: and if next the little Prince Royal were crowned, and some Regency of Girondins and

¹[From the date of the great speech of Vergniaud (July 3rd) there was hardly a day without some fierce alarm in Paris. The suspension of Petion and Manuel (6th), a report by the Ministers on the State of the Nation (9th), followed by a fierce attack of Brissot on the King, led to the declaration of the 11th of '*Patrie en danger*.' Tallien made his youthful fame as an agitator in these businesses. Besides petitions for *déchéance*, the *Fédérés* brought petitions for the renewal *en masse* of the Judicature, and for the accusation of Lafayette. The *Conseil-Général* of the Municipality sat in permanence from 18th. (See Robiquet, 498, Mortimer-Ternaux, Bk. v., vi. *passim*.) By July 30th, the day of the arrival of the *Marseillais*, there were already 5,000 *Fédérés* in Paris.]

recalled Patriot Ministry set over him? Alas, poor Brissot; looking, as indeed poor man does always, on the nearest morrow as his peaceable promised land; deciding what must reach to the world's end, yet with an insight that reaches not beyond his own nose! Wiser are the unlimited subterranean Patriots, who with light for the hour itself, leave the rest to the gods.

Or were it not, as we now stand, the probablest issue of all, that Brunswick, in Coblenz, just gathering his huge limbs towards him to rise, might arrive first; and stop both *Déchéance*, and theorising on it? Brunswick is on the eve of marching; with Eighty-thousand, they say;¹ fell Prussians, Hessians, feller Emigrants: a General of the Great Frederick, with such an Army. And our Armies? And our Generals? As for Lafayette, on whose late visit a Committee is sitting and all France is jarring and censuring, he seems readier to fight *us* than fight Brunswick. Lückner and Lafayette pretend to be interchanging corps, and are making movements, which Patriotism cannot understand. This only is very clear, that their corps go marching and shuttling, in the interior of the country; much nearer Paris than formerly! Lückner has ordered Dumouriez down to him; down from Maulde, and the Fortified Camp there. Which order the many-counselled Dumouriez, with the Austrians hanging close on him, he busy meanwhile training a few thousands to stand fire and be soldiers, declares that, come of it what will, he cannot obey.² Will a poor Legislative, therefore, sanction Dumouriez; who applies to it, 'not knowing whether there is any War-ministry?' Or sanction Lückner and these Lafayette movements?

The poor Legislative knows not what to do. It decrees, however, that the Staff of the Paris Guard, and indeed all such Staffs, for they are Feuillants mostly, shall be broken and replaced. It

¹[Brunswick's best chances were in July, but (i.) he was not ready, (ii.) he was thoroughly determined to risk nothing, and to leave no strong places untaken behind him; this was the law of warfare of his youth, and he would not deviate from it. But what was wanted was an immediate dash on Paris. The French army was so utterly disorganised that nothing could have stopped him. (*See Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 113.*)]

²Dumouriez, ii. 1. 5.

decrees earnestly in what manner one can declare that the *Country is in Danger*. And finally, on the 11th of July, the morrow of that day when the Ministry struck work, it decrees that *the Country be, with all despatch, declared in Danger*.¹ Whereupon let the King sanction; let the Municipality take measures: if such Declaration will do service, *it need not fail*.

In Danger, truly, if ever Country was! Arise, O Country; or be trodden down to ignominious ruin! Nay, are not the chances a hundred to one that no rising of the Country will save it; Brunswick, the Emigrants, and Feudal Europe drawing nigh?

CHAPTER II

LET US MARCH

BUT, to our minds, the notablest of all these moving phenomena is that of Barbaroux's 'Six-hundred Marseillaise who know how to die.'²

Prompt to the request of Barbaroux, the Marseilles Municipality has got these men together: on the fifth morning of July, the Townhall says, "*Marchez, abattez le Tyran*, March, strike down the Tyrant;"³ and they, with grim appropriate "*Marchons*," are marching. Long journey, doubtful errand; *Enfans de la Patrie*, may a good genius guide you! Their own wild heart and what faith it has will guide them: and is not that the monition of some genius, better or worse? Five-hundred and Seventeen able men,

¹[The Proclamation of *Patrie en danger* was made on 22nd, with great pomp, and a black flag hoisted on the *Hôtel-de-Ville*. All this was the work of the Gironde; but their hour was gone. When Brunswick's proclamation (*vid. infr.*, ii. 235) was known on 28th, Danton resolved to overthrow the Monarchy before Brunswick could arrive. 'He then,' says Mr. Belloc, 'put off the conventions (*i.e.*, conventionalities 'of society), which he respected and which he regretted to the end; he went back 'into the street, he headed the Insurrection, destroyed the Monarchy; for twelve 'months he took upon himself all the responsibility of errors in his own policy, and 'of crime in that of his associates.' (Danton, p. 157.)]

²[*Marseilles* (*vid. supr.*, i. 158 and ii. 167) was a city of some 130,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the floating population of sailors and hangers on of marine trades. It had in 1789 an old democratic constitution under 'consuls;' and had been in perpetual quarrel with the agents of the old Government (*e.g.*, the *Intendant* of Provence, whose seat was at Aix). It had never really settled down since the bread riots of 1789, and its *Garde Bourgeoise* had become rather an incendiary than an orderly factor in its history.]

³Dampmartin, ii. 183.

with Captains of fifties and tens; well armed all, musket on shoulder, sabre on thigh: nay they drive three pieces of cannon; for who knows what obstacles may occur? Municipalities there are, paralysed by War-minister; Commandants with orders to stop even Federation Volunteers: good, when sound arguments will not open a Towngate, if you have a petard to shiver it! They have left their sunny Phocean City and Sea-haven, with its bustle and its bloom: the thronging *Course*, with high-frondent Avenues, pitchy dockyards, almond and olive groves, orange-trees on house-tops, and white glittering *bastides* that crown the hills, are all behind them. They wend on their wild way, from the extremity of French land, through unknown cities, toward an unknown destiny; with a purpose that they know.

Much wondering at this phenomenon, and how, in a peaceable trading City, so many householders or hearthholders do severally fling down their crafts and industrial tools; gird themselves with weapons of war, and set out on a journey of six-hundred miles, to 'strike down the tyrant,'—you search in all Historical Books, Pamphlets and Newspapers, for some light on it: unhappily without effect. Rumour and Terror precede this march; which still echo on you; the march itself an unknown thing. Weber, in the backstairs of the Tuileries, has understood that they were *Forçats*, Galley-slaves and mere scoundrels, these Marseillaise; that, as they marched through Lyons, the people shut their shops;—also that the number of them was some Four *Thousand*. Equally vague is Blanc Gilli, who likewise murmurs about *Forçats* and danger of plunder.¹ *Forçats* they were not; neither was there

¹ See Barbaroux, *Mémoires* (note on pp. 40-1). [Blanc-Gilly was the deputy for the Bouches-du-Rhône; he calls them a 'horde of brigands without country.' It is Dampmartin who, in the passage cited, puts them at 4,000. Mortimer-Ternaux (ii. 142-3) proves that they were not all native *Marseillais* or Frenchmen, but largely the scum of discharged prisoners from the gaols of the neighbouring countries of Genoa, Piedmont, Spain and the Levant, who naturally flocked to the greatest city of the Mediterranean, as in the 16th and 17th centuries they had flocked to Venice. The name of no single man among the *Marseillais Fédérés* is afterwards found among the soldiers of France, nor in any register except those of the common prisons. They took 27 days to traverse France. After Aug. 10th they were kept in Paris till Feb. '93, when some of them demanded leave to return to the south, which the Convention granted (Aulard, *Recueil*, ii. 44); but a proportion of them remained as a permanent nucleus of Maillard's band of trained assassins.]

plunder or danger of it. Men of regular life, or of the best-filled purse, they could hardly be; the one thing needful in them was that they 'knew how to die.' Friend Dampmartin saw them, with his own eyes, march 'gradually' through his quarters at Villefranche in the Beaujolais: but saw in the vaguest manner; being indeed preoccupied, and himself minded for marching just then—across the Rhine. Deep was his astonishment to think of such a march, without appointment or arrangement, station or ration; for the rest, it was 'the same men he had seen formerly' in the troubles of the South; 'perfectly civil;' though his soldiers could not be kept from talking a little with them.¹

So vague are all these; *Moniteur*, *Histoire Parlementaire* are as good as silent: garrulous History, as is too usual, will say nothing where you most wish her to speak! If enlightened Curiosity ever get sight of the Marseilles Council-Books, will it not perhaps explore this strangest of Municipal procedures; and feel called to fish up what of the Biographies, creditable or discreditable, of these Five-hundred and Seventeen, the stream of Time has not yet irrevocably swallowed?

As it is, these Marseillaise remain inarticulate, undistinguishable in feature; a blackbrowed Mass, full of grim fire, who wend there, in the hot sultry weather: very singular to contemplate. They wend; amid the infinitude of doubt and dim peril; they not doubtful: Fate and Feudal Europe, having decided, come girdling in from without; they, having also decided, do march within. Dusty of face, with frugal refreshment, they plod onwards; unwearable, not to be turned aside. Such march will become famous. The Thought, which works voiceless in this blackbrowed mass, an inspired Tyræan Colonel, Rouget de Lille, whom the Earth still holds,² has translated into grim melody and rhythm; into his *Hymn*

¹ Dampmartin, *ubi supra*.

² A.D. 1836. [Rouget de Lisle, born 1760, was an officer in the Engineers; curiously enough he was suspended from his Commission by Carnot and Prieur at Huningue, in Aug. '92, for refusing to recognise the Republic. He was restored in Oct. '92, suspended again Aug. '93, arrested Sept. '93, kept in prison till after Thermidor and died in the year in which Carlyle wrote this note (1836). M. Arthur Loth, in an interesting little book 'Le Chant de la Marseillaise, son véritable auteur,' Paris, 1886, suggests that Rouget got the air from a march in an oratorio called 'Esther,' written by one Grisons, choirmaster at Saint-Omer, 1787.]

or March of the *Marseillaise*: luckiest musical-composition ever promulgated. The sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins; and whole Armies and Assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot and Devil.

One sees well, these *Marseillaise* will be too late for the Federation Feast.¹ In fact, it is not Champ-de-Mars Oaths that they have in view. They have quite another feat to do: a paralytic National Executive to set in action. They must 'strike down' whatsoever 'Tyrant,' or Martyr-Fainéant, there may be who paralyzes it; strike and be struck; and on the whole prosper, and know how to die.

CHAPTER III

SOME CONSOLATION TO MANKIND

OF the Federation Feast itself we shall say almost nothing. There are Tents pitched in the Champ-de-Mars; tent for National Assembly; tent for Hereditary Representative,—who indeed is there too early, and has to wait long in it. There are Eighty-three symbolic Departmental Trees-of-Liberty; trees and *mais* enough: beautifullest of all, there is one huge *mai*, hung round with effete Scutcheons, Emblazonries and Genealogy-books, nay better still, with Lawyers'-bags, '*sacs de procédure*;' which shall be burnt. The Thirty seat-rows of that famed Slope are again full; we have a bright Sun; and all is marching, streamering and blaring: but what avails it? Virtuous Mayor Petion, whom Feuillantism had suspended, was reinstated only last night, by Decree of the Assembly. Men's humour is of the sourest. Men's hats have on them, written in chalk, '*Vive Petion*;' and even, '*Petion or Death, Petion ou la Mort.*'²

¹[The intention of Barbaroux had been to get the *Marseillais* to march straight on the Tuileries on the 30th (the night of their arrival); but this, as well as a previous attack by the mob, designed for the 26th, had been put off, as the conspirators believed the preparations for the defence of the *Château* to be much more forward than they were. (*Vid. infr.*, ii. 240; Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 147.)]

²[A year later, day for day, it was "*Petion à la mort*" (Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 79).]

Poor Louis, who has waited till five o'clock before the Assembly would arrive, swears the National Oath this time, with a quilted cuirass under his waistcoat which will turn pistol-bullets.¹ Madame de Staël, from that Royal Tent, stretches out the neck in a kind of agony, lest the waving multitude which receive him may not render him back alive. No cry of *Vive le Roi* salutes the ear; cries only of *Vive Petion*; *Petion ou la Mort*. The National Solemnity is as it were huddled by; each cowering off almost before the evolutions are gone through. The very *Mai* with its Scutcheons and Lawyers'-bags is forgotten, stands unburnt; till 'certain Patriot Deputies,' called by the people, set a torch to it, by way of voluntary after-piece. Sadder Feast of Pikes no man ever saw.²

Mayor Petion, named on hats, is at his zenith in this Federation; Lafayette again is close upon his nadir. Why does the stormbell of Saint-Roch speak out, next Saturday; why do the citizens shut their shops?³ It is sections defiling, it is fear of effervescence. Legislative Committee, long deliberating on Lafayette and that Anti-jacobin visit of his, reports, this day, that there is 'not ground for Accusation!'⁴ Peace, ye Patriots, nevertheless; and let that tocsin cease: the Debate is not finished, nor the Report accepted; but Brissot, Isnard and the Mountain will sift it, and resift it, perhaps for some three weeks longer.

So many bells, stormbells and noises do ring;—scarcely audible; one drowning the other. For example: in this same Lafayette tocsin, of Saturday, was there not withal some faint bob-minor, and Deputation of Legislative, ringing the Chevalier Paul Jones to

¹ Campan, ii. c. 20; De Staël, ii. c. 7 and 54.

²[The Directors of the Department were received with howls of execration (for their action in suspending Petion); howls which were indirectly intended for the King. Grégoire, preaching at the *Fête*, openly denounced the Queen as 'Cleopatra,' and his sermon was printed by order of the Jacobin Club. (Rev. de la Rév. vi. 91.)]

³Moniteur, Séance du 21 Juillet 1792.

⁴[Debry's motion to decree Lafayette 'accused' (Aug. 8th) was rejected by a large majority, and it was this rejection at such a late date that determined the Jacobins to strike at once; no decision on Lafayette's case had been arrived at earlier, though it had formed one of the stock subjects of debate ever since his visit to Paris and a report had been presented on him as far back as July 22nd by a committee, to which Carlyle here refers.]

his long rest ; tocsin or dirge now all one to him ! Not ten days hence Patriot Brissot, beshouted this day by the Patriot Galleries, shall find himself begroaned by them, on account of his limited Patriotism ; nay pelted at while perorating, and ‘hit with two prunes.’¹ It is a distracted empty-sounding world ; of bob-minors and bob-majors, of triumph and terror, of rise and fall !

The more touching is this other Solemnity, which happens on the morrow of the Lafayette tocsin : Proclamation that the *Country is in Danger*. Not till the present Sunday could such Solemnity be. The Legislative decreed it almost a fortnight ago ; but Royalty and the ghost of a Ministry held back as they could. Now however, on this Sunday, 22d day of July 1792, it will hold back no longer ; and the Solemnity in very deed is. Touching to behold ! Municipality and Mayor have on their scarfs ; cannon-salvo booms alarm from the Pont-Neuf, and single-gun at intervals all day. Guards are mounted, scarfed Notabilities, Halberdiers, and a Cavalcade ; with streamers, emblematic flags ; especially with one huge Flag, flapping mournfully : *Citoyens, la Patrie est en Danger*. They roll through the streets, with stern-sounding music, and slow rattle of hoofs ; pausing at set stations, and with doleful blast of trumpet, singing out through Herald’s throat, what the Flag says to the eye : “Citizens, our Country is in Danger !”

Is there a man’s heart that hears it without a thrill ? The many-voiced responsive hum or bellow of these multitudes is not of triumph ; and yet it is a sound deeper than triumph. But when the long Cavalcade and Proclamation ended ; and our huge Flag was fixed on the Pont-Neuf, another like it on the Hôtel-de-Ville, to wave there till better days ; and each Municipal sat in the centre of his Section, in a Tent raised in some open square, Tents surmounted with flags of *Patrie en Danger*, and topmost of all a Pike and *Bonnet Rouge* ; and, on two drums in front of him, there lay a plank-table, and on this an open Book, and a Clerk sat, like recording-angel, ready to write the lists, or as we say to enlist ! O, then, it seems, the very gods might have looked

¹ Hist. Parl. xvi. 185.

down on it. Young Patriotism, Culottic and Sansculottic, rushes forward emulous: That is my name; name, blood and life is all my country's; why have I nothing more! Youths of short stature weep that they are below size. Old men come forward, a son in each hand. Mothers themselves will grant the son of their travail; send him, though with tears. And the multitude bellows *Vive la Patrie*, far reverberating. And fire flashes in the eyes of men;—and at eventide,¹ your Municipal returns to the Townhall followed by his long train of Volunteer valour; hands-in his List; says proudly, looking round, This is my day's harvest.² They will march, on the morrow, to Soissons; small bundle holding all their chattels.

So, with *Vive la Patrie, Vive la Liberté*, stone Paris reverberates like Ocean in his caves; day after day, Municipals enlisting in tricolor Tent; the Flag flapping on Pont-Neuf and Townhall, *Citoyens, la Patrie est en Danger*. Some Ten-thousand fighters, without discipline but full of heart, are on march in few days. The like is doing in every Town of France.—Consider, therefore, whether the Country will want defenders, had we but a National Executive? Let the Sections and Primary Assemblies, at any rate, become Permanent! They do become Permanent, and sit continually in Paris, and over France, by Legislative Decree, dated Wednesday the 25th.³

Mark contrariwise how, in these very hours, dated the 25th, Brunswick 'shakes himself, *s'ébranle*,' in Coblentz; and takes the

¹[July 11th.]

²Tableau de la Rév. § *Patrie en danger*. [This second levy of Volunteers produced a far inferior set of men to that of 1791, and Morris's strictures might indeed be made to apply to them (*vid. supr.*, note ii. 185). Many of these men were enlisted from the paid battalions of the National Guard, and the most of them only took service in order to get the premium, and under the influence of the nascent terrorism were, or affected to be, rabid Jacobins. Two hundred and fifty-six battalions of Volunteers had now in all been voted, but very few actually came to face the enemy before 1793. The Legislative voted that their pay was to be in coin, whereas the Regulars were paid in *Assignats*, except when within twenty leagues of the frontier (Aug. 19th '92). It is doubtful if a large levy of Volunteers would have been at this time of any use, for the main difficulty was to provide them with arms; hence Carnot's motion, July 25th, for the provision of pikes; little or nothing had been done to remedy this deficiency by September, while the "Volunteers of '92" continued to hang about Paris and pretend to dig on the fortifications. (*See* Carnot, *Corresp.* i. 151; Chuquet, *cap.* ii. and *infr.*, note iii. 93.)]

³Moniteur, Séance du 25 Juillet 1792.

road! Shakes himself indeed; one spoken word becomes such a shaking. Successive, simultaneous *dirl* of thirty-thousand muskets shouldered; prance and jingle of ten-thousand horse-men, fanfaronading Emigrants¹ in the van; drum, kettledrum; noise of weeping, swearing; and the immeasurable lumbering clank of baggage-wagons and camp-kettles that groan into motion: all this is Brunswick shaking himself; not without all this does the one man march, 'covering a space of forty miles.' Still less without his Manifesto, dated, as we say, the 25th; a State-Paper worthy of attention!

By this document, it would seem great things are in store for France.² The universal French People shall now have permission to rally round Brunswick and his Emigrant Seigneurs; tyranny of a Jacobin Faction shall oppress them no more; but they shall return, and find favour with their own good King; who, by Royal Declaration (three years ago) of the Twenty-third of June, said that he would himself make them happy. As for National Assembly, and other Bodies of Men invested with some temporary shadow of authority, they are charged to maintain the King's Cities and Strong Places intact, till Brunswick arrive to take delivery of them. Indeed, quick submission may extenuate many things; but to this end it must be quick. Any National Guard or other unmilitary person found resisting in arms shall

¹[The Army of the *Émigrés*, which followed Brunswick, called itself the 'Army of the Centre' and was commanded by Broglie and Castries. Brunswick crossed the frontier on Aug. 19th; the *Émigrés* ten days later. They were ill armed and equipped (at their own expense), and not over well fed (at the expense of the Allies). Breteuil, who was the confidential agent of the King, managed to get Calonne, who was the confidential agent of the Princes, removed; and the Allies refused to recognise Monsieur as 'Regent of France.' The Prussians even refused permission to the *Émigrés* to visit their camp. Many stories have been told of how bitterly the *Émigrés* resented the idea of any dismemberment of France, and of the keen disappointment they felt at the treatment they received from the Allies.]

²[One is tempted to suspect that Brunswick never read his own Manifesto. He was a man by nature mistrustful of himself, and he never had his heart in the war; he knew the force that France *might* command, he loathed the *Émigrés*, yet he allowed this manifesto to be issued in a strain worthy of their threats rather than of his own prudence. Mallet du Pan had reached headquarters on June 12th, but no one would listen to him (*vid. supr.*, ii. 173). Mallet learned, early in July, that the manifesto was drawn up in Paris, and inspired both by Fersen and the Queen (Mallet, i. 326), though the actual words of it were written by Geoffroi de Limon, a former *Intendant* of Monsieur (*cf.* Chuquet, *La Première Invasion Prussienne* (Paris, 1887), p. 148; Forneron, i. 344; Fersen's Journal, ii. 332).]

be 'treated as a traitor;' that is to say, hanged with promptitude. For the rest, if Paris, before Brunswick gets thither, offer any insult to the King; or, for example, suffer a Faction to carry the King away elsewhither; in that case, Paris shall be blasted asunder with cannon-shot and 'military execution.' Likewise all other Cities, which may witness, and not resist to the uttermost, such forced-march of his Majesty, shall be blasted asunder; and Paris and every City of them, starting-place, course and goal of said sacrilegious forced-march, shall, as rubbish and smoking ruin, lie there for a sign. Such vengeance were indeed signal, 'an *insigne vengeance*:'—O Brunswick, what words thou writest and blusterest! In this Paris, as in old Nineveh, are so many score thousands that know not the right hand from the left, and also much cattle. Shall the very milk-cows, hard-living cadgers'-asses, and poor little canary-birds die?

Nor is Royal and Imperial Prussian-Austrian Declaration wanting: setting forth, in the amplest manner, their Sanssouci-Schönbrunn version of this whole French Revolution, since the first beginning of it; and with what grief these high heads have seen such things done under the Sun. However, 'as some small consolation to mankind,'¹ they do now despatch Brunswick; regardless of expense, as one might say, or of sacrifices on their own part; for is it not the first duty to console men?

Serene Highnesses, who sit there protocolling and manifesting, and consoling mankind! how were it if, for once in the thousand years, your parchments, formularies and reasons of state were blown to the four winds; and Reality Sans-indispensables stared you, even you, in the face; and Mankind said for itself what the thing was that would console it?—

CHAPTER IV

SUBTERRANEAN

BUT judge if there was comfort in this to the Sections all sitting permanent; deliberating how a National Executive could be put in action!

¹ Annual Register (1792), 236.

High rises the response, not of cackling terror but of crowing counter-defiance, and *Vive la Nation*; young Valour streaming towards the Frontiers; *Patrie en Danger* mutely beckoning on the Pont-Neuf. Sections are busy, in their permanent Deep; and down, lower still, works unlimited Patriotism, seeking salvation in plot. Insurrection, you would say, becomes once more the sacredest of duties? Committee, self-chosen, is sitting at the Sign of the Golden Sun; Journalist Carra, Camille Desmoulins, Alsatian Westermann friend of Danton, American Fournier of Martinique;—a Committee not unknown to Mayor Petion, who, as an official person, must sleep with one eye open. Not unknown to Procureur Manuel; least of all to Procureur-Substitute Danton! He, wrapped in darkness, being also official, bears it on his giant shoulders; cloudy invisible Atlas of the whole.

Much is invisible; the very Jacobins have their reticences. Insurrection is to be: but when? This only we can discern, that such Fédérés as are not yet gone to Soissons, as indeed are not inclined to go yet, “for reasons,” says the Jacobin President, “which it may be interesting not to state,”—have got a *Central Committee* sitting close by, under the roof of the Mother-Society herself. Also, what in such ferment and danger of effervescence is surely proper, the Forty-eight Sections have got their Central Committee; intended ‘for prompt communication.’ To which Central Committee the Municipality, anxious to have it at hand, could not refuse an Apartment in the Hôtel-de-Ville.¹

Singular City! For overhead of all this, there is the customary baking and brewing; Labour hammers and grinds. Frilled promenaders saunter under the trees; white-muslin promenaderess, in green parasol, leaning on your arm. Dogs dance,

¹[July 20th. It was on July 20th that the Municipality, in answer to the petition of certain Sections, convoked, “Representatives of the 48 sections” at the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, to draw up addresses. This Committee does not seem to have become permanent till Aug. 1st: but from that time it overrode the lawful Municipality in every way. Danton was not a member of it, but he no doubt used it, *e.g.*, to draw up the petition of Aug. 3rd for *déchéance*. The sections were by no means unanimous: *Bibliothèque*, *Arsenal* and *Filles Saint-Thomas* continually protested against the whole thing: and protests were received from Sections *Mirabeau*, *Jardin des plantes*, *Henri IV*, *Roi de Sicile*, *Quinze-Vingts* and *Mauconseil* were the most violent against the King. It was a resolution of the former on 5th that ultimately fixed the date of insurrection for the evening of 9th. (*Vid. infr.*, ii. 243, and Robiquet, 500, *sqq.*)]

and shoeblacks polish, on that Pont-Neuf itself, where Fatherland is in danger. So much goes its course; and yet the course of all things is nigh altering and ending.

Look at that Tuileries and Tuileries Garden. Silent all as Sahara; none entering save by ticket! They shut their Gates, after the Day of the Black Breeches; a thing they had the liberty to do. However, the National Assembly grumbled something about Terrace of the Feuillants, how said Terrace lay contiguous to the back-entrance to their Salle, and was partly *National Property*; and so now National Justice has stretched a Tricolor Riband athwart it, by way of boundary-line; respected with splenetic strictness by all Patriots. It hangs there that Tricolor boundary-line; carries 'satirical inscriptions on cards,' generally in verse; and all beyond this is called *Coblentz*, and remains vacant; silent as a fateful Golgotha; sunshine and umbrage alternating on it in vain. Fateful Circuit: what hope can dwell in it? Mysterious Tickets of Entry introduce themselves; speak of Insurrection very imminent. Rivarol's Staff of Genius had better purchase blunderbusses; Grenadier bonnets, red Swiss uniforms may be useful. Insurrection will come; but likewise will it not be met? Staved off, one may hope, till Brunswick arrive?

But consider withal if the Bourne-stones and Portable-chairs remain silent; if the Herald's College of Bill-Stickers sleep! Louvet's *Sentinel* warns gratis on all walls; Sulleau is busy; *People's-Friend* Marat and *King's-Friend* Royou croak and counter-croak. For the man Marat, though long hidden since that Champ-de-Mars Massacre, is still alive. He has lain, who knows in what cellars; perhaps in Legendre's; fed by a steak of Legendre's killing: but, since April, the bull-frog voice of him sounds again; hoarsest of earthly cries. For the present, black terror haunts him: O brave Barbaroux, wilt thou not smuggle me to Marseilles, 'disguised as a jockey?'¹ In Palais-Royal

¹Barbaroux, p. 60. [It is very difficult to get any trustworthy evidence as to the tradition so industriously propagated by Marat himself as to his "hiding in the sewers." Legendre (quoted by Bougeart, i. 287) says that for two years he continually hid in his (Legendre's) cellars. The *Oraison Funèbre* on Marat (Aug.

and all public places, as we read, there is sharp activity; private individuals haranguing that Valour may enlist; haranguing that the Executive may be put in action. Royalist Journals ought to be solemnly burnt: argument thereupon; debates, which generally end in single-stick, *coups de cannes*.¹ Or think of this; the hour midnight; place Salle de Manége; august Assembly just adjourning; 'Citizens of both sexes enter in a rush, exclaiming, *Vengeance; they are poisoning our Brothers;*'—baking brayed-glass among their bread at Soissons!² Vergniaud has to speak soothing words, How Commissioners are already sent to investigate this brayed-glass, and do what is needful therein;—till the rush of citizens 'makes profound silence;' and goes home to its bed.

Such is Paris; the heart of a France like to it. Preternatural suspicion, doubt, disquietude, nameless anticipation, from shore to shore:—and those blackbrowed Marseillaise marching, dusty, unwearied, through the midst of it; not doubtful they. Marching to the grim music of their hearts, they consume continually the long road, these three weeks and more; heralded by Terror and Rumour. The Brest *Fédérés*³ arrive on the 26th; through

8th '93) says that he took refuge from Lafayette underground in the stonepits of Montmartre. The engraver Marquet, the renegade priest Jacques Roux, and the family of Marat's mistress Simonne Evrard also claimed the honour of sheltering him in '90—91 (Chèvremont, i. 288-9). But none of the witnesses quoted by Bougeart or Chèvremont are in the least trustworthy, and practically all we know of Marat's life up to the Aug. 10th rests upon his own words in *Ami du peuple*. And it is practically certain that Marat was not more distinguished even as an agent of murder, than he was as a liar. As for the passage in Barbaroux here referred to, Barbaroux's Memoirs have been much 'cooked,' but there is nothing improbable in the idea. There was fighting on Aug. 10th and a good many 'patriots' were hurt badly. Marat, who had no objection to bloodshed in the case of others, felt it very strongly when the blood might be his own: but he was almost certainly in the Town Hall on the night of 9th—10th. (See Robiquet, 504-10.)]

¹ Newspapers, Narratives, and Documents (Hist. Parl. xv. 240; xvi. 399).

² [The church of Saint-Jean des Vignes at Soissons had been used as a bakehouse for the troops in camp there: a boy broke a window with a stone, and some of the glass fell from the window into some dough, and was found there. (See Carnot, Corresp. Gén. i. 11.)]

³ [The Brest *Fédérés* did not arrive all at once, some had been arriving since July 14th; they were despatched distinctly under the impression that they were to form part of the 'Camp of 20,000' (in spite of the Veto, of which the Departmental authorities of Finisterre made very light). Once in Paris they found themselves under influences very different from those under which they had started. (See Rév. Fr. xxxiii. 445.)]

hurrahing streets. Determined men are these also, bearing or not bearing the Sacred Pikes of Château-Vieux; and on the whole decidedly disinclined for Soissons as yet. Surely the Marseillse Brethren do draw nigher all days.

CHAPTER V

AT DINNER

IT was a bright day for Charenton, that 29th of the month, when the Marseillse Brethren actually came in sight. Barbaroux, Santerre and Patriots have gone out to meet the grim Wayfarers. Patriot clasps dusty Patriot to his bosom; there is footwashing and refection: 'dinner of twelve-hundred covers at the Blue Dial, *Cadran Bleu*;' and deep interior consultation, that one wots not of.¹ Consultation indeed which comes to little; for Santerre, with an open purse, with a loud voice, has almost no head. Here, however, we repose this night: on the morrow is public entry into Paris.²

Of which public entry the Day-Historians, *Diurnalists*, or Journalists, as they call themselves, have preserved record enough. How Saint-Antoine male and female, and Paris generally, gave brotherly welcome, with bravo and hand-clapping, in crowded streets; and all passed in the peaceablest manner;—except it might be our Marseillse pointed out here and there a riband-cockade, and beckoned that it should be snatched away, and exchanged for a wool one; which was done. How the Mother-Society in a body has come as far as the Bastille-ground, to embrace you. How you then wend onwards, triumphant, to the Townhall, to be embraced by Mayor Petion; to put down your muskets in the Barracks of Nouvelle France, not far off;—then towards the appointed Tavern in the Champs Élysées, to enjoy a frugal Patriot repast.³

¹ *Deux Amis*, viii. 90-101.

² [Barbaroux, who met them, had drawn up, with Bourdon, Héron and Fournier, the plan of an immediate advance on the Tuileries. This was deferred for the reasons given above (*vid. supr.*, note ii. 231).]

³ *Hist. Parl.* xvi. 196. See Barbaroux, pp. 51-5.

Of all which the indignant Tuileries may, by its Tickets of Entry, have warning. Red Swiss look doubly sharp to their Château-Grates;—though surely there is no danger? Blue Grenadiers of the Filles-Saint-Thomas Section are on duty there this day: men of Agio, as we have seen; with stuffed purses, riband-cockades; among whom serves Weber. A party of these latter, with Captains, with sundry Feuillant Notabilities, Moreau de Saint-Méry of the three-thousand orders, and others, have been dining, much more respectably, in a Tavern hard by. They have dined, and are now drinking Loyal-Patriotic toasts; while the Marseillaise, *National-Patriotic* merely, are about sitting down to their frugal covers of delf. How it happened remains to this day undemonstrable; but the external fact is, certain of these Filles-Saint-Thomas Grenadiers do issue from their Tavern; perhaps touched, surely not yet muddled with any liquor they have had;—issue in the professed intention of testifying to the Marseillaise, or to the multitude of Paris Patriots who stroll in these spaces, That they, the Filles-Saint-Thomas men,¹ if well seen into, are not a whit less Patriotic than any other class of men whatever.

It was a rash errand! For how can the strolling multitude credit such a thing; or do other indeed than hoot at it, provoking and provoked?—till Grenadier sabres stir in the scabbard, and thereupon a sharp shriek arises: “*À nous, Marseillais, Help, Marseillaise!*” Quick as lightning, for the frugal repast is not yet served, that Marseillaise Tavern flings itself open: by door, by window; running, bounding, vault forth the Five-hundred and Seventeen undined Patriots; and, sabre flashing from thigh, are on the scene of controversy. Will ye parley, ye Grenadier Captains and Official Persons; ‘with faces grown suddenly pale,’ the Deponents say?² Advisabler were instant moderately swift retreat! The Filles-Saint-Thomas men retreat, back fore-

¹[Mortimer-Ternaux (ii. 151) quotes the minutes of the Section-Assembly of *Filles-St. Thomas* to the effect that “the National Guard is in arms and will not lay them down till it has delivered the Capital from this violent horde, who menace the citizens in their persons and properties.”]

²Moniteur, Séances du 30, du 31 Juillet 1792 (Hist. Parl. xvi. 197-210).

most; then, alas, face foremost, at treble-quick time; the Marseillaise, according to a Deponent, "clearing the fences and ditches after them, like lions: Messieurs, it was an imposing spectacle."

Thus they retreat, the Marseillaise following. Swift and swifter, towards the Tuileries: where the Drawbridge receives the bulk of the fugitives; and, then suddenly drawn up, saves them; or else the green mud of the Ditch does it. The bulk of them; not all; ah, no! Moreau de Saint-Méry, for example, being too fat, could not fly fast; he got a stroke, *flat-stroke* only, over the shoulder-blades, and fell prone;—and disappears there from the History of the Revolution. Cuts also there were, pricks in the posterior fleshy parts; much rending of skirts, and other discrepant waste. But poor Sub-lieutenant Duhamel, innocent Change-broker, what a lot for him! He turned on his pursuer, or pursuers, with a pistol; he fired and missed; drew a second pistol, and again fired and missed; then ran: unhappily in vain. In the Rue Saint-Florentin, they clutched him; thrust him through, in red rage: that was the end of the New Era, and of all Eras, to poor Duhamel.

Pacific readers can fancy what sort of grace-before-meat this was to frugal Patriotism. Also how the Battalion of the Filles-Saint-Thomas 'drew out in arms,' luckily without further result; how there was accusation at the Bar of the Assembly, and counter-accusation and defence; Marseillaise challenging the sentence of a free jury-court,—which never got empanneled. We ask rather, What the upshot of all these distracted wildly accumulating things may, by probability, be? Some upshot; and the time draws nigh! Busy are Central Committees, of Fédérés at the Jacobins Church, of Sections at the Townhall; Reunion of Carra, Camille and Company at the Golden Sun. Busy; like submarine deities, or call them mud-gods, working there in deep murk of waters; till the thing be ready.

And how your National Assembly, like a ship water-logged, helmless, lies tumbling; the Galleries, of shrill Women, of Fédérés with sabres, bellowing down on it, not unfrightful;—

and waits where the waves of chance may please to strand it ; suspicious, nay on the Left-side, conscious, what submarine Explosion is meanwhile a-charging ! Petition for King's Forfeiture rises often there : Petition from Paris Section, from Provincial Patriot Towns ; 'from Alençon, Briançon, and the Traders at the Fair of Beaucaire.' Or what of these ? On the 3rd of August, Mayor Petion and the Municipality come petitioning for Forfeiture : they openly, in their tricolor Municipal scarfs. Forfeiture is what all Patriots now want and expect. All Brissotins want Forfeiture ; with the little Prince Royal for King, and us for Protector over him. Emphatic Fédérés ask the Legislature : "Can you save us, or not ?" Forty-seven Sections¹ have agreed to Forfeiture ; only that of the Filles-Saint-Thomas pretending to disagree.² Nay Section Mauconseil declares Forfeiture to be, properly speaking, come ; Mauconseil, for one, 'does from this day,' the last of July, 'cease allegiance to Louis,' and take minute of the same before all men. A thing blamed aloud ; but which will be praised aloud ; and the name *Mauconseil*, of Ill-counsel, be thenceforth changed to *Bonconseil*, of Good-counsel.

President Danton, in the Cordeliers Section, does another thing : invites all Passive Citizens to take place among the Active in Section-business, one peril threatening all. Thus he, though an official person ; cloudy Atlas of the whole. Likewise he manages to have that blackbrowed Battalion of Marseillaise shifted to new Barracks, in his own region of the remote South-east. Sleek Chaumette, cruel Billaud, Deputy Chabot the Dis-frocked, Huguenin with the tocsin in his heart, will welcome them there. Wherefore, again and again : "O Legislators, can you save us or not ?" Poor Legislators ; with their Legislature water-logged, volcanic Explosion charging under it ! Forfeiture shall be debated on the ninth of August ; that miserable business of Lafayette may be expected to terminate on the eighth.

Or will the humane Reader glance into the Levée-day of Sun-

¹[The statement that '47 sections agreed to forfeiture' rests upon Carra's *Annales Patriotiques* of Aug. 29th. For the protesting sections, *vid. supr.*, note ii. 237.]

²[July 31st.]

day the fifth? The last Levée! Not for a long time, 'never,' says Bertrand-Moleville, had a Levée been so brilliant, at least so crowded. A sad presaging interest sat on every face; Bertrand's own eyes were filled with tears. For, indeed, outside of that Tricolor Riband on the Feuillants Terrace, Legislature is debating, Sections are defiling, all Paris is astir this very Sunday, demanding *Déchéance*.¹ Here, however, within the riband, a grand proposal is on foot, for the hundredth time, of carrying his Majesty to Rouen and the Castle of Gaillon. Swiss at Courbevoye are in readiness; much is ready; Majesty himself seems almost ready. Nevertheless, for the hundredth time, Majesty, when near the point of action, draws back; writes, after one has waited, palpitating, an endless summer day, that 'he has reason to believe the Insurrection is not so ripe as you suppose.' Whereat Bertrand-Moleville breaks forth 'into extremity at once of spleen and despair, *d'humeur et de désespoir*.'²

CHAPTER VI

THE STEEPLES AT MIDNIGHT

FOR, in truth, the Insurrection is just about ripe. Thursday is the ninth of the month August: if Forfeiture be not pronounced by the Legislature that day, we must pronounce it ourselves.

¹ Hist. Parl. xvi. 337-9.

² Bertrand-Moleville, *Mémoires*, ii. 129. [A good account of the last days of the Monarchy is given by Bigot de Sainte-Croix in his 'Hist. de la Conspiration du 10 Août,' which was printed in London, Jan. '93, shortly after its author's escape. There was a very bad alarm on 4th—5th. The proposal to get the King away took definite shape and was rejected on 6th (the day on which Varlet's petition for his deposition was presented to the Assembly and well received). The Swiss were already on the Paris side of Courbevoie, to cover the King's flight. When this failed the only thing was to collect some sort of army for defence. This was undertaken by Terrier de Monciel and Brémond. Petion however had done everything he could to hinder the defence, *e.g.*, by changing the National Guard at the *Château* each day. Morris (i. 558) tells how he was entrusted by the King with the task of hiring extra defenders. The King deposited with Morris 547,000 *livr.* in *Assignats*, with which Morris bought 5,000 *louis d'or*, and hired a certain number of men, payment to follow on action only. As late as Aug. 1st Morris thinks the Radicals will not have it all their own way, for he writes to Jefferson that some of them have made their plans for escape to America, in case the attack fails. Morris went to Court on 9th, and found nothing remarkable except that the Royal Family had been up all night, expecting to be murdered. He afterwards spent much of the King's money in helping compromised Royalists to escape.]

Legislature? A poor water-logged Legislature can pronounce nothing. On Wednesday the eighth, after endless oratory once again, they cannot even pronounce Accusation against Lafayette; but absolve him,—hear it, Patriotism!—by a majority of two to one.¹ Patriotism hears it; Patriotism, hounded on by Prussian Terror, by Preternatural Suspicion, roars tumultuous round the Salle de Manége, all day; insults many leading Deputies, of the absolvent Right-side; nay chases them, collars them with loud menace: Deputy Vaublanc, and others of the like, are glad to take refuge in Guardhouses, and escape by the back window.² And so, next day, there is infinite complaint; Letter after Letter from insulted Deputy; mere complaint, debate and self-cancelling jargon: the sun of Thursday sets like the others, and no Forfeiture pronounced. Wherefore in fine, To your tents, O Israel!

The Mother-Society ceases speaking; groups cease haranguing: Patriots, with closed lips now, 'take one another's arm;' walk off, in rows, two and two, at a brisk business-pace; and vanish afar in the obscure places of the East.³ Santerre is ready; or we will make him ready.⁴ Forty-seven of the Forty-eight Sections are ready; nay, Filles-Saint-Thomas itself turns up the Jacobin side of it, turns down the Feuillant side of it, and is ready too. Let the unlimited Patriot look to his weapon, be it pike, be it fire-lock; and the Brest brethren,—above all, the blackbrowed Marseillaise prepare themselves for the extreme hour! Syndic Rœderer knows, and laments or not as the issue may turn,⁵ that

¹[By 406 to 224. Brissot spoke furiously against him: all those who had voted for his acquittal were insulted or maltreated, as they left the Hall. (Cf. Rœderer, *Chronique de Cinquante Jours* (Paris, 1832), p. 346, *sqq.*)]

²[Apparently the quotation is taken from the passage in *Deux Amis* cited below. *Deux Amis* (in *loc. cit.*) says it was Dumolard and Fournier who took refuge in the guardhouse: Vaublanc merely remained away from his house, being warned that he would not be safe there.]

³*Deux Amis*, viii. 129-88 (144).

⁴[Santerre was actually nominated Commander of the National Guard by the *Commune* before Mandat's murder (Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 225).]

⁵[There is no evidence to warrant this accusation against Rœderer: it is evident from his book that he was a timid man with a horror of bloodshed and a devoted believer in sticking to the letter of the Constitution: also that he mistrusted the King's intentions as regards the advent of the Allies (cf. Rœderer, bk. iv. caps. 2-3).]

‘five-thousand ball-cartridges, within these few days, have been distributed to Fédérés, at the Hôtel-de-Ville.’¹

And ye likewise, gallant gentlemen, defenders of Royalty, crowd ye on your side to the Tuileries.² Not to a Levée: no, to a Couchée; where much will be put to bed. Your Tickets of Entry are needful; needfuller your blunderbusses!—They come and crowd, like gallant men who also know how to die: old Maillé the Camp-Marshal has come, his eyes gleaming once again, though dimmed by the rheum of almost fourscore years. Courage, Brothers! We have a thousand red Swiss; men stanch of heart, stedfast as the granite of their Alps. National Grenadiers are at least friends of Order; Commandant Mandat³ breathes loyal ardour, will “answer for it on his head.” Mandat will, and his Staff; for the Staff, though there stands a doom and Decree to that effect, is happily never yet dissolved.

Commandant Mandat has corresponded with Mayor Petion; carries a written Order from him these three days, to repel force by force. A squadron on the Pont-Neuf with cannon shall turn back these Marseillaise coming across the River: a squadron at the Townhall shall cut Saint-Antoine in two, ‘as it issues from the Arcade Saint-Jean;’ drive one half back to the obscure East, drive the other half forward ‘through the Wickets of the Louvre.’ Squadrons not a few, and mounted squadrons; squadrons in the Palais-Royal, in the Place Vendôme: all these shall charge, at

¹ Rœderer à la Barre (Séance du 9 Août, in Hist. Parl. xvi. 393).

²[The total number of defenders collected on 9th at the *Château* was according to Sainte-Croix (p. 28) from 1,500 to 1,800; he puts the Swiss at 800, but they were really 950 with 30 cartridges each (Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 183-283). But it is probable that during the night a considerable number of loyal National Guards rallied; and the whole defence may be put at about 2,500. Sainte-Croix thinks that if the attack had been made at night, it would have been easier to resist. But cartridges were absolutely lacking, whereas, ever since the 5th, Paris, a member of the Municipality, had been issuing cartridges to the Radical Sections, in great quantities, with Petion’s sanction.]

³[Mandat (a former Captain in the *Gardes Françaises*) had just succeeded by rotation to the Command of the National Guard, and, while organising the defence of the *Château*, he had also to defend its approaches, and assure as far as possible the peace of the city. He sent orders to every Section, but his orders were simply laughed at by those Sections which were at the call of the leaders of the Insurrection. He collected about 900 horse to bar the approaches to the Tuileries, but found they were not really much to be depended upon. (Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 221 and 236.)]

the right moment ; sweep this street, and then sweep that. Some new Twentieth of June we shall have ; only still more ineffectual ? Or probably the Insurrection will not dare to rise at all ? Mandat's Squadrons, Horse-Gendarmerie and blue Guards march, clattering, tramping ; Mandat's Cannoneers rumble. Under cloud of night ; to the sound of his *générale*, which begins drumming when men should go to bed. It is the 9th night of August 1792.

On the other hand, the Forty-eight Sections correspond by swift messengers ; are choosing each their 'three Delegates with full powers.' Syndic Røederer, Mayor Petion are sent for to the Tuileries : courageous Legislators, when the drum beats danger, should repair to their Salle. Demoiselle Théroigne has on her grenadier-bonnet, short-skirted riding-habit ; two pistols garnish her small waist, and sabre hangs in baldric by her side.

Such a game is playing in this Paris Pandemonium, or City of All the Devils !—And yet the Night, as Mayor Petion walks here in the Tuileries Garden, 'is beautiful and calm ;' Orion and the Pleiades glitter down quite serene. Petion has come forth, the 'heat' inside was so oppressive.¹ Indeed, his Majesty's reception of him was of the roughest ; as it might well be.² And now there is no outgate ; Mandat's blue Squadrons turn you back at every Grate ; nay the Filles-Saint-Thomas Grenadiers give themselves liberties of tongue, How a virtuous Mayor 'shall pay for it, if there be mischief,' and the like ; though others again are full of civility. Surely if any man in France is in straits this night, it is Mayor Petion : bound, under pain of death, one may say, to smile dexterously with the one side of his face, and weep with the other ;—death if he do it not dexterously enough ! Not till four in the morning does a National Assembly, hearing of his plight, summon him over 'to give account of Paris ;' of which he knows

¹ Røederer, *Chronique de Cinquante Jours ; Récit de Petion ; Townhall Records, &c.* (in *Hist. Parl.* xvi. 399-466).

² [Petion went to the *Château* at 11 P.M. His interview with the King was confined to two sentences, and he then went out. At the gate of the *Château* he found Mandat, who blamed him for having withheld cartridges from the loyal Sections, while distributing them to the Radical Sections and *Marseillais*. (*Rev. de la Rév.* iii. ii. 2 ; Røederer, 352.)]

nothing : whereby, however, he shall get home to bed, and only his gilt coach be left. Scarcely less delicate is Syndic Rœderer's task ; who must wait whether he will lament or not, till he see the issue.¹ Janus Bifrons, or *Mr. Facing-both-ways*, as vernacular Bunyan has it ! They walk there, in the meanwhile, these two Januses, with others of the like double conformation ; and ' talk of indifferent matters.'

Rœderer, from time to time, steps in ; to listen, to speak ; to send for the Department-Directory itself, he their Procureur Syndic not seeing how to act. The Apartments are all crowded ; some seven-hundred gentlemen in black elbowing, bustling ; red Swiss standing like rocks ; ghost, or partial-ghost of a Ministry, with Rœderer and advisers, hovering round their Majesties ; old Marshal Maillé kneeling at the King's feet to say, He and these gallant gentlemen are come to die for him. List ! through the placid midnight ; clang of the distant stormbell ! So, in very sooth : steeple after steeple takes up the wondrous tale. Black Courtiers listen at the windows, opened for air ; discriminate the steeple-bells :² this is the tocsin of Saint-Roch ; that again, is it not Saint-Jacques, named *de la Boucherie* ? Yes, Messieurs ! Or even Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, hear ye *it* not ? The same metal that rang storm, two hundred and twenty years ago ; but by a Majesty's order then ; on Saint Bartholomew's Eve !³—So go the steeple-bells ; which Courtiers can discriminate. Nay, me-seems, there is the Townhall itself ; we know it by its sound ! Yes, Friends, that is the Townhall ; discoursing *so*, to the Night. Miraculously ; by miraculous metal-tongue and man's-arm : Marat himself, if he knew it, is pulling at the rope there ! Marat is pulling ; Robespierre lies deep,⁴ invisible for the next forty hours ;

¹[Again there is no evidence for this charge against Rœderer : but it is not unnatural that Carlyle should take the *Syndic's* own naïve confessions of hesitation for a desire to be on the winning side.]

²Rœderer, *ubi supra*. [He says it was at about 12.45 A.M. that the *tocsins* were first heard (p. 356).]

³August 24th 1572. [*Vid. infr.*, note on p. 319.]

⁴[Not proved : the charge rests upon the accusation of Vergniaud in his speech of April 10th 1793, and has been repeated by Michaud in the *Biographie Universelle* : Vergniaud's words are, " who was lying prudently hidden in a cellar ; " but Robespierre was almost certainly at the Town Hall for some part of the night.]

and some men have heart, and some have as good as none, and not even frenzy will give them any.

What struggling confusion, as the issue slowly draws on; and the doubtful Hour, with pain and blind struggle, brings forth its Certainty, never to be abolished!—The Full-power Delegates, three from each Section, a Hundred and forty-four in all, got gathered at the Townhall, about midnight. Mandat's Squadron, stationed there, did not hinder their entering: are they not the 'Central Committee of the Sections' who sit here usually; though in greater number tonight? They are there: presided by Confusion, Irresolution, and the Clack of Tongues. Swift Scouts fly; Rumour buzzes, of Black Courtiers, red Swiss, of Mandat and his Squadrons that shall charge. Better put off the Insurrection? Yes, put it off. Ha, hark! Saint-Antoine booming out eloquent tocsin, of its own accord!—Friends, no: ye cannot put off the Insurrection; but must put it on, and live with it, or die with it.

Swift now, therefore: let these actual Old Municipals, on sight of the Full-powers, and mandate of the Sovereign elective People, lay down their functions; and this New Hundred and Forty-four take them up! Will ye nill ye, worthy Old Municipals, go ye must. Nay is it not a happiness for many a Municipal that he can wash his hands of such a business; and sit there paralysed, unaccountable, till the Hour do bring forth; or even go home to his night's rest?¹ Two only of the Old, or at most three, we retain: Mayor Petion, for the present walking in the Tuileries; Procureur Manuel; Procureur-Substitute Danton, invisible Atlas of the whole. And so, with our Hundred and Forty-four, among whom are a Tocsin-Huguenin, a Billaud, a Chaumette; and Editor-Talliens, and Fabre d'Églantines, Sergents, Panises; and in brief, either emergent or else emerged and full-blown, the entire Flower of unlimited Patriotism: have we not, as by magic, made a New Municipality;² ready to act in the unlimited manner; and declare itself roundly, 'in a State of Insurrection!'—First

¹ Section Documents, Townhall Documents (Hist. Parl. *ubi supra*).

²[As late as 9th Danton does not seem to have been sure whether or no to trust Petion, but on that day Petion was warned that his authority and that of the Municipality were to be altogether superseded. That evening fresh Commissioners were

of all, then, be Commandant Mandat sent for, with that Mayor's-Order of his; also let the New Municipals visit those Squadrons that were to charge; and let the stormbell ring its loudest;—and, on the whole, Forward, ye Hundred and Forty-four; retreat is now none for you!

Reader, fancy not, in thy languid way, that Insurrection is easy. Insurrection is difficult: each individual uncertain even of his next neighbour; totally uncertain of his distant neighbours, what strength is with him, what strength is against him; certain only that, in case of failure, his individual portion is the gallows! Eight hundred thousand heads, and in each of them a separate estimate of these uncertainties, a separate theorem of action conformable to that: out of so many uncertainties, does the certainty, and inevitable net-result never to be abolished, go on, at all moments, bodying itself forth;—leading thee also towards civic-crowns or an ignominious noose.

Could the Reader take an Asmodeus' Flight, and waving open all roofs and privacies, look down from the Tower of Notre-Dame, what a Paris were it! Of treble-voice whimperings or vehemence, of bass-voice growlings, dubitations; Courage screwing itself to desperate defiance; Cowardice trembling silent within barred doors;—and all round, Dulness calmly snoring; for much Dulness, flung on its mattresses, always sleeps. O, between the clangour of these high-storming tocsins and that snore of Dulness, what a gamut: of trepidation, excitation, desperation; and above it mere Doubt, Danger, Atropos and Nox!

named by the more Radical Sections, and at 1 A.M. these began to arrive, the National Guard making no opposition to their entry. Besides those mentioned by Carlyle we may add Léonard Bourdon, Lhuillier, Simon, Marat, Robespierre. Danton looked in for a short time sometime before 3 A.M., by which time 19 Sections in all were represented, and Huguenin took the chair, with Tallien as secretary. It is impossible to say who was actually *not* there, as a list comprising over 300 names, some of persons certainly not present, was drawn up some months afterwards on purpose to deceive the Convention. It is this list which is given in the Hist. Parl. Twenty Sections at least sent no representatives at all. The *Conseil-Général* of the old Municipality continued to sit in an adjoining room till about 7 A.M.; but its galleries being full of a howling mob, it gradually dissolved itself, and at 7 A.M. the "Commissioners of the Municipality of the United Sections with full power to save the State," as the new meeting styled itself, took its place, and the true 'Revolutionary *Commune*' was born. (*See* Robiquet, 511; Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 241, *sqq.*)

Fighters of this Section draw out ; hear that the next Section does not ; and thereupon draw in. Saint-Antoine on this side the River is uncertain of Saint-Marceau on that. Steady only is the snore of Dulness, are the Six-hundred Marseillaise that know how to die. Mandat, twice summoned to the Townhall, has not come. Scouts fly incessant, in distracted haste ; and the many-whispering voices of Rumour. Théroigne and unofficial Patriots flit, dim-visible, exploratory, far and wide ; like Night-birds on the wing. Of Nationals some Three-thousand have followed Mandat and his *générale* ; the rest follow each his own theorem of the uncertainties : theorem, that one should march rather with Saint-Antoine : innumerable theorems, that in such a case the wholesomest were *sleep*. And so the drums beat, in mad fits, and the stormbells peal. Saint-Antoine itself does but draw out and draw in : Commandant Santerre, over there, cannot believe that the Marseillaise and Saint-Marceau will march. Thou laggard sonorous Beer-vat, with the loud voice and timber-head, is it time now to palter ? Alsatian Westermann¹ clutches him by the throat with drawn sabre : whereupon the Timber-headed believes. In this manner wanes the slow night ; amid fret, uncertainty and tocsin ; all men's humour rising to the hysterical pitch ; and nothing done.

However, Mandat, on the third summons, does come ;—come, unguarded ; astonished to find the Municipality *new*. They question him straitly on that Mayor's-Order to resist force by force ; on that strategic scheme of cutting Saint-Antoine in two halves : he answers what he can : they think it were right to send this strategic National Commandant to the Abbaye Prison, and let a Court of Law decide on him. Alas, a Court of Law, not Book-Law but primeval Club-Law, crowds and jostles out of doors ; all fretted to the hysterical pitch ; cruel as Fear, blind

¹[Westermann, born 1751, had served in the army as a private soldier, and was a magistrate (*échevin*) of Strasburg in 1789. He came to Paris in May '92, and attached himself to Danton, who gave him the job of Aug. 10th, nominally under, but really to direct Santerre. He was in the Army of the North from Sept. '92—May '93 ; when, after a temporary arrest, he was sent to command in La Vendée. He returned to Paris in the early winter, was deprived of his command in Jan. '94, and executed with Danton April 5th.]

as the Night: such Court of Law, and no other, clutches poor Mandat from his constables; beats him down, massacres him, on the steps of the Townhall. Look to it, ye new Municipals; ye People, in a state of Insurrection! Blood is shed, blood must be answered for;—alas, in such hysterical humour, more blood will flow: for it is as with the Tiger in that; he has only to begin.¹

Seventeen Individuals have been seized in the Champs Elysées, by exploratory Patriotism; they flitting dim-visible, by it flitting dim-visible. Ye have pistols, rapiers, ye Seventeen? One of those accursed ‘false Patrols;’ that go marauding, with Anti-National intent; seeking what they can spy, what they can spill! The Seventeen are carried to the nearest Guardhouse; eleven of them escape by back passages. “How is this?” Demoiselle Théroigne appears at the front entrance, with sabre, pistols and a train; denounces treasonous connivance; demands, seizes, the remaining six, that the justice of the People be not trifled with. Of which six two more escape in the whirl and debate of the Club-Law Court; the last unhappy Four are massacred, as Mandat was: Two Ex-Bodyguards; one dissipated Abbé; one Royalist Pamphleteer, Sulleau, known to us by name, Able Editor, and wit of all work. Poor Sulleau:² his *Acts of the Apostles*, and brisk Placard-Journals (for he was an able man) come to *Finis*, in this manner; and questionable jesting issues suddenly in horrid earnest! Such doings usher-in the dawn of the Tenth of August 1792.

Or think what a night the poor National Assembly has had:³

¹[The exact hour of Mandat’s murder is not easy to determine, but it must have been between 3 and 5 A.M. Danton probably ordered it (see Belloc’s Danton 167). When the news of his murder arrived the command of the loyalist National Guard was given to M. Tassin, because La Chesnaye, the next senior officer, was of doubtful loyalty; Tassin was among those who accompanied the King to the Assembly. Directly Mandat was dead the *Commune* apprehended Petion, with his own consent, and kept him under guard at the *Mairie* (see Rev. de la Rév. iii. ii. 4; Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 255, *sqq.*). Rœderer admits that it was he who, for reasons of Constitutional legality, advised Mandat’s obeying the summons to go from the *Château* (p. 360).]

²[Sulleau fell a victim to Théroigne’s personal spite: he had incessantly mocked her in the *Actes des Apôtres*. The most distinguished victim massacred separately at this time was Clermont-Tonnerre.]

³[There were about 150 members of the Assembly present at 3.30 A.M.; in-different matters were discussed in a desultory fashion during the night (Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 261); little notice was taken of the occasional reports of disturbance that came in.]

sitting there, 'in great paucity,' attempting to debate;—quivering and shivering; pointing towards all the thirty-two azimuths at once, as the magnet-needle does when thunderstorm is in the air! If the Insurrection come? If it come, and fail? Alas, in that case, may not black Courtiers with blunderbusses, red Swiss with bayonets rush over, flushed with victory, and ask us: Thou undefinable, waterlogged, self-distractive, self-destructive Legislative, what dost thou here *unsunk*?—or figure the poor National Guards, bivouacking in 'temporary tents' there; or standing ranked, shifting from leg to leg, all through the weary night; New tricolor Municipals ordering one thing, old Mandat Captains ordering another. Procureur Manuel has ordered the cannons to be withdrawn from the Pont-Neuf; none ventured to disobey him. It seems certain, then, the old Staff, so long doomed, has finally been dissolved, in these hours; and Mandat is not our Commandant now, but Santerre? Yes, friends: Santerre henceforth,—surely Mandat no more! The Squadrons that were to charge see nothing certain, except that they are cold, hungry, worn down with watching; that it were sad to slay French brothers; sadder to be slain by them. Without the Tuileries Circuit, and within it, sour uncertain humour sways these men: only the red Swiss stand stedfast. Them their officers refresh now with a slight wetting of brandy; wherein the Nationals, too far gone for brandy, refuse to participate.

King Louis meanwhile had laid him down for a little sleep; his wig when he reappeared had lost the powder on one side.¹ Old Marshal Maillé and the gentlemen in black rise always in spirits as the Insurrection does not rise: there goes a witty saying now, "*Le tocsin ne rend pas*,"² The tocsin, like a dry milk-cow, does not yield. For the rest, could not one proclaim Martial Law? Not easily; for now, it seems, Mayor Petion is gone.

¹ Rœderer, *ubi supra*.

²[*'Le Tocsin ne rend pas'* actually appears on the minutes of the *Commune* (3 A.M.). Not till 7 were the leaders actually able to collect a really large force. Rœderer gives the date of the *mot* at the *château* as 2.30, reassuring news having been brought in by a 'tall man dressed in grey' (p. 358).]

On the other hand, our Interim Commandant, poor Mandat being off 'to the Hôtel-de-Ville,' complains that so many Courtiers in black encumber the service, are an eyesorrow to the National Guards. To which her Majesty answers with emphasis, That they will obey all, will suffer all, that they are sure men these.

And so the yellow lamplight dies out in the gray of morning, in the King's Palace, over such a scene. Scene of jostling, elbowing, of confusion, and indeed conclusion, for the thing is about to end. Røederer and spectral Ministers jostle in the press; consult, in side-cabinets, with one or with both Majesties. Sister Elizabeth takes the Queen to the window: "Sister, see what a beautiful sunrise," right over the Jacobins Church and that quarter! How happy if the tocsin did not yield! But Mandat returns not; Petion is gone: much hangs wavering in the invisible Balance. About five o'clock, there rises from the Garden a kind of sound; as of a shout which had become a howl, and instead of *Vive le Roi* were ending in *Vive la Nation*. "*Mon Dieu!*" ejaculates a spectral Minister, "what is he doing down there?" For it is his Majesty, gone down with old Marshal Maillé to review the troops; and the nearest companies of them answer *so*. Her Majesty bursts into a stream of tears. Yet on stepping from the cabinet, her eyes are dry and calm, her look is even cheerful. 'The Austrian lip, and the aquiline nose, 'fuller than usual, gave to her countenance,' says Peltier,¹ 'something of majesty, which they that did not see her in these 'moments cannot well have an idea of.' O thou Theresa's Daughter!

King Louis enters, much blown with the fatigue; but for the rest with his old air of indifference.² Of all hopes now, surely the joyfullest were, that the tocsin did not yield.

¹ In Toulougeon, ii. 241.

²[That is on returning from reviewing the defenders at about 6 A.M. The *Souvenirs* of Le Sourd, one of the loyal National Guards, defending the *Château*, quoted in Rév. Fr. (xxxiii. 261, *sqq.*), fix some important hours for us (*cf.* Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 285).]

CHAPTER VII

THE SWISS

UNHAPPY Friends, the tocsin does yield, has yielded! Lo ye, how with the first sunrays its Ocean-tide, of pikes and fusils, flows glittering from the far East;—immeasurable; born of the Night! They march there, the grim host; Saint-Antoine on this side the River; Saint-Marceau on that, the blackbrowed Marseillaise in the van. With hum, and grim murmur, far-heard; like the Ocean-tide, as we say: drawn up, as if by Luna and Influences, from the great Deep of Waters, they roll gleaming on; no King, Canute or Louis, can bid them roll back. Wide-eddying side-currents, of onlookers, roll hither and thither, unarmed, not voiceless; they, the steel host, roll on. New-Commandant Santerre, indeed, has taken seat at the Townhall; rests there, in his halfway-house. Alsatian Westermann, with flashing sabre, does not rest; nor the Sections, nor the Marseillaise, nor Demoiselle Théroigne; but roll continually on.

And now, where are Mandat's Squadrons that were to charge? Not a Squadron of them stirs: or they stir in the wrong direction, out of the way; their officers glad that they will even do that. It is to this hour uncertain whether the Squadron on the Pont-Neuf made the shadow of resistance, or did not make the shadow: enough, the blackbrowed Marseillaise, and Saint-Marceau following them, do cross without let; do cross, in sure hope now of Saint-Antoine and the rest; do billow on, towards the Tuileries, where their errand is. The Tuileries, at sound of them, rustles responsive: the red Swiss look to their priming; Courtiers in black draw their blunderbusses, rapiers, poniards, some have even fire-shovels; every man his weapon of war.

Judge if, in these circumstances, Syndic Rœderer felt easy!¹

¹[Rœderer had been summoned by the King to the *Château* at 11 P.M. on the 9th; towards 4 A.M. on 10th he made the suggestion of retiring to the Assembly, which was rejected with horror by the Queen and King. Sainte-Croix confirms this (p. 46). Rœderer admits that he didn't want a desperate defence of the *Château* by the ultra-Royalists, who were gathered there, and that he feared that it might lead to reprisals against the Assembly (361, 392, etc.).]

Will the kind Heavens open no middle-course of refuge for a poor Syndic who halts between two? If indeed his Majesty would consent to go over to the Assembly! His Majesty, above all her Majesty, cannot agree to that. Did her Majesty answer the proposal with a "*Fi donc*;" did she say even, she would be nailed to the walls sooner? Apparently not. It is written also that she offered the King a pistol; saying, Now or else never was the time to show himself. Close eye-witnesses did not see it, nor do we. They saw only that she was queenlike, quiet; that she argued not, upbraided not, with the Inexorable; but, like Cæsar in the Capitol, wrapped her mantle, as it beseems Queens and Sons of Adam to do. But thou, O Louis! of what stuff art thou at all? Is there no stroke in thee, then, for Life and Crown? The silliest hunted deer dies not so. Art thou the languidest of all mortals; or the mildest-minded? Thou art the worst-starred.

The tide advances; Syndic Rœderer's and all men's straits grow straiter and straiter. Fremescent clangour comes from the armed Nationals in the Court; far and wide is the infinite hubbub of tongues. What counsel? And the tide is now nigh! Messengers, forerunners speak hastily through the outer Grates; hold parley sitting astride the walls. Syndic Rœderer goes out and comes in. Cannoneers ask him: Are we to fire against the people? King's Ministers ask him: Shall the King's House be forced? Syndic Rœderer has a hard game to play. He speaks to the Cannoneers with eloquence, with fervour; such fervour as a man can, who has to blow hot and cold in one breath. Hot and cold, O Rœderer? We, for our part, cannot live *and* die! The Cannoneers, by way of answer, fling down their linstocks.—Think of this answer, O King Louis, and King's Ministers; and take a poor Syndic's safe middle-course, towards the Salle de Manège. King Louis sits, his hands leant on his knees, body bent forward; gazes for a space fixedly on Syndic Rœderer; then answers, looking over his shoulder to the Queen: *Marchons!* They march; King Louis, Queen, Sister Elizabeth, the two royal children and governess: these, with Syndic Rœderer, and Officials of the Department; amid a double rank of National Guards.

The men with blunderbusses, the steady red Swiss gaze mournfully, reproachfully; but hear only these words from Syndic Rœderer: "The King is going to the Assembly; make way." It has struck eight, on all clocks, some minutes ago:¹ the King has left the Tuileries—forever.

O ye stanch Swiss, ye gallant gentlemen in black, for what a cause are ye to spend and be spent! Look out from the western windows, ye may see King Louis placidly hold on his way; the poor little Prince Royal 'sportfully kicking the fallen leaves.' Fremescent multitude on the Terrace of the Feuillants whirls parallel to him; one man in it, very noisy, with a long pole: will they not obstruct the outer Staircase, and back entrance of the Salle, when it comes to that? King's Guards can go no further than the bottom step there. Lo, Deputation of Legislators come out; he of the long pole is stilled by oratory; Assembly's Guards join themselves to King's Guards, and all may mount in this case of necessity; the outer Staircase is free, or passable. See, Royalty ascends; a blue Grenadier lifts the poor little Prince Royal from the press; Royalty has entered in. Royalty has vanished forever from your eyes.²—And ye? Left standing there, amid the yawning abysses, and earthquake of Insurrection; without course; without command: if ye perish, it must be as more than martyrs, as martyrs who are now without a cause! The black Courtiers disappear mostly; through such issues as they can. The poor Swiss know not how to act: one

¹[7.30 is probably nearer the mark. The King wanted to take the Gentlemen-Volunteers with him to the Assembly, but Rœderer pointed out the impossibility of this. A good number of them escaped by the back doors, when the King had gone (Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 293). Sainte-Croix gives the King's words, 'Since we are going to the Assembly, there is nothing more to be done here' (p. 47). It is Rœderer who gives the simple word *marchons* (369). The argument which really seems to have decided the King was the "12 cannons," which Rœderer kept on assuring him were pointed against the *Château*.]

²[There was some difficulty in getting the Royal Family safe across to the Assembly, especially for the last few yards, for the law did not allow the National Guard to be in arms "in its precincts," nor any Municipal officers to approach it without being sent for: but this difficulty was got over by a deputation of the Assembly going to meet the King (Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 300). The Assembly was in fact alarmed for its own safety. (See a letter written by Guadet on 14th and quoted in Rev. de la Rév. xii. 439, "if the mob had been beaten back from the Tuileries it would have fallen upon us.") One hundred and fifty Swiss accompanied the Royal Family (cf. also Rœderer, 370 sqq.).]

duty only is clear to them, that of standing by their post ; and they will perform that.

But the glittering steel tide has arrived ;¹ it beats now against the Château barriers, and eastern Courts ; irresistible, loud-surg-ing far and wide ;—breaks in, fills the Court of the Carrousel, blackbrowed Marseillaise in the van. King Louis gone, say you ; over to the Assembly ! Well and good : but till the Assembly pronounce Forfeiture of him, what boots it ? Our post is in that Château or stronghold of his ; there till then must we continue. Think, ye stanch Swiss, whether it were good that grim murder began, and brothers blasted one another in pieces for a stone edifice ?—Poor Swiss ! they know not how to act : from the southern windows, some fling cartridges, in sign of brotherhood ; on the eastern outer staircase, and within through long stairs and corridors, they stand firm-ranked, peaceable and yet refusing to stir. Westermann speaks to them in Alsatian German ; Marseil-lese plead, in hot Provençal speech and pantomime ; stunning hubbub pleads and threatens, infinite, around. The Swiss stand fast, peaceable and yet immovable ; red granite pier in that waste-flashing sea of steel.

Who can help the inevitable issue ; Marseillaise and all France on this side ; granite Swiss on that ? The pantomime grows hotter and hotter ; Marseillaise sabres flourishing by way of action ; the Swiss brow also clouding itself, the Swiss thumb bringing its firelock to the cock. And hark ! high thundering above all the din, three Marseillaise cannon from the Carrousel, pointed by a gunner of bad aim, come rattling over the roofs ! Ye Swiss, therefore : *Fire !*² The Swiss fire ; by volley, by platoon, in roll-ing-fire : Marseillaise men not a few, and ‘ a tall man that was louder than any,’ lie silent, smashed upon the pavement ;—not a few Marseillaise, after the long dusty march, have made halt *here*.

¹[The first column of Insurgents under Westermann and Lefranc reached the *Carrousel* by the Quai du Louvre about 7.30-8. The Swiss were immediately with-drawn into the vestibule, and the few National Guards left outside fraternised with the mob and tried to induce the Swiss to do the same ; over 750 Swiss and about 100 loyal National Guards remained inside (Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 310, *sqq.*).]

²[Two principal volleys seem to have been fired on the mob, one from the staircase, one from the upper windows (*cf.* Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 312).]

The Carrousel is void ; the black tide recoiling ; ‘ fugitives rushing as far as Saint-Antoine before they stop.’ The Cannoneers without linstock have squatted invisible, and left their cannon ; which the Swiss seize.

Think what a volley : reverberating doomful to the four corners of Paris, and through all hearts ; like the clang of Bellona’s thongs ! The blackbrowed Marseillaise, rallying on the instant, have become black Demons that know how to die. Nor is Brest behindhand ; nor Alsatian Westermann ; Demoiselle Théroigne is Sibyl Théroigne : Vengeance, *Victoire ou la mort !* From all Patriot artillery, great and small ; from Feuillants Terrace, and all terraces and places of the wide-spread Insurrectionary sea, there roars responsive a red blazing whirlwind. Blue Nationals, ranked in the Garden, cannot help their muskets going off *against* Foreign murderers. For there is a sympathy in muskets, in heaped masses of men : nay, are not Mankind, in whole, like tuned strings, and a cunning infinite concordance and unity ; you smite one string, and all strings will begin sounding,—in soft sphere-melody, in deafening screech of madness ! Mounted Gendarmerie gallop distracted ; are fired on merely as a thing running ; galloping over the Pont Royal, or one knows not whither. The brain of Paris, brain-fevered in the centre of it here, has gone mad ; what you call, taken fire.

Behold, the fire slackens not ; nor does the Swiss rolling-fire slacken from within. Nay they clutched cannon, as we saw ; and now, from the other side, they clutch three pieces more ; alas, cannon without linstock ; nor will the steel-and-flint answer, though they try it.¹ Had it chanced to answer ! Patriot onlookers have their misgivings ; one strangest Patriot onlooker thinks that the Swiss, had they a commander, would beat. He is a man not unqualified to judge ; the name of him Napoleon Buonaparte.² And onlookers, and women, stand gazing, and the

¹ Deux Amis, viii. 179-80. [Nor had they cannon balls ; according to Le Sourd, they charged the cannons with some of their few cartridges (*cf.* Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 312).]

² See Hist. Parl. xvii. 56 ; Las Cases, etc. [Las Cases, i. 1, 146, says “ *Il fut aussi témoin du 10 Août, où les assaillans n’étaient ni plus relevés, ni plus redoutables.*” Fournier (Napoléon 1^{er}, Paris, 1891, vol. i. p. 38) says that there is no

witty Dr. Moore of Glasgow among them, on the other side of the River: cannon rush rumbling past them; pause on the Pont Royal; belch out their iron entrails there, against the Tuileries; and at every new belch, the women and onlookers 'shout and clap hands.'¹ City of all the Devils! In remote streets, men are drinking breakfast-coffee; following their affairs; with a start now and then, as some dull echo reverberates a note louder. And here? Marseillaise fall wounded; but Barbaroux has surgeons; Barbaroux is close by, managing, though underhand, and under cover. Marseillaise fall death-struck; bequeath their firelock, specify in which pocket are the cartridges; and die murmuring, "Revenge me, Revenge thy country!" Brest Fédéré Officers, galloping in red coats, are shot as Swiss. Lo you, the Carrousel has burst into flame!—Paris Pandemonium! Nay the poor City, as we said, is in fever-fit and convulsion: such crisis has lasted for the space of some half hour.

But what is this that, with Legislative Insignia, ventures through the hubbub and death-hail, from the back-entrance of the Manège? Towards the Tuileries and Swiss: written Order from his Majesty to cease firing! O ye hapless Swiss, why was there no order not to begin it? Gladly would the Swiss cease firing: but who will bid mad Insurrection cease firing? To Insurrection you cannot speak; neither can it, hydraheaded, hear. The dead and dying, by the hundred, lie all around; are borne bleeding through the streets, towards help; the sight of them, like a torch of the Furies, kindling Madness. Patriot Paris roars; as the bear bereaved of her whelps. On, ye Patriots: Vengeance! Victory or death! There are men seen, who rush on, armed only with walking-sticks.² Terror and Fury rule the hour.

proof of the tradition that he took any part on Aug. 10th, or that he "*parcourait les cabarets comme orateur populaire*" (but admits the existence of such tradition). He himself used afterwards to say, 'Had I been called on, I should have defended the King.' Masson et Biagis (*Napoléon Inconnu*, Paris, 1895, ii. 405) say that he was in Paris on private business at the actual date, but on the point of quitting it to join his regiment.]

¹ Moore, *Journal during a Residence in France* (Dublin, 1793), i. 26 (42).

² *Hist. Parl. ubi supra*; *Rapport du Capitaine des Canoniers, Rapport du Commandant, &c.* (*Ibid.* xvii. 300-18).

The Swiss, pressed on from without, paralysed from within, have ceased to shoot; but not to be shot. What shall they do? Desperate is the moment. Shelter or instant death: yet How, Where? One party flies out by the Rue de l'Échelle; is destroyed utterly, 'en entier.' A second, by the other side, throws itself into the Garden; 'hurrying across a keen fusillade;' rushes suppliant into the National Assembly; finds pity and refuge in the back benches there. The third, and largest, darts out in column, three hundred strong, towards the Champs Élysées: Ah, could we but reach Courbevoye, where other Swiss are! Wo! see, in such fusillade the column 'soon breaks itself by diversity of opinion,' into distracted segments, this way and that;—to escape in holes, to die fighting from street to street. The firing and murdering will not cease; not yet for long. The red Porters of Hôtels are shot at, be they *Suisse* by nature, or *Suisse* only in name. The very Firemen, who pump and labour on that smoking Carrousel, are shot at: why should the Carrousel *not* burn? Some Swiss take refuge in private houses; find that mercy too does still dwell in the heart of man. The brave Marseillaise are merciful, late so wroth; and labour to save. Journalist Gorsas pleads hard with infuriated groups. Clemence, the Wine-merchant, stumbles forward to the Bar of the Assembly, a rescued Swiss in his hand; tells passionately how he rescued him with pain and peril, how he will henceforth support him, being childless himself; and falls a-swoon round the poor Swiss's neck: amid plaudits. But the most are butchered, and even mangled. Fifty (some say Four-score) were marched as prisoners, by National Guards, to the Hôtel-de-Ville: the ferocious people bursts through on them, in the Place-de-Grève; massacres them to the last man. 'O *Peuple*, envy of the universe!' *Peuple*, in mad Gaelic effervescence!¹

¹[It seems certain that the King believed he had given orders to cease the defence when he left the *Château*; but Tassin having gone with him, there was no one to transmit orders. This order, now hastily written in pencil, and handed by the King to M. d'Hervilly, was by the latter communicated to the 150 Swiss, who had accompanied the King to the Assembly, and who were still drawn up outside it; they forthwith discharged their pieces in the air. D'Hervilly managed to get inside the Tuileries and communicated the order to the rest of the Swiss, several of whom were already killed or wounded: those who were not drew off in good

Surely few things in the history of carnage are painfuller. What ineffaceable red streak, flickering so sad in the memory, is that, of this poor column of red Swiss 'breaking itself in the confusion of opinions;' dispersing, into blackness and death! Honour to you, brave men; honourable pity, through long times! Not martyrs were ye; and yet almost more. He was no King of yours, this Louis; and he forsook you like a King of shreds and patches: ye were but sold to him for some poor sixpence a-day; yet would ye work for your wages, keep your plighted word. The work now was to die; and ye did it. Honour to you, O Kinsmen; and may the old Deutsch *Biederkeit* and *Tapferkeit*, and Valour which is *Worth* and *Truth*, be they Swiss, be they Saxon, fail in no age! Not bastards; true-born were these men: sons of the men of Sempach, of Murten, who knelt, but not to thee, O Burgundy!— Let the traveller, as he passes through Lucerne, turn aside to look a little at their monumental Lion;¹ not for Thorwaldsen's sake alone. Hewn out of living rock, the Figure rests there, by the still Lake-waters, in lullaby of distant-tinkling *rance-des-vaches*, the granite Mountains dumbly keeping watch all round; and, though inanimate, speaks.

order into the garden. As soon as the Insurgents found that their fire was not returned, they entered the palace and massacred every living thing they found there, except a few women and old Marshal Maily.

The Tuileries was in fact not taken by assault at all, it was surrendered by the King's order. (Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 325.) The Swiss, retreating through the garden towards the Place Louis XV, were decimated as they went by a fire from behind the trees on both sides: they made a last stand at the foot of Louis XV.'s statue, and were shot down either there, or singly in flight (*ibid.* 328.)

¹[With the inscription:—

" Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti
Invictis pax."

On the 11th the few Swiss who had taken refuge in the *Feuillants* Church were sent partly to the *Abbaye*, partly to the *Palais Bourbon*. The officers were afterwards massacred at the *Abbaye*, the soldiers escaped and some of them subsequently took service in the French army (Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 8.)

CHAPTER VIII

CONSTITUTION BURST IN PIECES

THUS is the Tenth of August won and lost. Patriotism reckons its slain by the thousand on thousand, so deadly was the Swiss fire from these windows; but will finally reduce them to some Twelve-hundred.¹ No child's-play was it;—nor is it! Till two in the afternoon the massacring, the breaking and the burning has not ended; nor the loose Bedlam shut itself again.

How deluges of frantic Sansculottism roared through all passages of this Tuileries, ruthless in vengeance; how the Valets were butchered, hewn down; and Dame Campan saw the Marseillaise sabre flash over her head, but the Blackbrowed said, “*Va-t-en*, Get thee gone,” and flung her from him unstruck; how in the cellars wine-bottles were broken, wine-butts were staved-in and drunk; and, upwards to the very garrets, all windows tumbled out their precious royal furnitures: and, with gold mirrors, velvet curtains, down of ript feather-beds, and dead bodies of men, the Tuileries was like no Garden of the Earth:—all this let him who has a taste for it see amply in Mercier, in acrid Montgaillard, or Beaulieu² of the *Deux Amis*. A hundred and eighty bodies of Swiss lie piled there; naked, unremoved till the second day. Patriotism has torn their red coats into snips; and marches with them at the

¹[Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 494, gives the number of killed and wounded on the side of the mob as follows:—

Parisians killed	50,	<i>Marseillais</i> killed	22,	<i>Brestois</i> killed	2 . . .	Total	74
Parisians wounded	34,	<i>Marseillais</i> wounded	14,	<i>Brestois</i> wounded	5	„	53

but admits that the wounded are not easy to trace. The killed are traceable, as the Convention gave pensions to the families of the killed and to those severely wounded. One must allow something for people who had no one to claim the pension for them, and so Mortimer-Ternaux will accept a round number of 100 killed and 60 gravely wounded. If these figures sound small, one must remember (1) the exceedingly short time that the actual fighting lasted, not above an hour altogether, and not half an hour seriously, (2) that almost anything was cover from musketry in those days, (3) that the opposite side of the *Carrousel* was covered with mean wooden sheds, which would afford capital cover, and that it was from this shelter that the mob fired most of the time.]

²Campan, ii. c. 21. [See the horrors narrated also by Mercier (*Nouveau Paris*, cap. 34), the roasting the limbs and entrails of the Swiss Guards, the baking alive of a scullion—Mercier claims to have been an eye-witness. The quotation from Mme Campan should be ‘*Lève-toi, coquine, la Nation te fait grâce*,’ not ‘*Va-t-en*.’]

Pike's point: the ghastly bare corpses lie there, under the sun and under the stars; the curious of both sexes crowding to look. Which let not us do. Above a hundred carts, heaped with Dead, fare towards the Cemetery of Sainte-Madeleine; bewailed, bewept; for all had kindred, all had mothers, if not here, then there. It is one of those Carnage-fields, such as you read of by the name 'Glorious Victory,' brought home in this case to one's own door.¹

But the blackbrowed Marseillaise have struck down the tyrant of the Château. He is struck down; low, and hardly again to rise. What a moment for an august Legislative was that when the Hereditary Representative entered, under such circumstances; and the Grenadier, carrying the little Prince Royal out of the press, set him down on the Assembly-table! A moment,—which one had to smooth-off with oratory; waiting what the next would bring! Louis said few words: "He was come hither to prevent a great crime; he believed himself safer nowhere than here." President Vergniaud answered briefly, in vague oratory as we say, about "defence of Constituted Authorities," about dying at our post.² And so King Louis sat him down; first here, then there; for a difficulty arose, the Constitution not permitting us to debate while the King is present:³ finally he settles himself with his Family in the '*Lodge of the Logographe*,' in the Reporter's-Box of a Journalist;⁴ which is beyond the enchanted Constitutional Circuit, separated from it by a rail. To such Lodge of the *Logographe*, measuring some ten feet square, with a small closet at the entrance of it behind, is the King of broad France now limited: here can he and his sit pent, under the eyes of the world, or retire into their closet at intervals; for the space of sixteen hours.⁵ Such quite peculiar moment has the Legislative lived to see.

¹[The stables were burned, and a good many other parts of the building of the Tuileries were seriously injured.]

²Moniteur, Séance du 10 Août 1792.

³[Many voices were raised that the King should go to the Bar of the Assembly (where petitioners go) (Sainte-Croix, 72). The Constitution (says Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 303) was always most invoked when it was going to be most shamelessly violated.]

⁴[The box of the *Logotachygraphe* or *Journal Logographique*, edited by Le Hodey: it was directly behind the President's chair.]

⁵[From 10 A.M. on 10th to 3 A.M. on 11th (Mortimer-Ternaux, ii. 304).]

But also what a moment was that other, few minutes later, when the three Marseillaise cannon went off, and the Swiss rolling-fire and universal thunder, like the crack of Doom, began to rattle ! Honourable Members start to their feet ; stray bullets singing epicedium even here, shivering in with window-glass and jingle. "No, this is our post ; let us die here !" They sit therefore, like stone Legislators. But may not the Loge of the *Logographe* be forced from behind ? Tear down the railing that divides it from the enchanted Constitutional Circuit ! Ushers tear and tug ; his Majesty himself aiding from within : the railing gives way ; Majesty and Legislative are united in place, unknown Destiny hovering over both.

Rattle, and again rattle, went the thunder ; one breathless wide-eyed messenger rushing in after another : King's order to the Swiss went out. It was a fearful thunder ; but, as we know, it ended. Breathless messengers, fugitive Swiss, denunciatory Patriots, trepidation ; finally tripudiation !—Before four o'clock much has come and gone.

The New Municipals have come and gone ; with Three Flags, *Liberté, Égalité, Patrie*, and the clang of vivats. Vergniaud,¹ he who as President few hours ago talked of dying for Constituted Authorities, has moved, as Committee-Reporter, that the Hereditary Representative *be suspended* ; that a NATIONAL CONVENTION

¹[Vergniaud, who had been President at the beginning of the day, had temporarily left the chair when the deputation from the *Commune* (under Huguenin) was received ; but Vergniaud it was who made the motion at 11 A.M. that the King should be suspended, and a Governor to the Prince Royal forthwith nominated (this shows the trend of the Girondin ideas). At 1 P.M. Guadet moved that the old Girondist ministry be recalled, and the Governor of the Prince Royal elected on the spot ; no one however seemed disposed to second this latter part of the motion. Gensonné succeeded Guadet in the President's chair shortly after 1 P.M. Thus note that the *three Girondist leaders successively presided on Aug. 10th*. Yet the movement was by no means theirs. They were not unanimous as to what was to follow. Probably most of their party who sat in the Legislative would have preferred a regency for Louis XVII. But those who had not seats, or who were not yet wholly of the party (especially Rebecqui, Barbaroux, Carra, Gorsas, Louvet), were of a different opinion. Some of them had even been among the leaders of the Insurrection ; and they, with Brissot as their spokesman in the Legislative, would have nothing short of a Republic. Once the Republic was decided on, the Gironde closed its ranks, and tried to make out that Aug. 10th was its "day," and actually reproached Danton, Marat, and Robespierre with having hidden themselves. One might paradoxically call this a "gross Girondin calumny" against Danton (*see* Biré, *Légende*, 82 *sqq.*.)]

do forthwith assemble to say what further! An able Report; which the President must have had ready in his pocket? A President, in such cases, must have much ready, and yet not ready; and Januslike look before and after.¹

King Louis listens to all; retires about midnight 'to three little rooms on the upper floor;' till the Luxembourg be prepared for him, and 'the safeguard of the Nation.' Safer if Brunswick were once here! Or, alas, not so safe? Ye hapless discrowned heads! Crowds came, next morning, to catch a glimpse of them, in their three upper rooms.² Montgaillard says the august Captives wore an air of cheerfulness, even of gaiety; that the Queen and Princess Lamballe, who had joined her overnight, looked out of the opened window, 'shook powder from their hair on the people below, and laughed.' He is an acrid distorted man.³

For the rest, one may guess that the Legislative, above all that the New Municipality continues busy. Messengers, Municipal or Legislative, and swift despatches rush off to all corners of France; full of triumph, blended with indignant wail, for Twelve-hundred have fallen. France sends up its blended shout responsive; the Tenth of August shall be as the Fourteenth of July, only bloodier and greater. The Court has conspired? Poor Court: the Court has been vanquished; and will have both the scath to bear and the scorn. How the statues of Kings do now all fall! Bronze

¹[Only 284 members of the Assembly were present when the suspension of the King was voted; on the 8th, when Lafayette was acquitted, there had been 630: but in the interval the *Côté Droit* and Moderates had been terrorised into hiding.]

²[The Royal Family were supplied with a change of clothing by private friends; and the Queen, whose watch and purse had been stolen as she walked across to the Assembly, borrowed some money from Mme Auguie, who was arrested long afterwards by the *Comité de Sécurité Générale* for having lent it, and committed suicide on her arrest. She was the mother of Madame Ney (Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 18).]

³Montgaillard, ii. 135-167. [The Abbé Montgaillard, born of an old family in Languedoc, was a *protégé* of the excellent Mgr. Champion de Cicé (Archbishop of Bordeaux and *Garde des Sceaux* in 1789). He emigrated to England and became a friend of Burke, returned to France in 1799, and was in high employment under the Empire. His book, of which the latest edition is 1827, professes to be a History of France from 1789 to 1825 (the year of his death), and extends to nine volumes. His judgments on the early part of the reign of Louis seem sensible and moderate, but he is fond of anecdotes. Lameth criticises the book savagely in the preface to the 1828 edition of his *Hist. de l'Ass. Constit.* (xxix. *sqq.*).]

Henri himself, though he wore a cockade once, jingles down from the Pont Neuf, where *Patrie* floats in *Danger*. Much more does Louis Fourteenth, from the Place Vendôme, jingle down; and even breaks in falling. The curious can remark, written on his horse's shoe: '12 *Août* 1692;' a Century and a Day.

The tenth of August was Friday. The week is not done, when our old Patriot Ministry is recalled, what of it can be got: strict Roland, Genevese Clavière; add heavy Monge the Mathematician, once a stone-hewer; and, for Minister of Justice, —Danton, 'led hither,' as himself says, in one of his gigantic figures, 'through the breach of Patriot cannon!' These, under Legislative Committees, must rule the wreck as they can: confusedly enough;¹ with an old Legislative water-logged, with a new Municipality so brisk. But National Convention will get itself together; and *then!* Without delay, however, let a new Jury-Court and Criminal Tribunal be set up in Paris, to try the crimes and conspiracies of the Tenth. High Court of Orléans² is distant, slow: the blood of the Twelve-hundred Patriots, whatever become of other blood, shall be inquired after. Tremble, ye Criminals and Conspirators; the Minister of Justice is Danton! Robespierre too, after the victory, sits in the New Municipality; insurrectionary 'improvised Municipality,' which calls itself Council General of the Commune.

For three days now, Louis and his Family have heard the Legislative Debates in the Lodge of the *Logographe*; and retired nightly to their small upper rooms. The Luxembourg and safeguard of the Nation could not be got ready: nay, it seems the Luxembourg has too many cellars and issues; no Municipality can undertake to watch it. The compact Prison of the Temple,³ not so elegant indeed, were much safer. To the

¹[Roland, Interior; Clavière, Finance; Servan, War; Monge, Admiralty; Lebrun, Foreign; Danton, Justice. They were elected by votes of the Assembly.]

²[The Orléans Court was abolished on Sept. 26th; the Trib. Crim. instituted Aug. 17th (*vid. infr.*, ii. 281).]

³[The proposal to send the Royal Family to the *Tour du Temple* originated with the *Commune*. This ancient building dated from Philip Augustus, and had become National property on the abolition of Monastic Orders. The King and

Temple, therefore! On Monday, 13th day of August 1792, in Mayor Petion's carriage, Louis and his sad suspended Household fare thither; all Paris out to look at them. As they pass through the Place Vendôme, Louis Fourteenth's Statue lies broken on the ground. Petion is afraid the Queen's looks may be thought scornful, and produce provocation; she casts down her eyes, and does not look at all. The 'press is prodigious,' but quiet: here and there, it shouts *Vive la Nation*; but for most part gazes in silence. French Royalty vanishes within the gates of the Temple: these old peaked Towers, like peaked Extinguisher or *Bonsoir*, do cover it up;—from which same Towers, poor Jacques Molay and his Templars were burnt out, by French Royalty, five centuries since. Such are the turns of Fate below. Foreign Ambassadors, English Lord Gower¹ have all demanded passports; are driving indignantly towards their respective homes.

So, then, the Constitution is over? Forever and a day!² Gone is that wonder of the Universe; First biennial Parliament, water-logged, waits only till the Convention come; and will then sink to endless depths. One can guess the silent rage of Old-Constituents, Constitution-builders, extinct Feuillants, men who thought the Constitution would march! Lafayette rises to the altitude of the situation; at the head of his Army. Legislative Commissioners are posting towards him and it, on the Northern Frontier, to congratulate and perorate: he orders the

Queen were at first confined in one of the turrets joining the Great Tower, but at the end of September the King, and at the end of October the rest of the family were moved into the Great Tower itself. The King, the Dauphin and Cléry his valet lodged on the second storey: the Queen, Mme Elisabeth and Mme Royale on the third. Five Commissioners of the *Commune*, among whom was Simon, were entrusted with the Guard, and at the end of September Hébert was added. The Tower of the Temple was demolished by Napoleon in 1811.]

¹[Lord Gower had become English Minister in Paris in 1790. He left Paris on Aug. 24th, leaving Mr. Lindsay behind him as *Chargé d'Affaires*. He died as first Duke of Sutherland, 1833. On Aug. 18th he writes, "the Temple is the only building in which the Municipality will answer for the security of the Royal Family, and to make it more secure they are digging a fosse round it." (Gower's Despatches, ed. Browning (Cambridge, 1885), p. 207.)]

²[On Aug. 15th a decree was issued by the Assembly for the making of a new Great Seal, to bear a figure of Liberty armed with a pike and crowned with a *bonnet rouge*, with the legend *Au nom de la Nation Française*."]

Municipality of Sedan to arrest these Commissioners, and keep them strictly in ward as Rebels, till he say further. The Sedan Municipals obey.

The Sedan Municipals obey: but the Soldiers of the Lafayette Army? The Soldiers of the Lafayette Army have, as all Soldiers have, a kind of dim feeling that they themselves are Sansculottes in buff belts; that the victory of the Tenth of August is also a victory for them. They will not rise and follow Lafayette to Paris; they will rise and *send* him thither! On the 18th, which is but next Saturday, Lafayette, with some two or three indignant Staff-officers, one of whom is Old-Constituent Alexandre de Lameth, having first put his Lines in what order he could,—rides swiftly over the Marches towards Holland. Rides, alas, swiftly into the claws of Austrians! He, long wavering, trembling on the verge of the Horizon, has set, in Olmütz Dungeons; this History knows him no more. Adieu, thou Hero of two Worlds; thinnest, but compact honour-worthy man! Through long rough night of captivity, through other tumults, triumphs and changes, thou wilt swing well, ‘fast-anchored to the Washington Formula;’¹ and be the Hero and Perfect-character, were it only of one idea. The Sedan Municipals repent and protest; the Soldiers shout *Vive la Nation*. Dumouriez Polymetis, from his Camp at Maulde, sees himself made Commander-in-Chief.²

¹[Lafayette, on getting the news of Aug. 10th, convoked the authorities of the Department of the Ardennes, and made them and nearly all his troops renew their oath to the Constitution; Lückner gave some sort of stammering assent to the decrees of the Legislative; and no leading commander except Lafayette protested. He on the 19th, when it had become evident that he could do nothing, crossed the frontier with some 22 officers in the hope of escaping unrecognised to England, and wrote to his wife to join him in America.]

When taken prisoner he made a calm protest that he repudiated all connection with the *Émigrés*. He was handed over to the Prussians, and remained in a Prussian prison till 1795; then to the Austrians again, who kept him in prison at Olmütz until 1797, when he was released at Napoleon’s request. Nothing can possibly excuse the treatment accorded by the Allies to Lafayette, which was on a par with some of the worst acts of the French Radicals. He bore his captivity with the utmost heroism, and even with a gaiety and good humour previously unsuspected in him (*see* Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 48, 70; Lafayette, iii. 392-401, 465).]

²[Not officially Commander-in-Chief, but Commander of the Army of the North, *vice* Lafayette; but from the Aug. 10th he was practically Commander-in-Chief (*see* Chuquet, 83-9). It was probably Couthon who persuaded Dumouriez to adhere to the Aug. 10th (*see* Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 77).]

And, O Brunswick! what sort of 'military execution' will Paris merit now? Forward, ye well-drilled exterminatory men; with your artillery-wagons, and camp-kettles jingling. Forward, tall chivalrous King of Prussia; fanfaronading Emigrants and wargod Broglie, 'for some consolation to mankind,' which verily is not without need of some.¹

¹["Should Brunswick advance rapidly," writes Morris Aug. 18th, "he will be "joined by great numbers; if on the contrary his progress is slow, it is probable "that those who are now silent from fear will habituate themselves by degrees to "speak favourably of the present government . . . and foreign powers may find it "a difficult matter to shake the new Republic to the ground.""]

PART III
THE GUILLOTINE

Alle Freiheits-Apostel, sie waren mir immer zuwider :
Willkür suchte doch nur Jeder am Ende für sich.
Willst du Viele befreien, so wag' es Vielen zu dienen.
Wie gefährlich das sey, willst du es wissen? Versuch's!
Goethe.

PART III: THE GUILLOTINE

BOOK I

SEPTEMBER

CHAPTER I

THE IMPROVISED COMMUNE

YE have roused her, then, ye Emigrants and Despots of the world; France is roused! Long have ye been lecturing and tutoring this poor Nation, like cruel uncalled-for pedagogues, shaking over her your ferulas of fire and steel: it is long that ye have pricked and filliped and affrighted her, there as she sat helpless in her dead cerements of a Constitution, you gathering in on her from all lands, with your armaments and plots, your invading and truculent bullyings;—and lo now, ye have pricked her to the quick, and she is up, and her blood is up. The dead cerements are rent into cobwebs, and she fronts you in that terrible strength of Nature, which no man has measured, which goes down to Madness and Tophet: see now how ye will deal with her.

This month of September 1792, which has become one of the memorable months of History, presents itself under two most diverse aspects; all of black on the one side, all of bright on the other. Whatsoever is cruel in the panic frenzy of Twenty-five million men, whatsoever is great in the simultaneous death-defiance of Twenty-five million men, stand here in abrupt contrast, near by one another. As indeed is usual when a man, how much more when a Nation of men, is hurled suddenly beyond the limits. For Nature, as green as she looks, rests everywhere on dread foundations, were we further down; and Pan, to whose

music the Nymphs dance, has a cry in him that can drive all men distracted.

Very frightful it is when a Nation, rending asunder its Constitutions and Regulations which were grown dead ceremonies for it, becomes *transcendental*; and must now seek its wild way through the New, Chaotic,—where Force is not yet distinguished into Bidden and Forbidden, but Crime and Virtue welter unseparated,—in that Domain of what is called the Passions; of what we call the Miracles and the Portents! It is thus that, for some three years to come, we are to contemplate France, in this final Third Part of our History. Sansculottism reigning in all its grandeur and in all its hideousness: the Gospel (God's-Message) of Man's Rights, Man's *mights* or strengths, once more preached irrefragably abroad; along with this, and still louder for the time, the fearfullest Devil's-Message of Man's weaknesses and sins;—and all on such a scale, and under such aspect: cloudy 'death-birth of a world:' huge smoke-cloud, streaked with rays as of heaven on one side; girt on the other as with hell-fire! History tells us many things: but for the last thousand years and more, what thing has she told us of a sort like this? Which therefore let us two, O Reader, dwell on willingly, for a little; and from its endless significance endeavour to extract what may, in present circumstances, be adapted for us.

It is unfortunate, though very natural, that the history of this Period has so generally been written in hysterics. Exaggeration abounds, execration, wailing; and, on the whole, darkness. But thus too, when foul old Rome had to be swept from the Earth, and those Northmen, and other horrid sons of Nature, came in, 'swallowing formulas,' as the French now do, foul old Rome screamed execratively her loudest; so that the true shape of many things is lost for us. Attila's Huns had arms of such length that they could lift a stone without stooping. Into the body of the poor Tatars execrative Roman History intercalated an alphabetic letter; and so they continue Tartars, of fell Tartarean nature, to this day. Here, in like manner, search as we will in these multiform innumerable French Records, darkness

too frequently covers, or sheer distraction bewilders. One finds it difficult to imagine that the Sun shone in this September month, as he does in others. Nevertheless it is an indisputable fact that the Sun did shine; and there was weather and work,—nay, as to that, very bad weather for harvest-work! An unlucky Editor may do his utmost; and after all, require allowances.

He had been a wise Frenchman, who, looking close at hand on this waste aspect of France all stirring and whirling, in ways new, untried, had been able to discern where the cardinal movement lay; which tendency it was that had the rule and primary direction of it then! But at forty-four years' distance, it is different. To all men now, two cardinal movements or grand tendencies, in the September whirl, have become discernible enough: that stormful effluence towards the Frontiers; that frantic crowding towards Townhouses and Council-halls in the interior. Wild France dashes, in desperate death-defiance, towards the Frontiers, to defend itself from foreign Despots; crowds towards Townhalls and Election Committee-rooms, to defend itself from domestic Aristocrats. Let the Reader conceive well these two cardinal movements; and what side-currents and endless vortexes¹ might depend on these. He shall judge, too, whether, in such sudden wreckage of all old Authorities, such a pair of cardinal movements, half-frantic in themselves, could be of soft nature? As in dry Sahara, when the winds waken, and lift and winnow the immensity of sand! The air itself (Travellers say) is a dim sand-air; and dim looming through it, the wonderfullest uncertain colonnades of Sand-Pillars rush whirling from this side and from that, like so many mad Spinning-Dervishes, of a hundred feet in stature; and dance their huge Desert-waltz there!—

Nevertheless, in all human movements, were they but a day old, there is order, or the beginning of order. Consider two things in this Sahara-waltz of the French Twenty-five millions; or rather one thing, and one hope of a thing; the *Commune*

¹[*Sic.*]

(Municipality) of Paris, which is already here; the National Convention, which shall in few weeks be here. The Insurrectionary Commune, which, improvising itself on the eve of the Tenth of August, worked this ever-memorable Deliverance by explosion, must needs rule over it,—till the Convention meet. This Commune, which they may well call a spontaneous or ‘improvised’ Commune, is, for the present, sovereign of France. The Legislative, deriving its authority from the Old, how can it now have authority when the Old is exploded by insurrection? As a floating piece of wreck, certain things, persons and interests may still cleave to it: volunteer defenders, riflemen or pikemen in green uniform, or red nightcap (of *bonnet rouge*), defile before it daily, just on the wing towards Brunswick; with the brandishing of arms; always with some touch of Leonidas-eloquence, often with a fire of daring that threatens to outhero Herod,—the Galleries, ‘especially the Ladies, never done with applauding.’¹ Addresses of this or the like sort can be received and answered, in the hearing of all France; the Salle de Manège is still useful as a place of proclamation. For which use, indeed, it now chiefly serves. Vergniaud delivers spirit-stirring orations; but always with a prophetic sense only, looking towards the coming Convention. “Let our memory perish,” cries Vergniaud, “but let France be free!”—whereupon they all start to their feet, shouting responsive: “Yes, yes, *périsse notre mémoire, pourvu que la France soit libre!*”² Disfrocked Chabot adjures Heaven that at least we may “have done with Kings;” and fast as powder under spark, we all blaze up once more, and with waved hats shout and swear: “Yes, *nous le jurons; plus de rois!*”³ All which, as a method of proclamation, is very convenient.

For the rest, that our busy Brissots, rigorous Rolands, men who once had authority, and now have less and less; men who love law, and will have even an Explosion explode itself as far as possible according to rule, do find this state of matters most

¹ Moore's Journal, i. 140.

² Hist. Parl. xvii. 467.

³ Ibid. xvii. 437.

unofficial-unsatisfactory,—is not to be denied. Complaints are made; attempts are made: but without effect. The attempts even recoil; and must be desisted from, for fear of worse: the sceptre has departed from this Legislative once and always. A poor Legislative, so hard was fate, had let itself be hand-gyved, nailed to the rock like an Andromeda, and could only wail there to the Earth and Heavens; miraculously a winged Perseus (or Improvised Commune) has dawned out of the void Blue, and cut her loose: but whether now is it she, with her softness and musical speech, or is it he, with his hardness and sharp falchion and ægis, that shall have casting vote? Melodious *agreement* of vote; this were the rule! But if otherwise, and votes diverge, then surely Andromeda's part is to weep,—if possible, tears of gratitude alone.

Be content, O France, with this Improvised Commune, such as it is! It has the implements, and has the hands: the time is not long. On Sunday the twenty-sixth of August, our Primary Assemblies shall meet, begin electing of Electors; on Sunday the second of September (may the day prove lucky!) the Electors shall begin electing Deputies; and so an all-healing National Convention will come together. No *marc d'argent*, or distinction of Active and Passive, now insults the French Patriot: but there is universal suffrage, unlimited liberty to choose.¹ Old-Constituents, Present-Legislators, all France is eligible. Nay, it may be said, the flower of all the Universe (*de l'Univers*) is eligible; for in these very days we, by act of Assembly, 'naturalise' the chief Foreign Friends of Humanity: Priestley, burnt out for us in Birmingham; Klopstock, a genius

¹[Carlyle rightly discerns what a misfortune it was that the elections to the Convention took place under the reign of Terror caused by the domiciliary visits and the massacres of September. The calling of a Convention was voted on August 11th: though several motions for manhood suffrage without restriction were made, the Assembly contented itself with abolishing the property qualification for electors and elected, but maintained the age limit (25 years), and the exclusion of domestic servants. M. Gustave Bord (*Rev. de la Rév.* i. 162 *sqq.*, 299 *sqq.*) calculates that, out of 7,580,000 primary electors on the new Register, only 630,000 recorded their votes: of the secondary electors 25 per cent. more abstained; so that the Convention was elected (and so the Republic proclaimed) by *some 6 per cent. of the electors of France*. The domiciliary visits were voted on Aug. 28th, to be carried out by 30 commissioners from each Section.]

of all countries; Jeremy Bentham, useful Jurisconsult; distinguished Paine, the rebellious Needleman;—some of whom may be chosen.¹ As is most fit; for a Convention of this kind. In a word, Seven-hundred and Forty-five unshackled sovereigns, admired of the universe, shall replace this hapless impotency of a Legislative,—out of which, it is likely, the best Members, and the Mountain in mass, may be re-elected. Roland is getting ready the *Salle des Cent Suisses*, as preliminary rendezvous for them; in that void Palace of the Tuileries, now void and National, and not a Palace, but a Caravansera.

As for the Spontaneous Commune, one may say that there never was on Earth a stranger Town-Council.² Administration, not of a great City, but of a great Kingdom in a state of revolt and frenzy, this is the task that has fallen to it. Enrolling, provisioning, judging; devising, deciding, doing, endeavouring to do: one wonders the human brain did not give way under all this, and reel. But happily human brains have such a talent of taking up simply what they can carry, and ignoring all the rest; leaving all the rest, as if it were not there! Whereby somewhat is verily shifted for; and much shifts for itself. This Improvised Commune walks along, nothing doubting; promptly making front, without fear or flurry, at what moment soever, to the wants of the moment. Were the world on fire, one improvised tricolor Municipal has but one life to lose. They are the elixir and chosen-men of Sansculottic Patriotism; promoted to the forlorn-hope; unspeakable victory or a high gallows, this is their meed. They sit there, in the Townhall, these astonishing tricolor Municipals; in Council General; in Committee of watchfulness (*de Surveillance*, which will even become *de Salut Public*, of Public Salvation),³ or what other Committees and Sub-com-

¹[Add Wilberforce, Williams, Gorani, Cloutz, Campe, Schiller, Pestalozzi, Washington and Kosciusko.]

²[Now six commissioners, instead of three, from each Section; the *Conseil-Général* included 288 members in all.]

³[This is an obvious but unfortunate blunder: there never was any connection between the *Commune*, or the *Comité de Surveillance* of the *Commune*, and the Committee of Public Safety, which in its various forms was always a Committee of the Legislative body, whether of the "Legislative" proper or the Convention. The

mittees are needful ;—managing infinite Correspondence ; passing infinite Decrees : one hears of a Decree being ‘ the ninety-eighth of the day.’ Ready ! is the word. They carry loaded pistols in their pocket ; also some improvised luncheon by way of meal. Or indeed, by and by, *traiteurs* contract for the supply of repasts, to be eaten on the spot,—too lavishly, as it was afterwards grumbled. Thus they : girt in their tricolor sashes ; Municipal note-paper in the one hand, fire-arms in the other. They have their Agents out all over France ; speaking in townhouses, market-places, highways and byways ; agitating, urging to arm ;¹ all hearts tingling to hear. Great is the fire of Antiaristocrat eloquence : nay some, as Bibliopolic Momoro, seem to hint afar off at something which smells of Agrarian Law, and a surgery of the oversworn dropsical strongbox itself ;—whereat indeed the bold Bookseller runs risk of being hanged, and Ex-Constituent Buzot has to smuggle him off.²

first foreshadow of the Committee of Public Safety was a Commission of twelve appointed in the Legislative Assembly, March 6th '92, *i.e.*, on the eve of the war. Its action may have influenced the King towards taking a Girondist ministry, for during that ministry it did not sit (March 24th—June 13th) ; but it reappeared on their dismissal, and made a firm grasp at the executive power. From August 3rd to 8th it was busy with schemes for the deposition of the King, and the substitution either of the Dauphin or the Republic. On Aug. 12th it became the Commission of twenty-five, and Vergniaud, Brissot, Thuriot, Condorcet, Gensonné were on it. It reappeared in Jan. '93 when the title of *Comité de défense générale* was first given to it, but its personnel had changed and Robespierre, Sieyès and Danton were on it, as well as the leading Girondists. Its too great size and the comparative publicity of its debates led to Isnard's motion and the vote of April 6th by which it was reduced to 9 members ; we then begin to know it as the ‘ *first Comité de Salut Public.*’ (Aulard, ‘ *Recueil des Actes et Monuments du Comité de Salut Public*’ (Paris, 1889-91), i. xlvi. ; *vid. infr.*, iii. 34.])

¹[The first *Représentants en Mission* were the three members of the Legislative sent to the Camp at Soissons, July 31st '92. On Aug. 12th three were sent to each of the Armies. The principle was greatly extended when (March 9th '93) Convention Commissioners were sent to each Department to organise the levy of 300,000 men, and to requisition all horses not employed in agriculture. The actual title of *Représentants en Mission* was given by decree of Convention April 4th '93. Five days later it was decreed that there should always be three with each Army, invested with unlimited powers, saving appeal to the Convention, to which they were to report daily. Their reports were in practice more usually sent to the *Comité de Salut Public*, and not much more than once a week. Aulard's ‘ *Recueil* ’ is full of their correspondence. Let it be noted that the Convention by this move usurped the Executive power, threw its nominal ‘ ministers ’ into the shade, and showed its utter contempt for the principle of ‘ *séparation des pouvoirs* ’ on which the Constituent, following the teaching of Montesquieu (*Esprit des Lois*, xi. 5), had so much insisted. (*Vid. infr.*, iii. 74, and Aulard, *Recueil*, ii. 298, etc.)]

²Mém. de Buzot (Paris, 1823), p. 88. [The passage in Buzot is vague, and merely says that he prevented two Commissioners from being hanged at Bernaie,

Governing Persons, were they never so insignificant intrinsically, have for most part plenty of Memoir-writers; and the curious, in after-times, can learn minutely their goings out and comings in: which, as men always love to know their fellow-men in singular situations, is a comfort, of its kind. Not so with these Governing Persons, now in the Townhall! And yet what most original fellow-man, of the Governing sort, high-chancellor, king, kaiser, secretary of the home or the foreign department, ever showed such a phasis as Clerk Tallien, Procureur Manuel, future Procureur Chaumette, here in this Sandwartz of the Twenty-five millions now do? O brother mortals,—thou Advocate Panis, friend of Danton, kinsman of Santerre; Engraver Sergent, since called *Agate* Sergent; thou Huguenin, with the tocsin in thy heart! But, as Horace says, they wanted the sacred memoir-writer (*sacro vate*); and we know them not. Men bragged of August and its doings, publishing them in high places; but of this September none now or afterwards would brag. The September world remains dark, fuliginous, as Lapland witch-midnight;—from which, indeed, very strange shapes will evolve themselves.

Understand this, however: that incorruptible Robespierre is not wanting, now when the brunt of battle is past; in a stealthy way the seagreen man sits there, his feline eyes excellent in the twilight. Also understand this other, a single fact worth many: that Marat is not only there, but has a seat of honour assigned him, a *tribune particulière*.¹ How changed for Marat; lifted from his dark cellar into this luminous ‘peculiar tribune!’ All dogs have their day; even rabid dogs. Sorrowful, incurable Philoctetes Marat; without whom Troy cannot be taken! Hither, as

where he was presiding over the Electoral Assembly, ‘for preaching on the property and safety of persons nearly the same ideas which were afterwards made into laws.’ From Brissot (in a Letter *à ses commettans*, p. 35) we learn that one of these persons was Momoro ‘for his predictions of agrarian law.’]

¹[Marat was not, as Carlyle seems to imply, an elected member of the *Commune*. He was merely a spectator to whom the *Commune* assigned a particular seat in the Gallery, and allowed (quite illegally) to speak. One might speak of him as ‘coöpted’ in the same way as a man not elected by any constituency may be coöpted by a County Council as an ‘alderman,’ except that his coöptation was illegal, if indeed anything was legal or illegal in France at the time. (See Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 89.)]

a main element of the Governing Power, has Marat been raised. Royalist types, for we have 'suppressed' innumerable Durosoys, Royous, and even clapt them in prison,—Royalist types replace the worn types often snatched from a People's-Friend in old ill days.¹ In our 'peculiar tribune' we write and redact: Placards, of due monitory terror; *Amis-du-Peuple* (now under the name of *Journal de la République*); and sit obeyed of men. 'Marat,' says one, 'is the conscience of the Hôtel-de-Ville.' *Keeper*, as some call it, of the Sovereign's Conscience; which surely, in such hands, will not lie hid in a napkin!

Two great movements, as we said, agitate this distracted National mind: a rushing against domestic Traitors, a rushing against foreign Despots. Mad movements both, restrainable by no known rule; strongest passions of human nature driving them on: love, hatred, vengeful sorrow, braggart Nationality also vengeful,—and pale Panic over all! Twelve-hundred slain Patriots, do they not, from their dark catacombs there, in Death's dumb-show, plead (O ye Legislators) for vengeance? Such was the destructive rage of these Aristocrats on the ever-memorable Tenth. Nay, apart from vengeance, and with an eye to Public Salvation only, are there not still, in this Paris (in round numbers) 'Thirty-thousand Aristocrats,' of the most malignant humour; driven now to their last trump-card?—Be patient, ye Patriots: our New High Court, 'Tribunal of the Seventeenth,' sits; each Section has sent Four Jurymen; and Danton, extinguishing improper judges, improper practices wheresoever found, is 'the same man you have known at the Cordeliers.' With such a Minister of Justice, shall not Justice be done?—Let it be swift then, answers universal Patriotism; swift and sure!²—

¹[Marat appeared at the Louvre (*Imprimerie Nationale*) with some friends, and simply stole four printing presses and a lot of type. The Director of the *Imprimerie* (Anisson-Duperron) complained to the Assembly, but nothing was done. On the 10th the *Ami du Peuple* demanded that 'the people' should go at once and massacre the Swiss officers in prison (*ibid.* 90-91).]

²[On 15th Robespierre, in the name of the *Commune*, demanded at the Bar of the Assembly the creation of an Extraordinary Criminal Tribunal to judge the 'crimes of Aug. 10th.' It was to be without appeal, 'for appeals,' said he, 'secure im-

One would hope, this Tribunal of the Seventeenth is swifter than most. Already on the 21st, while our Court is but four days old, Collenot d'Angremont, 'the Royalist enlister' (crimp, *embaucheur*), dies by torchlight. For, lo, the great *Guillotine*, wondrous to behold, now stands there; the Doctor's *Idea* has become Oak and Iron; the huge cyclopean axe 'falls in its grooves like the ram of the Pile-engine,' swiftly snuffing out the light of men! "*Mais vous, Gualches, what have you invented?*" *This?*—Poor old Laporte, Intendant of the Civil List, follows next;¹ quietly, the mild old man. Then Durosoy,² Royalist Placarder, 'cashier of all the Antirevolutionists of the interior:' he went rejoicing; said that a Royalist like him ought to die, of all days, on this day, the 25th or Saint Louis's Day. All these have been tried, cast, —the Galleries shouting approval; and handed over to the Realised *Idea*, within a week. Besides those whom we have acquitted, the Galleries murmuring, and have dismissed; or even have personally guarded back to Prison,³ as the Galleries took to howling, and even to menacing and elbowing.⁴ Languid this Tribunal is not.

Nor does the other movement slacken; the rushing against foreign Despots. Strong forces shall meet in death-grip; drilled Europe against mad undrilled France; and singular conclusions

punish.' This then was decreed on 17th, and sat till Nov. 29th '92 (Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 35; *vid. infr.*, iii. 32). The Court was composed of two presidents, six judges, two public prosecutors, one hundred and ninety-two jurymen, elected by the 48 sections of Paris. The accused was allowed twelve hours to examine the evidence against him, and three to prepare his defence. Robespierre had been elected a judge, but he characteristically refused. (*See also* Berriat de Saint-Prix, *La Justice Révolutionnaire à Paris* (Paris, 1861), p. 8.)]

¹[Aug. 28th. Arnauld de La Porte (born 1737) had been *Intendant* at Toulon, became *Intendant* of the Civil List in 1790, and a confidential adviser of the King. His accusation now was that he had burnt, at the Sèvres porcelain manufactory, the King's secret correspondence with Austria; what he had really burned was the new edition of *Mme de la Motte's Mémoires*.]

²[Durosoy had been editor of the *Gazette de Paris*, Oct. 1st '89—Aug. 10th '92. All the Royalist newspapers were suppressed and their presses stolen or broken, an admirable example of the way in which the Radicals applied the doctrine of Liberty of the press.]

³[Before the creation of the Tribunal the ex-Ministers, Montmorin, Tarbé, Bertrand-Moleville, Duportail, Duport du Tertre, with Barnave and Alex. Lameth, had been decreed accused, and ordered to be sent to Orléans. Bertrand succeeded in escaping by hiding, Lameth was with Lafayette; the others were imprisoned.]

⁴Moore's Journal, i. 159-168.

will be tried.—Conceive therefore, in some faint degree, the tumult that whirls in this France, in this Paris! Placards from Section, from Commune, from Legislative, from the individual Patriot, flame monitory on all walls. Flags of Danger to Fatherland wave at the Hôtel-de-Ville; on the Pont Neuf—over the prostrate Statues of Kings. There is universal enlisting, urging to enlist; there is tearful-boastful leave-taking; irregular marching on the Great Northeastern Road. Marseillaise sing their wild *To Arms*, in chorus; which now all men, all women and children have learnt, and sing chorally, in Theatres, Boulevards, Streets; and the heart burns in every bosom: *Aux armes! Marchons!*—Or think how your Aristocrats are skulking into covert; how Bertrand-Moleville lies hidden in some garret “in Aubry-le-boucher Street, with a poor surgeon who had known me!”¹ Dame de Staël has secreted her Narbonne, not knowing what in the world to make of him. The Barriers are sometimes open, oftenest shut; no passports to be had;² Townhall Emissaries, with the eyes and claws of falcons, flitting watchful on all points of your horizon! In two words: Tribunal of the Seventeenth, busy under howling Galleries; Prussian Brunswick, ‘over a space of forty miles,’ with his war-tumbrils, and sleeping thunders, and Briarean ‘sixty-six thousand’³ right hands,—coming, coming!

O Heavens, in these latter days of August, he is come! Durosoy was not yet guillotined when news had come that the Prussians were harrying and ravaging about Metz;⁴ in some four days more, one hears that Longwi, our first strong-place on the borders, is

¹[Bertrand, ii. 171. He does not give the name of the surgeon, but he was an ‘honourable man who had known me from childhood, and was very much attached to one of my brothers:’ he remained with this host till Oct. 12th, when with a passport, which Mme de Flahaut contrived to procure for him under another name, he escaped to England (*ibid.* ii. 220 *sqq.*).]

²[The Barriers were shut on 10th—13th, and again 15th and 16th, while from 17th—29th they were only opened to those with passports from their Section Committees, signed at the *Mairie* (*i.e.*, by the *Comité de Surveillance* of the *Commune*—the very men who were afterwards to plan the massacres) (*see* Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 133).]

³*See* Toulougeon, *Hist. de France*, ii. c. 5. [In reality 81,000, *viz.*, 42,000 Prussians, Hohenlohe’s division 14,000, Clerfait’s division 15,000, Hessians 5,530, *Émigrés* 4,500 (Chuquet, cap. iii.; *vid. supr.*, ii. 209, 235, notes).]

⁴[Aug. 19th.]

fallen 'in fifteen hours.'¹ Quick, therefore, O ye improvised Municipals; quick, and ever quicker!—The improvised Municipals make front to this also. Enrolment urges itself; and clothing, and arming. Our very officers have now 'wool epaulettes;' for it is the reign of Equality, and also of Necessity. Neither do men now *monsieur* and *sir* one another; *citoyen* (citizen) were suitabler; we even say *thou*, as 'the free peoples of Antiquity did:' so have Journals and the Improvised Commune suggested; which shall be well.²

Infinitely better, meantime, could we suggest, where arms are to be found. For the present, our *Citoyens* chant chorally *To arms*; and have no arms! Arms are searched for; passionately; there is joy over any musket. Moreover, entrenchments shall be made round Paris:³ on the slopes of Montmartre men dig and shovel; though even the simple suspect this to be desperate. They dig; Tricolor sashes speak encouragement and *well-speed-ye*. Nay finally 'twelve Members of the Legislative go daily,' not to encourage only, but to bear a hand, and delve: it was decreed with acclamation. Arms shall either be provided; or else the ingenuity of man crack itself, and become fatuity. Lean Beaumarchais, thinking to serve the Fatherland, and do a stroke of trade in the old way, has commissioned sixty-thousand stand of good arms out of Holland: would to Heaven, for Fatherland's sake and his, they were come! Meanwhile railings are torn up; hammered into pikes; chains themselves shall be welded together into pikes. The very coffins of the dead are raised; for melting into balls.

¹[Aug. 23rd.]

²[It is from the procedure of the *Commune* on Aug. 12th and 13th that the use of *Citoyen* for *Monsieur* dates. The use of *L'an I.* also dates from the same days, but when the new Calendar came into use a year later, the new style was made to date from Sept. 22nd.]

³[The creation of a camp in the Northern suburbs of the city was actively begun after Aug. 12th, as it seemed to be a revenge on the King for vetoing the 'camp of 20,000.' For some days it was the fashion to go and dig on Montmartre and Saint-Denis, as it had been in the *Champ-de-Mars* in 1790, but this had ceased before Sept. (see Vergniaud's speech of 3rd, quoted in *Orators of Rev.*, vol. ii.), and the camp gradually broke up, as some of the Volunteers drifted off to the front. A decree of Sept. 13th ordered paid labour to be used, and the result was the same as at the relief works of 1788—91; all the scum of Paris drifted thither, and strikes and outrages became the order of the day. It cost a million a month, and was stopped with difficulty by the Convention Oct. 20th.]

All Church-bells must down into the furnace to make cannon ; all Church-plate into the mint to make money. Also behold the fair swan-bevies of *Citoyennes* that have alighted in Churches, and sit there with swan-neck,—sewing tents and regimentals ! Nor are Patriotic Gifts wanting, from those that have aught left ; nor stingily given : the fair Villaumes, mother and daughter, Milliners in the Rue St.-Martin, give a ‘ silver thimble, and a coin of fifteen *sous* (sevenpence halfpenny),’ with other similar effects ; and offer, at least the mother does, to mount guard. Men who have not even a thimble, give a thimbleful,—were it but of invention. One Citoyen has wrought out the scheme of a wooden cannon ; which France shall exclusively profit by, in the first instance. It is to be made of *staves*, by the coopers ;—of almost boundless calibre, but uncertain as to strength ! Thus they : hammering, scheming, stitching, founding, with all their heart and with all their soul. Two bells only are to remain in each Parish,—for tocsin and other purposes.

But mark also, precisely while the Prussian batteries were playing their briskest at Longwi in the Northeast, and our dastardly Lavergne saw nothing for it but surrender,—southwestward, in remote, patriarchal La Vendée, that sour ferment about Non-juring¹ Priests, after long working, is ripe, and explodes : at the wrong moment for us ! And so we have ‘ eight-thousand Peasants at Châtillon-sur-Sèvre ’ who will not be balloted for soldiers ; will not have their Curates molested. To whom Bonchamps, Larochejaquelins, and Seigneurs enough of a Royalist turn, will join themselves ; with Stofflets and Charettes ; with Heroes and Chouan Smugglers ; and the loyal warmth of a simple people, blown into flame and fury by theological and seignorial bellows ! So that there shall be fighting from behind ditches, death-volleys bursting out of thickets and ravines of rivers ; huts burning, feet of the pitiful women hurrying to refuge with their children on their back ; seed-fields fallow, whitened with human bones ;—‘ eighty-thousand, of all ages, ranks, sexes, flying at once across the Loire,’ with wail borne far on the winds : and in brief, for

¹ [See Appendix on La Vendée.]

years coming, such a suite of scenes as glorious war has not offered in these late ages, not since our Albigenses and Crusadings were over,—save indeed some chance Palatinate, or so, we might have to ‘burn,’ by way of exception. The ‘eight-thousand at Châtillon’ will be got dispelled for the moment; the fire scattered, not extinguished. To the dints and bruises of outward battle there is to be added henceforth a deadlier internal gangrene.

This rising in La Vendée reports itself at Paris on Wednesday the 29th of August;—just as we had got our Electors elected; and, in spite of Brunswick and Longwi, were hoping still to have a National Convention, if it pleased Heaven. But indeed otherwise this Wednesday is to be regarded as one of the notablest Paris had yet seen: gloomy tidings come successively, like Job’s messengers; are met by gloomy answers. Of Sardinia rising to invade the Southeast, and Spain threatening the South, we do not speak. But are not the Prussians masters of Longwi (treacherously yielded, one would say); and preparing to besiege Verdun?¹ Clairfait and his Austrians are encompassing Thionville; darkening the North. Not Metzland now, but the Clermontais is getting harried; flying hulans and hussars have been seen on the Châlons Road, almost as far as Sainte-Menehould. Heart, ye Patriots; if ye lose heart, ye lose all!

It is not without a dramatic emotion that one reads in the Parliamentary Debates of this Wednesday evening ‘past seven o’clock,’ the scene with the military fugitives from Longwi. Wayworn, dusty, disheartened, these poor men enter the Legislative, about sunset or after; give the most pathetic detail of the frightful pass they were in: Prussians billowing round by the myriad, volcanically spouting fire for fifteen hours: we, scattered sparse on the ramparts, hardly a cannoneer to two guns; our dastard Command-

¹[Aug. 23rd. Longwy compares favourably with Verdun as a strong place; it stands on an elevated plateau looking down on the river Chiers. It was a fine fortress, but not in sufficient repair to make a serious resistance. Lavergne had been as unwilling to take the command of it as Beaurepaire had been to take command of Verdun. But he was anything but a traitor, and his sentiments seem to have even been Republican; it is utterly false that he kept hidden during the short siege. If he surrendered too soon, it was because his hands were forced by the cowardice of the Municipality of Longwy, which kept on imploring him to do so (*see* Chuquet, *La Première Invasion Prussienne*, p. 175).]

ant Lavergne nowhere showing face; the priming would not catch; there was no powder in the bombs,—what could we do? “*Mourir, Die!*” answer prompt voices;¹ and the dusty fugitives must shrink elsewhere for comfort.—Yes, *Mourir*, that is now the word. Be Longwi a proverb and a hissing among French strong-places: let it (says the Legislative) be obliterated rather, from the shamed face of the Earth;—and so there has gone forth Decree, that Longwi shall, were the Prussians once out of it, ‘be rased,’ and exist only as ploughed ground.

Nor are the Jacobins milder; as how could they, the flower of Patriotism? Poor Dame Lavergne, wife of the poor Commandant, took her parasol one evening, and escorted by her Father came over to the Hall of the mighty Mother; and ‘reads a memoir tending to justify the Commandant of Longwi.’² *Lafarge, Président*, makes answer; “Citoyenne, the Nation will judge Lavergne; the Jacobins are bound to tell him the truth. He would have ended his course there (*terminé sa carrière*), if he had loved the honour of his country.”³

CHAPTER II

DANTON

BUT better than rasing of Longwi, or rebuking poor dusty soldiers or soldiers’ wives, Danton had come over, last night, and demanded a Decree to *search* for arms, since they were not yielded voluntarily. Let ‘Domiciliary visits,’⁴ with rigour of authority,

¹ Hist. Parl. xvii. 148.

²[Lavergne was guillotined, March 31st 1794. His wife, Victoire Resnier, was nearly torn in pieces by the Jacobins, when she presented the *mémoire* here referred to. She accompanied him to prison, and when he was condemned by the *Tribunal*, cried out in court ‘*Il faut un Roi*,’ and was promptly sent to execution with her husband as she desired (Chuquet, 189-91; Wallon, *La Terreur* (Paris, 1881), ii. 227).]

³ *Ibid.* xix. 300.

⁴[The decree for domiciliary visits was demanded by the *Comité de Surveillance* of the *Commune* (Panis, Sergent, Jourdeuil, Duplain, etc.). *i.e.*, by the subsequent organisers of the massacres. The Assembly was already inclined to dispute the power of the usurping *Commune*, and so it was made to appear that only a search for arms and munitions of war was intended; it was carried out by Commissioners elected in each Section. The number of arms (2,000) found was very small; the real object was the arrest of persons. Complaints poured in to the Assembly as to the way in which the Commissioners had executed their task: these

be made to this end. To search for arms; for horses,—Aristocratism rolls in its carriage, while Patriotism cannot trail its cannon. To search generally for munitions of war, 'in the houses of persons suspect,'—and even, if it seem proper, to seize and imprison the suspect persons themselves! In the Prisons their plots will be harmless; in the Prisons they will be as hostages for us, and not without use. This Decree the energetic Minister of Justice demanded last night, and got; and this same night it is to be executed; it is being executed at the moment when these dusty soldiers get saluted with *Mourir*. Two-thousand stand of arms, as they count, are foraged in this way; and some four-hundred head of new Prisoners; and, on the whole, such a terror and damp is struck through the Aristocrat heart, as all but Patriotism, and even Patriotism were it out of this agony, might pity. Yes, Messieurs! if Brunswick blast Paris to ashes, he probably will blast the Prisons of Paris too: pale Terror, if we have got it, we will also give it, and the depth of horrors that lie in it; the same leaky bottom, in these wild waters, bears us all.

One can judge what stir there was now among the 'thirty-thousand Royalists: ' how the Plotters, or the accused of Plotting, shrank each closer into his lurking-place,—like Bertrand-Moleville, looking eager towards Longwi, hoping the weather would keep fair. Or how they dressed themselves in valet's clothes, like Narbonne, and 'got to England as Dr. Bollman's famulus: ' ¹ how Dame de Staël bestirred herself, pleading with Manuel as a Sister in Literature, pleading even with Clerk Tallien; a prey to nameless chagrins! Royalist Peltier, the Pamphleteer,

the Assembly received favourably, and on 30th actually took courage to pass a decree dissolving the usurping *Commune*, ordering new Municipal elections, and summoning the President of the *Commune* to the Bar. He presented himself on 31st, and read a long *mémoire* (drawn up by Robespierre), while the mob howled outside. For a whole day the Assembly stood firm, but on 1st Sept. gave way and rescinded its decree dissolving the *Commune*. (Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 140, sqq.)]

¹ De Staël, *Considérations sur la Rév.* ii. 67-81. [Dr. Bollman was a Hanoverian gentleman, who procured (some time between Aug. 10th and 30th) a passport, under the name of one of his servants, for Narbonne at Mme de Staël's request. Subsequently he made a courageous attempt to get Lafayette out of Olmütz. There is a long letter of gratitude from Mme de Lafayette to him in Cloquet's 'Souvenirs sur la vie privée du Général Lafayette' (Paris, 1836) dated from Olmütz May 22nd '96.

gives a touching Narrative (not deficient in height of colouring) of the terrors of that night. From five in the afternoon, a great city is struck suddenly silent; except for the beating of drums, for the tramp of marching feet; and ever and anon the dread thunder of the knocker at some door, a Tricolor Commissioner with his blue Guards (*black-guards!*) arriving. All Streets are vacant, says Peltier; beset by Guards at each end: all Citizens are ordered to be within doors. On the River float sentinel barges, lest we escape by water: the Barriers hermetically closed. Frightful! The Sun shines; serenely westering, in smokeless mackerel-sky; Paris is as if sleeping, as if dead:—Paris is holding its breath, to see what stroke will fall on it. Poor Peltier! *Acts of Apostles*, and all jocundity of Leading-Articles, are gone out, and it is become bitter earnest instead; polished satire changed now into coarse pike-points (hammered out of railing); all logic reduced to this one primitive thesis, An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!—Peltier, dolefully aware of it, ducks low; escapes unscathed to England; to urge there the inky war anew;—to have Trial by Jury, in due season, and deliverance by young Whig eloquence, world-celebrated for a day.¹

Of 'thirty-thousand,' naturally, great multitudes were left unmolested: but, as we said, some four-hundred, designated as 'persons suspect,' were seized; and an unspeakable terror fell on all. Wo to him who is guilty of Plotting, of Anticivism, Royalism,

Mme de Staël had her own passports all right for Switzerland, but did not choose to leave her friends in danger, and contrived also the escape of Jaucourt and Lally-Tollendal (Aug. 31st), by soliciting Manuel, of whose pity she speaks well. Manuel actually sent Tallien to escort her (Sept. 3rd) to the barriers of Paris.]

¹[The *Actes des Apôtres*, edited by Peltier, Champcenetz, Rivarol, Sulleau, Bergasse and Mirabeau the younger, first appeared Nov. 2nd 1789, and continued till Oct. '91. It is original, bitter and sometimes rather broad: Radicals and Constitutionlists are alike abused in it, and even the King is not spared. Peltier escaped to England, and recommenced journalism with *Dernier Tableau de Paris* 1792—3, *Correspondance Française ou Tableau de l'Europe*, published every other day from Nov. 1st '93, and finally *L'Ambigu* published three times a month, 1802—20. It was this newspaper which abused Napoleon so fiercely. During the interval of peace 1802—3 Peltier was brought to trial for a libel on the First Consul (Feb. 21st 1803), and defended by Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Mackintosh. He was found guilty but, in consequence of the recommencement of the war, was never brought up for judgment. He died in Paris 1825. (See on the *Actes*, Tourneux, ii. 548-9.)]

Feuillantism ; who, guilty or not guilty, has an enemy in his Section to call him guilty ! Poor old M. de Cazotte¹ is seized ; his young loved Daughter with him, refusing to quit him. Why, O Cazotte, wouldst thou quit romancing and *Diable Amoureux*, for such reality as this ? Poor old M. De Sombreuil, he of the *Invalides*, is seized ; a man seen askance by Patriotism ever since the Bastille days ;² whom also a fond Daughter will not quit. With young tears hardly suppressed, and old wavering weakness rousing itself once more,—O my brothers, O my sisters !

The famed and named go ; the nameless, if they have an accuser. Necklace Lamotte's Husband is in these Prisons (*she* long since squelched on the London Pavements) ;³ but gets delivered. Gross de Morande, of the *Courrier de l'Europe*,⁴ hobbles distractedly to and fro there : but they let him hobble out ; on right nimble crutches ;—his hour not being yet come. Advocate Maton de la Varenne,⁵ very weak in health, is snatched off from mother and kin ; Tricolor Rossignol⁶ (journeyman goldsmith and scoundrel lately, a risen man now) remembers an old pleading of Maton's ! Jourgniac de Saint-Méard⁷ goes ; the brisk frank soldier : he was in the Mutiny of Nancy, in that 'effervescent Regiment du Roi,'—on the wrong side. Saddest of all : Abbé Sicard⁸ goes ; a Priest who could

¹[Cazotte, *vid. supr.*, ii. 203 ; *infr.*, ii. 306.] ²[Sombreuil, *vid. infr.*, ii. 306.]

³[Madame de la Motte committed suicide by throwing herself out of a window in London, 1791.]

⁴[Morande, *vid. supr.*, i. 73.]

⁵[Maton de la Varenne, born 1760, an advocate and man of letters, escaped the massacres, died 1837.]

⁶[Rossignol had been a goldsmith's apprentice and 'hero of the Bastille :' became a leading Septemberer and General in Chief of the Army sent against La Vendée, July 24th '93 ; once suspended by the *Représentant* Bourdon (Aug. '93), he was immediately restored by the *Comité de Salut Public*. Many complaints of his brutality in La Vendée reached the *Comité de Salut Public*, which turned a deaf ear, and he remained in various posts of trust in the west till May '94. After Thermidor he was arrested, and finally transported, as having been an accomplice of Babœuf's, 1801. (*Vid. infr.*, iii. 122.)]

⁷[Le Chevalier Jourgniac de Saint-Méard, born 1747, a jolly *bon vivant* of the *Ancien Régime*, and author of 'Mon Agonie de trente-huit heures,' descriptive of the massacres at the *Abbaye*, from which he wonderfully escaped, died in poverty 1825.]

⁸[The Abbé Sicard was the pupil of the Abbé de l'Épée, who had invented the digital method of teaching the deaf and dumb, and whose school the Government endowed in the Celestine Convent. When l'Épée died, 1790, Sicard succeeded to

not take the Oath, but who could teach the Deaf and Dumb : in his Section one man, he says, had a grudge at him ; one man, at the fit hour, launches an arrest against him ; which hits. In the Arsenal quarter, there are dumb hearts making wail, with signs, with wild gestures ; he their miraculous healer and speech-bringer is rapt away.

What with the arrestments on this night of the Twenty-ninth, what with those that have gone on more or less, day and night, ever since the Tenth, one may fancy what the Prisons now were. Crowding and confusion ; jostle, hurry, vehemence and terror ! Of the poor Queen's Friends, who had followed her to the Temple, and been committed elsewhither to Prison, some, as Governess de Tourzelle, are to be let go : one, the poor Princess de Lamballe, is not let go ; but waits in the strong-rooms of La Force there, what will betide further.¹

Among so many hundreds whom the launched arrest hits, who are rolled off to Townhall or Sectionhall, to preliminary Houses of Detention, and hurled in thither as into cattle-pens, we must mention one other : Caron de Beaumarchais, Author of *Figaro* ; vanquisher of Maupeou Parlements and Gozman helldogs ; once numbered among the demigods ; and now—? We left him in his culminant state ; what dreadful decline is this, when we again catch a glimpse of him ! ‘ At midnight ’ (it was but the

the school, and largely improved on his master's method of teaching. He also escaped as by a miracle from the massacres, and became a professor at the *École Normale* in 1795. Napoleon replaced him at the head of the deaf and dumb college, and he died 1825.]

¹[The chief prisons of Paris just before the Revolution were *La Force*, *Conciergerie*, *Châtelet* : part of the *Bicêtre* was also used as a prison : the two worst old prisons of Paris (*For l'Évêque* and *Le Petit Châtelet*) had been demolished early in the reign of Louis XVI., and the *Conciergerie* had been rendered much more sanitary. Early in the Revolution the Municipality began to use some of the empty Convents as prisons, the chief among them being the *Abbaye de Saint-Germain des Prés*, *Saint-Lazare*, *Sainte-Pélagie*. At the date of the September massacres there were besides these the *Chambre d'Arrêt* at the *Mairie*, the *Maison Blanchard* at *Picpus*, the *Hôtel Talaru* in Rue de Richelieu, the Convents of the *Filles Anglaises*, *Madelonnettes*, *Bernardins*, *Carmes*, *Collège du Plessis* (in *Collège Louis-le-grand*), *Saint-Firmin*. The *Luxemburg*, *Chantilly* and *Port Libre* were added in 1793. The only ones now surviving as prisons are *Saint-Lazare*, *Sainte-Pélagie* and the *Conciergerie*. The *Carmes* is still a religious house (*Institut Catholique*). (See C. A. Dauban, *Les Prisons de Paris sous la Rév.* (Paris, 1870.)]

12th of August yet), 'the servant, in his shirt,' with wide-staring eyes, enters your room:—Monsieur, rise; all the people are come to seek you; they are knocking, like to break-in the door! 'And they were in fact knocking in a terrible manner (*d'une façon terrible*). I fling on my coat, forgetting even the waist-coat, nothing on my feet but slippers; and say to him'—And he, alas, answers mere negatory incoherences, panic interjections. And through the shutters and crevices, in front or rearward, the dull street-lamps disclose only streetfuls of haggard countenances; clamorous, bristling with pikes: and you rush distracted for an outlet, finding none;—and have to take refuge in the crockery-press, down stairs; and stand there, palpitating, in that imperfect costume, lights dancing past your key-hole, tramp of feet overhead, and the tumult of Satan, 'for four hours and more!' And old ladies, of the quarter, started up (as we hear next morning); rang for their *bonnes* and cordial-drops, with shrill interjections: and old gentlemen, in their shirts, 'leapt garden-walls;' flying while none pursued; one of whom unfortunately broke his leg.¹ Those sixty-thousand stand of Dutch Arms (which never arrive), and the bold stroke of trade, have turned out so ill!—

Beaumarchais escaped for this time; but not for the next time, ten days after. On the evening of the Twenty-ninth he is still in that chaos of the Prisons, in saddest wrestling condition; unable to get justice, even to get audience; 'Panis scratching his head' when you speak to him, and making off. Nevertheless let the lover of Figaro know that Procureur Manuel, a Brother in Literature, found him, and delivered him once more. But how the lean demigod, now shorn of his splendour, had to lurk in barns, to roam over harrowed fields, panting for life; and to wait under eaves-drops, and sit in darkness 'on the Boulevard amid paving-stones and boulders,' longing for one word of any Minister, or Minister's Clerk, about those accursed Dutch muskets, and getting none,—with heart fuming in spleen, and terror, and suppressed canine-madness; alas, how the swift sharp hound,

¹ Beaumarchais' Narrative, *Mémoires sur les Prisons* (Paris, 1823), i. 179-90.

once fit to be Diana's, breaks his old teeth now, gnawing mere whinstones; and must 'fly to England;' and, returning from England, must creep into the corner, and lie quiet, toothless (moneyless),—all this let the lover of Figaro fancy, and weep for. We here, without weeping, not without sadness, wave the withered tough fellow-mortal our farewell. His Figaro has returned to the French stage; nay is, at this day, sometimes named the best piece there. And indeed, so long as Man's life can ground itself only on artificiality and aridity; each new Revolt and Change of Dynasty turning up only a new stratum of *dry-rubbish*, and no *soil* yet coming to view,—may it not be good to protest against such a Life, in many ways, and even in the Figaro way?

CHAPTER III

DUMOURIEZ

SUCH are the last days of August 1792; days gloomy, disastrous and of evil omen. What will become of this poor France? Dumouriez rode from the Camp of Maulde, eastward to Sedan, on Tuesday last, the 28th of the month; reviewed that so-called Army left forlorn there by Lafayette: the forlorn soldiers gloomed on him; were heard growling on him, "This is one of them, *ce b—e là*, that made War be declared."¹ Unpromising Army! Recruits flow in, filtering through Dépôt after Dépôt; but recruits merely: in want of all; happy if they have so much as arms. And Longwi has fallen basely; and Brunswick, and the Prussian King, with his sixty-thousand, will beleaguer Verdun; and Clairfait and Austrians press deeper in, over the Northern marches: 'a hundred and fifty thousand' as fear

¹ Dumouriez, Mémoires, ii. 383. [Dumouriez had always intended to divert the army of Brunswick by an attempt upon Belgium, hence the Army of the North (formerly Lafayette's) was the strongest (24,000). Kellermann had just replaced Lückner in command of the Army of Metz. But the fears of Paris were too great to allow Dumouriez to take the offensive, and Servan was probably right when he ordered the junction of Kellermann and Dumouriez in the Argonne. The order for this reached Dumouriez on Aug. 31st. On Sept. 19th the junction between Kellermann and Dumouriez was effected. The French army, once it was united in the Argonne, was in a fair position, rendered stronger by the rain, but its flank had already been turned once (Sept. 12th) and more than one retrograde movement was made. (*Vid. infr.*, note ii. 339.)]

counts, 'eighty-thousand' as the returns show, do hem us in; Cimmerian Europe behind them. There is Castries-and-Broglic chivalry; Royalist foot 'in red facing and nankeen trousers;' breathing death and the gallows.

And lo, finally! at Verdun¹ on Sunday the 2d of September 1792, Brunswick is here. With his King and sixty-thousand, glittering over the heights, from beyond the winding Meuse River, he looks down on us, on our 'high citadel' and all our confectionary-ovens (for we are celebrated for confectionary); has sent courteous summons, in order to spare the effusion of blood!—Resist him to the death? Every day of retardation precious? How, O General Beaurepaire (asks the amazed Municipality), shall we resist him? We, the Verdun Municipals, see no resistance possible. Has he not sixty-thousand, and artillery without end? Retardation, Patriotism is good; but so likewise is peaceable baking of pastry, and sleeping in whole skin.—Hapless Beaurepaire stretches out his hands, and pleads passionately, in the name of country, honour, of Heaven and of Earth: to no purpose. The Municipals have, by law, the power of ordering it;—with an Army officered by Royalism or Crypto-Royalism, such a Law seemed needful: and they order it, as pacific Pastry-cooks, not as heroic Patriots would,—To surrender! Beaurepaire strides home, with long steps: his valet, entering

¹[Verdun is not such a strong place as Longwy: it is commanded by hills on two sides, and no one expected it to stand a long siege. It is however a much more important town than Longwy except from the military point of view. Beaurepaire, who happened to be the senior officer in garrison, did what he could, though the impression created by the fall of Longwy was much against him. Brunswick was however really unwilling to advance upon Verdun with Metz and Thionville untaken behind him, and waited five days after taking Longwy before advancing on Verdun, the first summons to which was sent on Aug. 31st. Beaurepaire's suicide was early on 2nd: it is characteristic of the Jacobins that this was considered a noble act; to my mind Lavergne's course was far more honourable. It is not true that Verdun was Royalist or crypto-Royalist in temper—so little was this the case that Louis XVI., in sketching out his plan of flight in June '91, determined to avoid it: but its populace was not braver than that of other Jacobin towns, and did everything possible to hinder the defence: its patriotism manifested itself chiefly in hissing the Princes when they arrived in the wake of the Prussian Army. On April 25th '94 a number of young girls were executed in Paris for having, as was alleged, offered bouquets and refreshments to the King of Prussia on his entrance into Verdun. The story that they did so has been proved to be a myth by Chuquet, as well as by Campardon (Trib. Rév. i. 308-11).]

the room, sees him 'writing eagerly,' and withdraws. His valet hears then, in few minutes, the report of a pistol: Beaurepaire is lying dead; his eager writing had been a brief suicidal farewell. In this manner died Beaurepaire, wept of France; buried in the Pantheon, with honourable Pension to his Widow, and for Epitaph these words, *He chose Death rather than yield to Despots*. The Prussians, descending from the heights, are peaceable masters of Verdun.¹

And so Brunswick advances, from stage to stage: who shall now stay him,—covering forty miles of country? Foragers fly far; the villages of the Northeast are harried; your Hessian forager has only 'three sous a-day:' the very Emigrants, it is said, will take silver-plate,—by way of revenge. Clermont, Sainte-Menehould, Varennes especially, ye Towns of the *Night of Spurs*, tremble ye! Procureur Sausse and the Magistracy of Varennes have fled; brave Boniface Le Blanc of the *Bras d'Or* is to the woods: Mrs. Le Blanc, a young woman fair to look upon, with her young infant, has to live in greenwood, like a beautiful Bessy Bell of Song, her bower thatched with rushes;—catching premature rheumatism.² Clermont may ring the tocsin now, and illuminate itself! Clermont lies at the foot of its *Cow* (or *Vache*, so they name that Mountain), a prey to the Hessian spoiler: its fair women, fairer than most, are robbed; not of life, or what is dearer, yet of all that is cheaper and portable; for Necessity, on three half-pence a-day, has no law. At Sainte-Menehould the enemy has been expected more than once,—our Nationals all turning out in arms; but was not yet seen. Postmaster Drouet, he is not in the woods, but minding his Election; and will sit in the Convention, notable King-taker, and bold Old-Dragoon as he is.

Thus on the Northeast all roams and runs; and on a set day, the *date* of which is irrecoverable by History, Brunswick 'has engaged to dine in Paris,'—the Powers willing. And at Paris, in the centre, it is as we saw; and in La Vendée Southwest, it is

¹[Sept. 2nd.]

²Helen Maria Williams, *Letters from France* (London, 1791-1793), iii. 96.

as we saw ; and Sardinia is in the Southeast, and Spain is in the South, and Clairfait with Austria and sieged Thionville is in the North ;—and all France leaps distracted, like the winnowed Sahara waltzing in sand-colonnades ! More desperate posture no country ever stood in. A country, one would say, which the Majesty of Prussia (if it so pleased him) might partition and clip in pieces, like a Poland ; flinging the remainder to poor Brother Louis,—with directions to keep it quiet, or else *we* will keep it for him.

Or perhaps the Upper Powers, minded that a new Chapter in Universal History shall begin here and not further on, may have ordered it all otherwise ? In that case, Brunswick will not dine in Paris on the set day ; nor, indeed, one knows not when !—Verily, amid this wreckage, where poor France seems grinding itself down to dust and bottomless ruin, who knows what miraculous salient-point of Deliverance and New-life may have already come into existence there ; and be already working there, though as yet human eye discern it not ! On the night of that same twenty-eighth of August, the unpromising Review-day in Sedan, Dumouriez assembles a Council of War at his lodgings there. He spreads out the map of this forlorn war-district ; Prussians here, Austrians there ; triumphant both, with broad highway, and little hinderance, all the way to Paris : we scattered, helpless, here and there : what to advise ? The Generals, strangers to Dumouriez, look blank enough ; know not well what to advise,—if it be not retreating, and retreating till our recruits accumulate ; till perhaps the chapter of chances turn up some leaf for us ; or Paris, at all events, be sacked at the latest day possible. The Many-counselled, who ‘has not closed an eye for three nights,’ listens with little speech to these long cheerless speeches ; merely watching the speaker, that he may know him ; then wishes them all good-night ;—but beckons a certain young Thouvenot, the fire of whose looks had pleased him, to wait a moment. Thouvenot waits : *Voilà*, says Polymetis, pointing to the map ! That is the Forest of Argonne, that long strip of Rocky Mountain and wild Wood ; forty miles long ; with but five, or say even three practicable

Passes through it : this, for they have forgotten it, might one not still seize, though Clairfait sits so nigh? Once seized;—the Champagne called the Hungry (or worse, Champagne *Pouilleuse*) on their side of it ; the fat Three Bishopricks, and willing France, on ours ; and the Equinox-rains not far ;—this Argonne “ might be the Thermopylæ of France ! ”¹

O brisk Dumouriez Polymetis with thy teeming head, may the gods grant it !—Polymetis, at any rate, folds his map together, and flings himself on bed ; resolved to try, on the morrow morning. With astucity, with swiftness, with audacity ! One had need to be a lion-fox, and have luck on one’s side.

CHAPTER IV

SEPTEMBER IN PARIS

At Paris, by lying Rumour which proved prophetic and veridical, the fall of Verdun was known some hours *before* it happened. It is Sunday the second of September ; handiwork hinders not the speculations of the mind. Verdun gone (though some still deny it) ; the Prussians in full march, with gallows-ropes, with fire and faggot ! Thirty-thousand Aristocrats within our own walls ; and but the merest quarter-tithe of them yet put in Prison ! Nay there goes a word that even these will revolt. Sieur Jean Julien, wagoner of Vaugirard,² being set in the Pillory last Friday, took all at once to crying, That he would be well revenged ere long ; that the King’s Friends in Prison would burst out, force the Temple, set the King on horseback, and, joined by the unimprisoned, ride roughshod over us all. This the unfortunate wagoner of Vaugirard did bawl, at the top of his lungs : when snatched off to the townhall, he persisted in it, still bawling ; yesternight, when they guillotined him, he died with the froth

¹ Dumouriez, ii. 391. [Carlyle here accepts Dumouriez’s own account : but as a matter of fact he till the last moment insisted on a counter stroke in Belgium, *e.g.*, in the letters to Servan of 23rd and 29th, but on 31st Servan positively ordered him to take his stand in the Argonne passes (Grandpré and Clermont), and ordered Kellermann to unite with him there (*vid. supr.*, notes on ii. 201 and 293 and Von Sybel, ii. 122).]

² Moore, i. 292.

of it on his lips.¹ For a man's mind, padlocked to the Pillory, may go mad; and all men's minds may go mad, and 'believe him,' as the frenetic will do, '*because it is impossible.*'

So that apparently the knot of the crisis and last agony of France is come? Make front to this, thou Improvised Commune, strong Danton, whatsoever man is strong! Readers can judge whether the Flag of Country in Danger flapped soothingly or distractively on the souls of men, that day.

But the Improvised Commune, but strong Danton is not wanting, each after his kind. Huge Placards are getting plastered to the walls; at two o'clock the stormbell shall be sounded, the alarm-cannon fired; all Paris shall rush to the Champ-de-Mars,² and have itself enrolled. Unarmed, truly, and undrilled; but desperate, in the strength of frenzy. Haste, ye men; ye very women, offer to mount guard and shoulder the brown musket: weak clucking-hens, in a state of desperation, will fly at the muzzle of the mastiff; and even conquer him,—by vehemence of character! Terror itself, when once grown transcendental, becomes a kind of courage; as frost sufficiently intense, according to Poet Milton, will *burn*.³—Danton, the other night, in the Legislative Committee of General Defence, when the other Ministers and Legislators had all opined, said, It would not do to quit Paris, and fly to Saumur; that they must abide by Paris; and take such attitude as would put their enemies in fear,—*faire peur*; a word of his which has been often repeated, and reprinted—in italics.⁴

At two of the clock, Beaurepaire, as we saw, has shot himself at Verdun; and, over Europe, mortals are going in for afternoon sermon. But at Paris, all steeples are clangouring not for sermon; the alarm-gun booming from minute to minute; Champ-

¹ Hist. Parl. xvii. 409.

²[This convocation at the *Champ-de-Mars* was proposed by Manuel in the *Commune* at Danton's instance: it was just at the moment, when the attention of respectable Paris was fixed on the *Champ-de-Mars*, that the massacres at the prisons began.]

³['The parching air Burns froze, and cold performs th' effects of fire.' (Paradise Lost, ii. 595.)]

⁴Biographie des Ministres (Bruxelles, 1826), p. 96.

de-Mars and Fatherland's Altar boiling with desperate terror-courage: what a *miserere* going up to Heaven from this once Capital of the Most Christian King! The Legislative sits in alternate awe and effervescence; Vergniaud proposing that Twelve shall go and dig personally on Montmartre; which is decreed by acclaim.

But better than digging personally with acclaim, see Danton enter;—the black brows clouded, the colossus-figure tramping heavy; grim energy looking from all features of the rugged man! Strong is that grim Son of France and Son of Earth; a Reality and not a Formula he too: and surely now if ever, being hurled *low* enough, it is on the Earth and on Realities that he rests. "Legislators!" so speaks the stentor-voice, as the Newspapers yet preserve it for us, "it is not the alarm-cannon that you hear: it is the *pas-de-charge* against our enemies. To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we require? *Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace et toujours de l'audace*, To dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare!"¹—Right so, thou brawny Titan; there is nothing left for thee but that. Old men, who heard it, will still tell you how the reverberating voice made all hearts swell, in that moment; and braced them to the sticking-place; and thrilled abroad over France, like electric virtue, as a word spoken in season.

But the Commune, enrolling in the Champ-de-Mars? But the Committee of Watchfulness, become now Committee of Public Salvation²; whose conscience is Marat? The Commune enrolling enrolls many; provides Tents for them in that Mars'-Field, that they may march with dawn on the morrow: praise to this part of the Commune! To Marat and the Committee of Watchfulness not praise;—not even blame, such as could be meted out in these insufficient dialects of ours; expressive silence rather! Lone Marat, the man forbid, meditating long in his Cellars of refuge,

¹ Moniteur in Hist. Parl. xvii. 347. [It must be remembered that Danton spoke as a minister at the Bar of the Assembly, not as a member. The speeches of Danton and Vergniaud (among their best efforts) are given in Stephen's Orators of the French Revolution.]

² [*Vid. sup.*, note ii. 279.]

on his Stylites Pillar, could see salvation in one thing only: in the fall of 'two-hundred and sixty thousand Aristocrat heads.' With so many score of Naples Bravoës, each a dirk in his right-hand, a muff on his left, he would traverse France, and do it. But the world laughed, mocking the severe-benevolence of a People's-Friend; and his idea could not become an action, but only a fixed-idea. Lo, now, however, he has come down from his Stylites Pillar, to a *Tribune particulière*; here now, without the dirks, without the *muffs* at least, were it not grown possible,—now in the knot of the crisis, when salvation or destruction hangs in the hour!¹

The Ice-Tower of Avignon was noised of sufficiently, and lives in all memories; but the authors were not punished: nay we saw Jourdan Coupe-tête, borne on men's shoulders, like a copper Portent, 'traversing the cities of the South.'—What phantasms, squalid-horrid, shaking their dirk and muff, may dance through the brain of a Marat, in this dizzy pealing of tocsin-miserere and universal frenzy, seek not to guess, O Reader! Nor what the cruel Billaud 'in his short brown coat' was thinking; nor Sergent, not yet *Agate-Sergent*; nor Panis the confidant of Danton;—nor, in a word, how gloomy Orcus does breed in her gloomy womb, and fashion her monsters and prodigies of Events, which thou seest her visibly bear! Terror is on these streets of Paris; terror and rage, tears and frenzy: tocsin-miserere pealing through the air; fierce desperation rushing to battle; mothers, with streaming eyes and wild hearts, sending forth their sons to die. 'Carriage-horses are seized by the bridle,' that they may draw cannon; 'the traces cut, the carriages left standing.' In such tocsin-miserere, and murky bewilderment of Frenzy, are not Murder, Ate and all Furies near at hand? On slight hint—who knows on how slight?—may not Murder come; and, with *her* snaky-sparkling head, illuminate this murk!

How it was and went, what part might be premeditated, what

¹[There is no issue of *Ami du Peuple* between Aug. 21st (No. 681) and Sept. 15th (No. 682), which is sufficient evidence that Marat was busy elsewhere. Bougeart (ii. 88) ingeniously quotes the one passage in Marat which does not glorify the massacres, but calls them an "unfortunate event."]

was improvised and accidental, man will never know, till the great Day of Judgment make it known. But with a Marat for keeper of the Sovereign's Conscience—And we know what the *ultima ratio* of Sovereigns, when they are driven to it, is! In this Paris there are as wicked men, say a hundred or more, as exist in all the Earth: to be hired, and set on; to set on, of their own accord, unhired.—And yet we will remark that premeditation itself is not performance, is not surety of performance; that it is perhaps, at most, surety of *letting* whosoever wills perform. From the purpose of crime to the act of crime there is an abyss; wonderful to think of. The finger lies on the pistol; but the man is not yet a murderer: nay, his whole nature staggering at such consummation, is there not a confused pause rather,—one last instant of possibility for him? Not yet a murderer; it is at the mercy of light trifles whether the most fixed idea may not yet become unfixed. One slight twitch of a muscle, the death-flash bursts; and he is it, and will for Eternity be it;—and Earth has become a penal Tartarus for him; his horizon girdled now not with golden hope, but with red flames of remorse; voices from the depths of Nature sounding, Wo, wo on him!

Of such stuff are we all made; on such powder-mines of bottomless guilt and criminality,—‘if God restrained not,’ as is well said,—does the purest of us walk. There are depths in man that go the length of lowest Hell, as there are heights that reach highest Heaven;—for are not both Heaven and Hell made out of him, made by him, everlasting Miracle and Mystery as he is?—But looking on this Champ-de-Mars, with its tent-buildings and frantic enrolments; on this murky-simmering Paris, with its crammed Prisons (supposed about to burst), with its tocsin-misere, its mothers' tears, and soldiers' farewell shoutings,—the pious soul might have prayed, that day, that God's grace would restrain, and greatly restrain; lest on slight hest or hint, Madness, Horror and Murder rose, and this Sabbathday of September became a Day black in the Annals of men.

The tocsin is pealing its loudest, the clocks inaudibly striking

Three, when poor Abbé Sicard, with some thirty other Nonjurant Priests, in six carriages, fare along the streets, from their preliminary House of Detention at the Townhall,¹ westward towards the Prison of the Abbaye. Carriages enough stand deserted on the streets; these six move on,—through angry multitudes, cursing as they move. Accursed Aristocrat Tartuffes, this is the pass ye have brought us to! And now ye will break the Prisons, and set Capet Veto on horseback to ride over us? Out upon you, Priests of Beelzebub and Moloch; of Tartuffery, Mammon and the Prussian Gallows,—which ye name Mother-Church and God!—Such reproaches have the poor Nonjurants to endure, and worse; spoken in on them by frantic Patriots, who mount even on the carriage-steps; the very Guards hardly refraining. Pull up your carriage-blinds?—No! answers Patriotism, clapping its horny paw on the carriage-blind, and crushing it down again. Patience in oppression has limits: we are close on the Abbaye, it has lasted long: a poor Nonjurant, of quicker temper, smites the horny paw with his cane; nay, finding solacement in it, smites the unkempt head, sharply and again more sharply, twice over,—seen clearly of us and of the world. It is the last that we see clearly. Alas, next moment, the carriages are locked and blocked in endless raging tumults; in yells deaf to the cry for mercy, which answer the cry for mercy with sabre-thrusts through the heart.² The thirty Priests are torn out, are massacred about the Prison-Gate, one after one,—only the poor Abbé Sicard, whom one Moton a watch-maker, knowing him, heroically tried to save and secrete in the Prison, escapes to tell;—and it is Night and Orcus, and Murder's snaky-sparkling head *has* risen in the murk!—

From Sunday afternoon (exclusive of intervals and pauses not final) till Thursday evening, there follow consecutively a Hundred

¹[There is a confusion here between the *Chambre d'Arrêt* at the *Mairie* (the official residence of the *Maire*) and the Town Hall, which had no cells in it.]

²Félembési (anagram for Méhée Fils), *La Vérité tout entière sur les vrais Acteurs de la journée du 2 Septembre 1792* (reprinted in Hist. Parl. xviii. 156-181), p. 167. [This was first printed in 1794. Méhée-Latouche, born 1760, had been employed abroad, returned to Paris in 1792, was in touch with the leaders of the *Commune*, and suspected of knowing something about the massacres. He wrote the pamphlet here mentioned to clear himself, and died 1826.]

Hours. Which hundred hours are to be reckoned with the hours of the Bartholomew Butchery, of the Armagnac Massacres, Sicilian Vespers, or whatsoever is savagest in the annals of this world. Horrible the hour when man's soul, in its paroxysm, spurns asunder the barriers and rules ; and shows what dens and depths are in it ! For Night and Orcus, as we say, as was long prophesied, have burst forth, here in this Paris, from their subterranean imprisonment : hideous, dim-confused ; which it is painful to look on ; and yet which cannot, and indeed which should not, be forgotten.

The Reader, who looks earnestly through this dim Phantasmagory of the Pit, will discern few fixed certain objects ; and yet still a few. He will observe, in this Abbaye Prison, the sudden massacre of the Priests being once over, a strange Court of Justice, or call it Court of Revenge and Wild-Justice, swiftly fashion itself, and take seat round a table, with the Prison-Registers spread before it ;—Stanislas Maillard, Bastille-hero, famed Leader of the Menads, presiding. O Stanislas, one hoped to meet thee elsewhere than here ; thou shifty Riding-Usher, with an inkling of Law ! This work also thou hadst to do ; and then—to depart forever from our eyes. At *La Force*, at the *Châtelet*, the *Conciergerie*, the like Court forms itself, with the like accompaniments : the thing that one man does, other men can do. There are some Seven Prisons in Paris, full of Aristocrats with conspiracies ;—nay not even *Bicêtre* and *Salpêtrière* shall escape, with their Forgers of Assignats : and there are seventy times seven hundred Patriot hearts in a state of frenzy. Scoundrel hearts also there are ; as perfect, say, as the Earth holds,—if such are needed. To whom, in this mood, law is as no-law ; and killing, by what name soever called, is but work to be done.¹

¹[There seem to have been on the average about fifteen murderers at each prison : but they were continually reinforced and changed ; most of them were probably *Marseillais*, but at the *Conciergerie* there seem to have been some old *Gardes Françaises*. In all cases however they were the hired and paid servants of the *Comité de Surveillance* of the *Commune* ; a certain number of them were brought to justice in 1796, and transported. To represent the whole population of Paris as accomplices, or to ascribe it to a 'sudden madness of the people,' is ludicrous. The *élite* of rascaldom had been attracted to Paris since 1789, and the *élite* of that *élite* carefully selected by Maillard and the *Comité* for the job. There is strong evidence that *the* actual band of murderers under Maillard was

So sit these sudden Courts of Wild-Justice, with the Prison-Registers before them; unwonted wild tumult howling all round; the Prisoners in dread expectancy within. Swift: a name is called; bolts jingle, a Prisoner is there. A few questions are put; swiftly this sudden Jury decides: Royalist Plotter or not? Clearly not; in that case, Let the Prisoner be enlarged with *Vive la Nation*. Probably yea; then still, Let the Prisoner be enlarged, but without *Vive la Nation*; or else it may run, Let the Prisoner be conducted to La Force.¹ At La Force again their formula is, Let the Prisoner be conducted to the Abbaye.—“To La Force then!” Volunteer bailiffs seize the doomed man; he is at the outer gate; ‘enlarged,’ or ‘conducted,’ not into La Force, but into a howling sea; forth, under an arch of wild sabres, axes and pikes; and sinks, hewn asunder. And another sinks, and another; and there forms itself a piled heap of corpses, and the kennels begin to run red. Fancy the yells of these men, their faces of sweat and blood; the crueller shrieks of these women, for there are women too; and a fellow-mortal hurled naked into it all! Jourgniac de Saint-Méard has seen battle, has seen an effervescent Regiment du Roi in mutiny; but the bravest heart may quail at this. The Swiss Prisoners, remnants of the Tenth of August, ‘clasped each other spasmodically, and hung back; gray veterans crying: “Mercy, Messieurs; ah, mercy!” But there was no mercy. Suddenly, however, ‘one of these men steps forward. He had-on a blue frock coat; ‘he seemed about thirty, his stature was above common, his look ‘noble and martial. “I go first,” said he, “since it must be so: ‘adieu!” Then dashing his hat sharply behind him: “Which ‘way?” cried he to the Brigands: “Show it me, then.” They ‘open the folding gate; he is announced to the multitude. He ‘stands a moment motionless; then plunges forth among the pikes, ‘and dies of a thousand wounds.’²

kept on foot by the *Commune* up to Oct. 11th '93 (the date of Maillard's arrest); after which they would pass some into Hanriot's staff, some into the “Revolutionary Army” (see Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 224 and 486).]

¹[*La Force* being nearer to the *Hôtel-de-Ville* than the *Abbaye*, more constant encouragement would be given to the murderers there. Hébert and Rossignol certainly seem to have visited *La Force* (*ibid.* iii. 265).]

²Félelmési, *La Vérité tout entière* (*ut supra*), p. 173.

Man after man is cut down ; the sabres need sharpening, the killers refresh themselves from wine-jugs.¹ Onward and onward goes the butchery ; the loud yells wearing down into bass growls. A sombre-faced shifting multitude looks on ; in dull approval, or dull disapproval ; in dull recognition that it is Necessity. ‘An *Anglais* in drab greatcoat’ was seen, or seemed to be seen, serving liquor from his own dram-bottle ;—for what purpose, ‘if not set on by Pitt,’ Satan and himself know best ! Witty Dr. Moore grew sick on approaching, and turned into another street.²—Quick enough goes this Jury-Court ; and rigorous. The brave are not spared, nor the beautiful, nor the weak. Old M. de Montmorin, the Minister’s Brother, was acquitted by the Tribunal of the Seventeenth ; and conducted back, elbowed by howling galleries ; but is not acquitted here. Princess de Lamballe has lain down on bed : “Madame, you are to be removed to the Abbaye.” “I do not wish to remove ; I am well enough here.” There is a need-be for removing. She will arrange her dress a little, then ; rude voices answer, “You have not far to go.” She too is led to the hell-gate ; a manifest Queen’s-Friend. She shivers back, at the sight of bloody sabres ; but there is no return : Onwards ! That fair hind head is cleft with the axe ; the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments ; with indignities, and obscene horrors of moustachio *grands-lèbres*, which human nature would fain find incredible,—which shall be read in the original language only.³ She was beautiful, she was good, she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves : O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, god-descended, and poor sister-woman ! why was not I there ; and some Sword Balmung or Thor’s Hammer in my hand ? Her head is fixed on a pike ; paraded under the windows of the Temple ; that

¹[The Committee of the Section of *Quatre Nations* furnished written orders on the neighbouring wine shops for drink for the murderers (*ibid.* iii. 259).]

²Moore’s Journal, i. 185-195.

³[The contemporary accounts of Madame de Lamballe’s murder are summed up in the appendix to Lescure, ‘*La Princesse de Lamballe*’ (Paris, 1864), 409 and 599. (See also note vol. i. p. 41.) The story is wholly unprintable in the English language.]

a still more hated, a Marie Antoinette, may see. One Municipal, in the Temple with the Royal Prisoners at the moment, said, "Look out." Another eagerly whispered, "Do not look." The circuit of the Temple is guarded, in these hours, by a long stretched tricolor riband: terror enters, and the clangour of infinite tumult; hitherto not regicide, though that too may come.

But it is more edifying to note what thrillings of affection, what fragments of wild virtues turn up in this shaking asunder of man's existence; for of these too there is a proportion. Note old Marquis Cazotte¹: he is doomed to die; but his young Daughter clasps him in her arms, with an inspiration of eloquence, with a love which is stronger than very death: the heart of the killers themselves is touched by it; the old man is spared. Yet he was guilty, if plotting for his King is guilt: in ten days more, a Court of Law condemned him, and he had to die elsewhere; bequeathing his Daughter a lock of his old gray hair. Or note old M. de Sombreuil, who also had a Daughter:—My Father is not an Aristocrat: O good gentlemen, I will swear it, and testify it, and in all ways prove it; we are not; we hate Aristocrats! "Wilt thou drink Aristocrats' blood?" The man lifts blood (if universal Rumour can be credited);² the poor maiden does drink. "This Sombreuil is innocent then!" Yes, indeed,—and now note, most of all, how the bloody pikes, at this news, do rattle to the ground; and the tiger-yells become bursts of jubilee over a brother saved; and the old man and his daughter are clasped to bloody bosoms, with hot tears; and borne home in triumph of *Vive la Nation*, the killers refusing even money! Does it seem strange, this temper of theirs? It seems very certain, well proved by Royalist testimony in other instances;³ and very significant.

¹[Cazotte, *vid. supr.*, ii. 203, note.]

²Dulaure, *Esquisses historiques des principaux événemens de la Révolution*, ii. 206 (cited in Montgaillard, iii. 205). [The story is confirmed by a letter of the lady's son, quoted by Granier de Cassagnac, 'Histoire des Massacres de Septembre' (Paris, 1860), ii. 26; the murderer held a half-full glass of wine under a dripping wound of one of the murdered persons, and then presented it to Mdlle de Sombreuil. She married afterwards a M. Villelume of Avignon. Sombreuil was executed June 10th '94.]

³Bertrand-Moleville (*Mém. particuliers*, ii. 213), &c. &c.

CHAPTER V

A TRILOGY

As all Delineation, in these ages, were it never so Epic, 'speaking itself and not singing itself,' must either found on Belief and provable Fact, or have no foundation at all (nor, except as floating cobweb, any existence at all),—the Reader will perhaps prefer to take a glance with the very eyes of eye-witnesses; and see, in that way, for himself, how it was. Brave Jourgniac, innocent Abbé Sicard, judicious Advocate Maton, these, greatly compressing themselves, shall speak, each an instant. Jourgniac's *Agony of Thirty-eight hours* went through 'above a hundred editions,' though intrinsically a poor work. Some portion of it may here go through above the hundred-and-first, for want of a better.¹

'Towards seven o'clock' (Sunday night at the Abbaye; for Jourgniac goes by dates): 'We saw two men enter, their hands bloody and armed with sabres; a turnkey, with a torch, lighted them; he pointed to the bed of the unfortunate Swiss, Reding. Reding spoke with a dying voice. One of them paused; but the other cried, *Allons donc*; lifted the unfortunate man; carried him out on his back to the street. He was massacred there.'

'We all looked at one another in silence, we clasped each other's hands. Motionless, with fixed eyes, we gazed on the pavement of our prison; on which lay the moonlight, checkered with the triple stancheons of our windows.'

'Three in the morning: They were breaking-in one of the prison-doors. We at first thought they were coming to kill us in our room; but heard, by voices on the staircase, that it was a room where some Prisoners had barricaded themselves. They were all butchered there, as we shortly gathered.'

'Ten o'clock: The Abbé Lenfant and the Abbé de Chapt-Rasti-

¹[Jourgniac's 'Mon Agonie,' etc., was printed by Desenne in 1792: before his own death Jourgniac boasted of possessing 58 editions of it, and there were twelve in 1792 alone.

The 'Relation Historique sur les journées de 2 et 3 Septembre 1792,' by the Abbé Sicard, was published by A. Bertrand, Paris, 1806.

'Les Crimes de Marat, ou ma Résurrection,' by Maton de la Varenne, was first published by André at Paris 1795. (See Tourneux, i. 290, etc.)]

‘gnac appeared in the pulpit of the Chapel, which was our prison ; they had entered by a door from the stairs. They said to us that our end was at hand ; that we must compose ourselves, and receive their last blessing. An electric movement, not to be defined, threw us all on our knees, and we received it. These two whitehaired old men, blessing us from their place above ; death hovering over our heads, on all hands environing us ; the moment is never to be forgotten. Half an hour after, they were both massacred, and we heard their cries.’¹—Thus Jourgniac in his *Agony* in the Abbaye.

But now let the good Maton speak, what he, over in La Force, in the same hours, is suffering and witnessing. This *Résurrection* by him is greatly the best, the least theatrical of these Pamphlets ; and stands testing by documents :

‘Towards seven o’clock,’ on Sunday night, ‘prisoners were called frequently, and they did not reappear. Each of us reasoned, in his own way, on this singularity : but our ideas became calm, as we persuaded ourselves that the Memorial I had drawn up for the National Assembly was producing effect.’

‘At one in the morning, the grate which led to our quarter opened anew. Four men in uniform, each with a drawn sabre and blazing torch, came up to our corridor, preceded by a turnkey ; and entered an apartment close to ours, to investigate a box there, which we heard them break up. This done, they stepped into the gallery, and questioned the man Cuissa, to know where Lamotte’ (Necklace’s Widower) ‘was. Lamotte, they said, had some months ago, under pretext of a treasure he knew of, swindled a sum of three-hundred livres from one of them, inviting him to dinner for that purpose. The wretched Cuissa, now in their hands, who indeed lost his life this night, answered trembling, That he remembered the fact well, but could not tell what was become of Lamotte. Determined to find Lamotte and confront him with Cuissa, they rummaged, along with this latter, through various other apartments ; but without effect, for

¹ Jourgniac Saint-Méard, *Mon Agonie de Trente-huit heures* (reprinted in *Hist. Parl.* xviii, 103-135).

‘we heard them say: “Come search among the corpses then; for, *nom de Dieu!* we must find where he is.”

‘At this same time, I heard Louis Bardy, the Abbé Bardy’s name called: he was brought out; and directly massacred, as I learnt. He had been accused, along with his concubine, five or six years before, of having murdered and cut in pieces his own Brother, Auditor of the *Chambre des Comptes* of Montpellier; but had by his subtlety, his dexterity, nay his eloquence, outwitted the judges, and escaped.

‘One may fancy what terror these words, “Come search among the corpses then,” had thrown me into. I saw nothing for it now but resigning myself to die. I wrote my last-will; concluding it by a petition and adjuration, that the paper should be sent to its address. Scarcely had I quitted the pen, when there came two other men in uniform; one of them, whose arm and sleeve up to the very shoulder, as well as his sabre, were covered with blood, said, He was as weary as a hodman that had been beating plaster.’

‘Baudin de la Chénaye was called; sixty years of virtues could not save him. They said, *À l’Abbaye*: he passed the fatal outer-gate; gave a cry of terror, at sight of the heaped corpses; covered his eyes with his hands, and died of innumerable wounds. At every new opening of the grate, I thought I should hear my own name called, and see Rossignol enter.’

‘I flung off my night-gown and cap; I put-on a coarse unwashed shirt, a worn frock without waistcoat, an old round hat; these things I had sent for, some days ago, in the fear of what might happen.

‘The rooms of this corridor had been all emptied but ours. We were four together; whom they seemed to have forgotten: we addressed our prayers in common to the Eternal to be delivered from this peril.’

‘Baptiste the turnkey came up by himself, to see us. I took him by the hands; I conjured him to save us; promised him a hundred louis, if he would conduct me home. A noise coming from the grates made him hastily withdraw.

‘It was the noise of some dozen or fifteen men, armed to the teeth; as we, lying flat to escape being seen, could see from our windows. “Up stairs!” said they: “Let not one remain.” I took out my penknife; I considered where I should strike myself,—but reflected ‘that the blade was too short,’ and also ‘on religion.’

Finally, however, between seven and eight o’clock in the morning, enter four men with bludgeons and sabres!—‘To one of whom Gérard my comrade whispered, earnestly, apart. During their colloquy I searched everywhere for shoes, that I might lay off the Advocate pumps (*pantoufles de Palais*) I had on,’ but could find none.—‘Constant, called le Sauvage, Gérard, and a third whose name escapes me, they let clear off: as for me, four sabres were crossed over my breast, and they led me down. I was brought to their bar; to the Personage with the scarf, who sat as judge there. He was a lame man, of tall lank stature. He recognised me on the streets and spoke to me, seven months after. I have been assured that he was son of a retired attorney, and named Chepy. Crossing the Court called *Des Nourrices*, I saw Manuel haranguing in tricolor scarf.’ The trial, as we see, ends in acquittal and *resurrection*.¹

Poor Sicard, from the *violon* of the Abbaye, shall say but a few words; true-looking, though tremulous. Towards three in the morning, the killers bethink them of this little *violon*; and knock from the court. ‘I tapped gently, trembling lest the murderers might hear, on the opposite door, where the Section Committee was sitting: they answered gruffly, that they had no key. There were three of us in this *violon*: my companions thought they perceived a kind of loft overhead. But it was very high; only one of us could reach it by mounting on the shoulders of both the others. One of them said to me, that my life was usefuller than theirs: I resisted, they insisted: no denial! I fling myself on the neck of these two deliverers; never was scene more touching. I mount on the shoulders of the first, then on those of the second, finally on the loft; and address to my two comrades ‘the expression of a soul overwhelmed with natural emotions.’²

¹ Maton de la Varenne, *Ma Résurrection* (in *Hist. Parl.* xviii. 135-156).

² Abbé Sicard, *Relation adressée à un de ses amis* (*Hist. Parl.* xviii. 98-103).

The two generous companions, we rejoice to find, did not perish. But it is time that Jourgniac de Saint-Méard should speak his last words, and end this singular trilogy. The night had become day; and the day has again become night. Jourgniac, worn down with uttermost agitation, was fallen asleep, and had a cheering dream: he has also contrived to make acquaintance with one of the volunteer bailiffs, and spoken in native Provençal with him. On Tuesday, about one in the morning, his *Agony* is reaching its crisis.

‘By the glare of two torches, I now descried the terrible tribunal, where lay my life or my death. The President, in gray coat, with a sabre at his side, stood leaning with his hands against a table, on which were papers, an inkstand, tobacco-pipes and bottles. Some ten persons were around, seated or standing; two of whom had jackets and aprons: others were sleeping stretched on benches. Two men, in bloody shirts, guarded the door of the place; an old turnkey had his hand on the lock. In front of the President three men held a Prisoner, who might be about sixty’ (or seventy: he was old Marshal Maillé,¹ of the Tuileries and August Tenth). ‘They stationed me in a corner; my guards crossed their sabres on my breast. I looked on all sides for my Provençal: two National Guards, one of them drunk, presented some appeal from the Section of Croix Rouge in favour of the Prisoner; the Man in Gray answered: “They are useless, these appeals for traitors.” Then the Prisoner exclaimed: “It is frightful; your judgment is a murder.” The President answered: “My hands are washed of it; take M. Maillé away.” They drove him into the street; where, through the opening of the door, I saw him massacred.

‘The President sat down to write; registering, I suppose, the name of this one whom they had finished; then I heard him say: “Another, *À un autre!*”

‘Behold me then haled before this swift and bloody judgment-bar, where the best protection was to have no protection, and

¹[Marshal Mailly was not killed at the Abbaye—he escaped to Picardy and was guillotined by Lebon at Arras March 25th 1794.]

‘all resources of ingenuity became null if they were not founded on truth. Two of my guards held me each by a hand, the third by the collar of my coat. “Your name, your profession?” said the President. “The smallest lie ruins you,” added one of the Judges.—“My name is Jourgniac Saint-Méard; I have served, as an officer, twenty years: and I appear at your tribunal with the assurance of an innocent man, who therefore will not lie.”—“We shall see that,” said the President: “Do you know why you are arrested?”—“Yes Monsieur le Président; I am accused of editing the Journal *De la Cour et de la Ville*. But I hope to prove the falsity.”’—

But no; Jourgniac’s proof of the falsity, and defence generally, though of excellent result as a defence, is not interesting to read. It is longwinded; there is a loose theatricality in the reporting of it, which does not amount to unverity, yet which tends that way. We shall suppose him successful, beyond hope, in proving and disproving; and skip largely,—to the catastrophe, almost at two steps.

“But after all,” said one of the Judges, “there is no smoke without kindling; tell us why they accuse you of that.”—“I was about to do so”’—Jourgniac does so; with more and more success.

“Nay,” continued I, “they accuse me even of recruiting for the Emigrants!” At these words there arose a general murmur. “O Messieurs, Messieurs,” I exclaimed, raising my voice, “it is my turn to speak; I beg M. le Président to have the kindness to maintain it for me; I never needed it more.”—“True enough, true enough,” said almost all the Judges with a laugh: “Silence!”

While they were examining the testimonials I had produced, a new Prisoner was brought in, and placed before the President. “It was one Priest more,” they said, “whom they had ferreted out of the Chapelle.” After very few questions: “*À la Force!*” He flung his breviary on the table; was hurled forth, and massacred. I reappeared before the tribunal.

“You tell us always,” cried one of the Judges, with a tone of

‘impatience, “that you are not this, that you are not that; what are you then?”—“I was an open Royalist.”—There arose a general murmur; which was miraculously appeased by another of the men, who had seemed to take an interest in me: “We are not here to judge opinions,” said he, “but to judge the results of them.” Could Rousseau and Voltaire both in one, pleading for me, have said better?—“Yes, Messieurs,” cried I, “always till the Tenth of August I was an open Royalist. Ever since the Tenth of August that cause has been finished. I am a Frenchman, true to my country. I was always a man of ‘honour.’”

“My soldiers never distrusted me. Nay, two days before that business of Nanci, when their suspicion of their officers was at its height, they chose me for commander, to lead them to Lunéville, to get back the prisoners of the Regiment Mestre-de-Camp, and seize General Malseigne.” Which fact there is, most luckily, an individual present who by a certain token can confirm.

‘The President, this cross-questioning being over, took off his hat and said: “I see nothing to suspect in this man: I am for granting him his liberty. Is that your vote?” To which all the Judges answered: “*Oui, Oui*; it is just!”’

And there arose vivats within doors and without; ‘escort of three,’ amid shoutings and embracings: thus Jourgniac escaped from jury-trial and the jaws of death.¹ Maton and Sicard did, either by trial and no bill found, lank President Chepy finding ‘absolutely nothing;’ or else by evasion, and new favour of Moton the brave watchmaker, likewise escape; and were embraced and wept over; weeping in return, as they well might.

Thus they three, in wondrous trilogy, or triple soliloquy: uttering simultaneously, through the dread night-watches, their Night-thoughts,—grown audible to us! They Three are become audible: but the other ‘Thousand and Eighty-nine, of whom Two-hundred and two were Priests,’ who also had Night-thoughts, remain inaudible; choked forever in black Death. Heard only of President Chepy and the Man in Gray!—

¹ Mon Agonie, (*ut supra*, Hist. Parl. xviii. 128).

CHAPTER VI

THE CIRCULAR

BUT the Constituted Authorities, all this while? The Legislative Assembly; the Six Ministers; the Townhall; Santerre with the National Guard?—It is very curious to think what a City is. Theatres, to the number of some twenty-three, were open every night during these prodigies; while right-arms here grew weary with slaying, right-arms there were twiddledeeing on melodious catgut: at the very instant when Abbé Sicard was clambering up his second pair of shoulders, three-men high, five hundred thousand human individuals were lying horizontal, as if nothing were amiss.

As for the poor Legislative, the sceptre had departed from it. The Legislative did send Deputation to the Prisons, to these Street-Courts; and poor M. Dusaulx did harangue there; but produced no conviction whatsoever: nay at last, as he continued haranguing, the Street-Court interposed, not without threats; and he had to cease, and withdraw. This is the same poor worthy old M. Dusaulx who told, or indeed almost sang (though with cracked voice), the *Taking of the Bastille*, to our satisfaction, long since. He was wont to announce himself, on such and on all occasions, as *the Translator of Juvenal*. “Good Citizens, you see before you a man who loves his country, who is the Translator of Juvenal,” said he once.—“Juvenal?” interrupts Sansculottism: “Who the devil is Juvenal? One of your *sacrés Aristocrates*? To the *Lanterne!*” From an orator of this kind, conviction was not to be expected. The Legislative had much ado to save one of its own Members, or Ex-Members, Deputy Jounneau, who chanced to be lying in arrest for mere Parliamentary delinquencies, in these Prisons. As for poor old Dusaulx and Company, they returned to the Salle de Manége, saying, “It was dark; and they could not see well what was going on.”¹

Roland writes indignant messages, in the name of Order,

¹ Moniteur, Debate of 2d September 1792.

Humanity and the Law ; but there is no Force at his disposal. Santerre's National Force seems lazy to rise : though he made requisitions, he says,—which always dispersed again. Nay did not we, with Advocate Maton's eyes, see 'men in uniform' too, with their 'sleeves bloody to the shoulder?' Petion goes in tricolor scarf ; speaks 'the austere language of the law :' the killers give up, while he is there ; when his back is turned, recommence. Manuel too in scarf we, with Maton's eyes, transiently saw haranguing, in the Court called of Nurses, *Cour des Nourrices*. On the other hand, cruel Billaud, likewise in scarf, 'with that small puce coat and black wig we are used to on him,'¹ audibly delivers, 'standing among corpses,' at the Abbaye, a short but ever-memorable harangue, reported in various phraseology, but always to this purpose : "Brave Citizens, you are extirpating the Enemies of Liberty ; you are at your duty. A grateful Commune and Country would wish to recompense you adequately ; but cannot, for you know its want of funds. Whoever shall have worked (*travaillé*) in a Prison shall receive a draft of one louis, payable by our cashier. Continue your work."² The Constituted Authorities are of yesterday : all pulling different ways : there is properly no Constituted Authority, but every man is his own King ; and all are kinglets, belligerent, allied, or armed-neutral, without king over them.

'O everlasting infamy,' exclaims Montgaillard, 'that Paris stood looking on in stupor for four days, and did not interfere !' Very desirable indeed that Paris had interferred ; yet not unnatural that it stood even so, looking on in stupor. Paris is in death-panic, the enemy and gibbets at its door : whosoever in Paris has the heart to front death, finds it more pressing to do it fighting the Prussians, than fighting the killers of Aristocrats. Indignant abhorrence, as in Roland, may be here ; gloomy sanction, premeditation or not, as in Marat and Committee of Salvation, may be there ; dull disapproval, dull approval, and acquiescence in Necessity and Destiny, is the general temper.

¹ Méhée Fils (*ut suprà*, in Hist. Parl. xviii. p. 189).

² Montgaillard, iii. 191.

The Sons of Darkness, 'two-hundred or so,' risen from their lurking-places, have scope to do their work. Urged on by fever-frenzy of Patriotism, and the madness of Terror;—urged on by lucre, and the gold louis of wages? Nay, not lucre; for the gold watches, rings, money of the Massacred, are punctually brought to the Townhall, by Killers sans-indispensables, who higgler afterwards for their twenty shillings of wages; and Sergent sticking an uncommonly fine agate on his finger (fully 'meaning to account for it') becomes *Agate-Sergent*. But the temper, as we say, is dull acquiescence. Not till the Patriotic or Frenetic part of the work is finished for want of material; and Sons of Darkness, bent clearly on lucre alone, begin wrenching watches and purses, brooches from ladies' necks, "to equip volunteers," in daylight, on the streets,—does the temper from dull grow vehement; does the Constable raise his truncheon, and striking heartily (like a cattle-driver in earnest) beat the 'course of things'¹ back into its old regulated drove-roads. The *Garde-Meuble* itself was surreptitiously plundered,² on the 17th of the month, to Roland's new horror; who anew bestirs himself, and is, as Sieyès says, 'the veto of scoundrels,' Roland *veto des coquins*.³—

¹[For several days following the massacres the streets of Paris were given up to the criminal class; every respectable person was plundered of his valuables in open day by bands of thieves, acting under pretext of confiscating superfluities for the cause of National defence (Mortimer-Ternaux, iv. 1, *sqq.*.)]

²[The plunder of the *Garde-Meuble*, with the theft of the crown diamonds therefrom, remains one of the enigmas of history. Two views are put forward, one that the job was simply the work of expert professional thieves, the other that it could not have been accomplished without Danton's connivance. The latter view rests mainly upon Madame Roland, who accuses Fabre d'Églantine, acting under Danton's orders. It is suggested by M. Drumont (Rev. de la Rév. v. 169) that money was needed by Danton in order to bribe some Prussian diplomats with a view to purchasing Brunswick's retreat, that Panis suggested to Danton the theft of the crown diamonds, and that Danton (who was perfectly unscrupulous as to means) thought they could not be used for a more patriotic purpose. There is nothing impossible in this; but as a great many thieves and receivers were brought to trial, and as the trials seem to have been fairly conducted, yet no evidence implicating any one in authority obtained, one is inclined to lean to the former view. Two thieves were caught red-handed: the receivers were mostly Jews, and several persons were actually executed for the theft. In their anxiety to recover some at least of the stolen property, Roland and Petion entered into secret relations with some very questionable characters. The last Warden of the Treasury had inventoried the goods as worth 25 million francs; and all but about half a million's worth were stolen.]

³Helen Maria Williams, iii. 27.

This is the September Massacre, otherwise called 'Severe Justice of the People.' These are the Septemberers (*Septembri-seurs*); a name of some note and lucency,—but lucency of the Nether-fire sort; very different from that of our Bastille Heroes, who shone, disputable by no Friend of Freedom, as in Heavenly light-radiance: to such phasis of the business have we advanced since then! The numbers massacred are, in the Historical *fantasy*, 'between two and three thousand;' or indeed they are 'upwards of six thousand,' for Peltier (in vision) saw them massacring the very patients of the Bicêtre Madhouse 'with grape-shot;' nay finally they are 'twelve thousand' and odd hundreds,—not more than that.¹ In Arithmetical ciphers, and Lists drawn up by accurate Advocate Maton, the number, including two-hundred and two priests, three 'persons unknown,' and 'one thief killed at the Bernardins,' is, as above hinted, a Thousand and Eighty-nine,—not less than that.²

A thousand and eighty-nine lie dead, 'two-hundred and sixty heaped carcasses on the Pont au Change' itself;—among which, Robespierre pleading afterwards will 'nearly weep' to reflect that there was said to be one slain innocent.³ One; not two, O thou seagreen Incorruptible? If so, Themis Sansculotte must be lucky; for she was brief!—In the dim Registers of the Townhall, which are preserved to this day, men read, with a certain sickness of heart, items and entries not usual in Town Books: 'To workers employed in preserving the salubrity of the air in the Prisons, and persons who presided over these dangerous operations,' so much,—in various items, nearly seven hundred pounds sterling. To carters employed to 'the Burying-grounds of Clamart, Montrouge and Vaugirard,' at so much a journey, per

¹ See Hist. Parl. xvii. 421, 22.

² [The official list of all the prisoners killed is given by M. Granier de Cassagnac (Hist. des Massacres de Septembre) with a total of 1458. It is quite a mistake to imagine that only Royalists were killed, or only Aristocrats, or even only grown up people. Mortimer-Ternaux (iii. 297) gives a list of 43 boys, all in the humblest ranks of life, mere ordinary criminals, who suffered; these range from 12 to 17 years of age. At the *Salpêtrière* 35 women were killed, most of them being ravished first (*ibid.* iii. 316-7), and the totals at the different prisons are according to him 1368, *viz.*, at the *Abbaye* 171, *La Force* 169, *Châtelet* 223, *Conciergerie* 328, *Bernardins* 73, *Carmes* 120, *Saint-Firmin* 79, *Bicêtre* 170, *Salpêtrière* 35.]

³ *Moniteur* of 6th November (Debate of November 5th 1793).

cart; this also is an entry. Then so many francs and odd sous 'for the necessary quantity of quick-lime!' ¹ Carts go along the streets; full of stript human corpses, thrown pellmell; limbs sticking up:—seest thou that cold Hand sticking-up, through the heaped embrace of brother corpses, in its yellow paleness, in its cold rigour; the palm opened towards Heaven, as if in dumb prayer, in expostulation *de profundis*, Take pity on the Sons of Men!—Mercier saw it, as he walked down 'the Rue Saint-Jacques from Montrouge, on the morrow of the Massacres:' but not a Hand: it was a Foot,—which he reckons still more significant, one understands not well why. Or was it as the Foot of one *spurning* Heaven? Rushing, like a wild diver, in disgust and despair, towards the depths of Annihilation? Even there shall His hand find thee, and His right-hand hold thee,—surely for right not for wrong, for good not evil! 'I saw that 'Foot,' says Mercier; 'I shall know it again at the great Day of 'Judgment, when the Eternal, throned on his thunders, shall 'judge both Kings and Septemberers.'²

That a shriek of inarticulate horror rose over this thing, not only from French Aristocrats and Moderates, but from all Europe, and has prolonged itself to the present day, was most natural and right. The thing lay done, irrevocable; a thing to be counted beside some other things, which lie very black in our Earth's Annals, yet which will not erase therefrom. For man, as was remarked, has transcendentalisms in him; standing, as he does, poor creature, every way 'in the confluence of Infinitudes;' a mystery to himself and others: in the centre of two Eternities, of three Immensities,—in the intersection of primeval Light with the everlasting Dark!—Thus have there been, especially by vehement tempers reduced to a state of desperation, very miserable things done. Sicilian Vespers, and 'eight thousand slaughtered in two hours,' are a known thing.³ Kings themselves,

¹ *État des sommes payées par la Commune de Paris* (Hist. Parl. xviii. 231).

² Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, vi. 21.

³ [Amari, *Storia della Guerra del Vespro Siciliano* (Engl. Trans. (London, 1850), i. 177, *sqq.*), gives the numbers killed at the first outbreak, March 31st 1282, as 2000—but the massacres continued for some days.]

not in desperation, but only in difficulty, have sat hatching, for year and day (nay De Thou says for seven years), their Bartholomew Business; and then, at the right moment, also on an Autumn Sunday, this very Bell (they say it is the identical metal) of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois was set a-pealing—with effect.¹ Nay the same black boulder-stones of these Paris Prisons have seen Prison-massacres before now; men massacring countrymen, Burgundies massacring Armagnacs, whom they had suddenly imprisoned, till, as now, there were piled heaps of carcasses, and the streets ran red;—the Mayor Petion of the time speaking the austere language of the law, and answered by the Killers, in old French (it is some four hundred years old): “*Maugré bieu,*² *Sire,*—Sir, God’s malison on your ‘justice,’ your ‘pity,’ your ‘right reason.’ Cursed be of God whoso shall have pity on these false traitorous Armagnacs, English; dogs they are; they have destroyed us, wasted this realm of France, and sold it to the English.”³ And so they slay, and fling aside the slain, to the extent of ‘fifteen hundred and eighteen, among whom are found ‘four Bishops of false and damnable counsel, and two Presidents ‘of Parlement.’⁴ For though it is not Satan’s world this that we live in, Satan always has his place in it (underground properly); and from time to time bursts up. Well may mankind shriek, inarticulately anathematising as they can. There are actions of such emphasis that no shrieking can be too emphatic for them. Shriek ye; acted have they.

Shriek who might in this France, in this Paris Legislative or Paris Townhall, there are Ten Men who do not shriek. A Circular goes out from the Committee of *Salut Public*,⁵ dated 3d of September 1792; directed to all Townhalls: a State-paper too remarkable to be overlooked. ‘A part of the ferocious conspirators detained in the Prisons,’ it says, ‘have been put to death ‘by the People; and we cannot doubt but the whole Nation,

¹ 9th to 13th September 1572 (Dulaure, *Hist. de Paris*, iv. 289). [The massacre lasted for about three weeks from August 24th 1572.]

² [*Sic* for ‘Maugrebleu’.]

³ Dulaure, iii. 494.

⁴ [The Burgundian massacre of the *Armagnac* party lasted from March 28th to Aug. 21st 1418. Lavissee et Rambaud, *Hist. Gén.* iii. 139-40, admit nearly 10,000 victims.]

⁵ [Carlyle means the *Comité de Surveillance*.]

'driven to the edge of ruin by such endless series of treasons, 'will make haste to adopt *this* means of public salvation; and 'all Frenchmen will cry as the men of Paris: We go to fight the 'enemy; but we will not leave robbers behind us, to butcher 'our wives and children.' To which are legibly appended these signatures: Panis; Sergent; Marat, Friend of the People;¹ with Seven others;—carried down thereby, in a strange way, to the late remembrance of Antiquarians. We remark, however, that their Circular rather recoiled on themselves. The Town-halls made no use of it; even the distracted Sansculottes made little; they only howled and bellowed, but did not bite. At Rheims 'about eight persons' were killed; and two afterwards were hanged for doing it. At Lyons, and a few other places, some attempt was made; but with hardly any effect, being quickly put down.²

Less fortunate were the Prisoners of Orléans; was the good Duke de La Rochefoucault. He journeying, by quick stages, with his Mother and Wife, towards the Waters of Forges, or some quieter country, was arrested at Gisors; conducted along the streets, amid effervescing multitudes, and killed dead 'by the stroke of a paving-stone hurled through the coach-window.' Killed as a once Liberal now Aristocrat; Protector of Priests, Suspender of virtuous Petitions, and most unfortunate Hot-grown-cold, detestable to Patriotism. He dies lamented of Europe; his blood spattering the cheeks of his old Mother, ninety-three years old.³

¹ Hist. Parl. xvii. 433.

²[The Circular was issued in the name of the whole *Commune*, but was undoubtedly only the work of its signatories or even of some of its signatories (for forgery is quite possible). It is signed by Duplain, Panis, Sergent, Lenfant, Jourdeuil, Marat, Deforgues, Duffort, Cailly; and was sent out in the official covers of the Ministry of Justice. It is quite possible that Marat forged the whole thing, signatures and all, and that Fabre d'Églantine or Panis gave him the covers. Danton never officially denied responsibility for it (*see* note at end of chapter), but the evidence is strong that he had nothing to do with it. (*See* Mortimer-Ternaux, 303 *sqq.*) The Circular invites all France to follow the example of Paris, but it had no great effect: there were a few small massacres at Lyons, Meaux, Rheims, Charleville, Caen (at Rheims two priests were burnt alive); but the murderers were probably emissaries from Paris.]

³[La Rochefoucauld was not *going to* Forges but was *at* Forges, when he was arrested by order of the Assembly (having been decreed accused together with

As for the Orléans Prisoners, they are State Criminals: Royalist Ministers, Delessarts, Montmorins;¹ who have been accumulating on the High Court of Orléans, ever since that Tribunal was set up. Whom now it seems good that we should get transferred to our new Paris Court of the Seventeenth; which proceeds far quicker.² Accordingly hot Fournier from Martinique, Fournier *l'Américain*, is off,³ missioned by Constituted Authority; with staunch National Guards, with Lazowski the Pole;⁴ sparingly provided with road-money. These, through bad quarters, through difficulties, perils, for Authorities cross each other in this time,—do triumphantly bring off the Fifty or Fifty-three Orléans Prisoners, towards Paris; where a swifter Court of the Seventeenth will do justice on them.⁵ But lo, at Paris, in the interim, a still swifter and swiftest Court of the *Second*, and of *September*, has instituted itself: enter not Paris, or that will judge you!—What shall hot Fournier do? It was his duty, as volunteer Constable, had he been a perfect character, to guard those men's lives never so Aristocratic, at the expense of his own valuable life never so Sansculottic, till some Constituted

Adrian Duport, Aug. 18th, for his courageous action on June 20th). Duport was saved by Danton (who even braved Marat's fury to save him), and escaped to Switzerland. La Rochefoucauld was being conducted back to Paris, when he was massacred at Gisors. (Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 347.)]

¹[Montmorin was not among the Orléans prisoners (*vid. note supr.*, vol. i. p. 99); he had been sent straight to the *Abbaye* Aug. 1st, and was massacred on Sept. 2nd. Of the 44 persons massacred at Versailles Delessart and Brissac were the most distinguished.]

²[The Court of Orléans being composed of jurors elected by all the departments of France, was of course less bloody than the Parisian *Tribunal*.]

³[Claude Fournier, born in Auvergne, a rum distiller in Martinique, appears first in connection with the *Marseillais*, Aug. 10th. He was imprisoned in '93, released at Thermidor, but transported for his share in the explosion of the 'infernal machine' under the Consulate. He returned to France 1815 and died in abject poverty 1825.]

⁴[This Claude Lazowski must not be confused with his brother, who was the friend of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt and of Arthur Young (*see* Young, pp. 185-6). Both brothers were Polish exiles, whose father had accompanied King Stanislas to Lorraine. Claude Lazowski came to Paris from Bordeaux, and made himself a name as a captain of cannoneers in the Section *Finistère* on Aug. 10th. He was one of the 'Committee of Insurrection' of March '93 at the *Café Corazza*, and died of drink in April '93; the Convention gave him a magnificent public funeral.]

⁵ Hist. Parl. xvii. 434.

Court had disposed of them. But he was an imperfect character and Constable ; perhaps one of the more imperfect.

Hot Fournier, ordered to turn thither by one Authority, to turn thither by another Authority, is in a perplexing multiplicity of orders ; but finally he strikes off for Versailles. His Prisoners fare in tumbrils, or open carts, himself and Guards riding and marching around : and at the last village, the worthy Mayor of Versailles comes to meet him, anxious that the arrival and locking-up were well over. It is Sunday, the ninth day of the month. Lo, on entering the Avenue of Versailles, what multitudes, stirring, swarming in the September sun, under the dull-green September foliage ; the Four-rowed Avenue all humming and swarming, as if the Town had emptied itself ! Our tumbrils roll heavily through the living sea ; the Guards and Fournier making way with ever more difficulty ; the Mayor speaking and gesturing his persuasivest ; amid the inarticulate growling hum, which growls ever the deeper even by hearing itself growl, not without sharp yelpings here and there :—Would to God we were out of this strait place, and wind and separation had cooled the heat, which seems about igniting here !

And yet if the wide Avenue is too strait, what will the Street *de Surintendance* be, at leaving of the same ? At the corner of Surintendance Street, the compressed yelpings become a continuous yell : savage figures spring on the tumbril-shafts ; first spray of an endless coming tide ! The Mayor pleads, pushes, half-desperate ; is pushed, carried off in men's arms : the savage tide has entrance, has mastery. Amid horrid noise, and tumult as of fierce wolves, the Prisoners sink massacred,—all but some eleven, who escaped into houses, and found mercy. The Prisons, and what other Prisoners they held, were with difficulty saved. The stript clothes are burnt in bonfire ; the corpses lie heaped in the ditch on the morrow morning.¹ All France, except it be the

¹ Pièces officielles relatives au massacre des Prisonniers à Versailles (in Hist. Parl. xviii. 236-249). [On Aug. 20th a deputation from the *Commune* came to demand leave of the Assembly to "fetch" the Orléans prisoners to Paris ; on 30th this demand was repeated, the Assembly ordered them to be sent for, and Roland sent to Fournier (who had already started on behalf of the *Commune*) a commission in form. The Assembly (foreseeing the result if they came to Paris) sent

Ten Men of the Circular and their people, moans and rages, inarticulately shrieking; all Europe rings.

But neither did Danton shriek; though, as Minister of Justice, it was more his part to do so. Brawny Danton is in the breach, as of stormed Cities and Nations; amid the sweep of Tenth-of-August cannon, the rustle of Prussian gallows-ropes, the smiting of September sabres; destruction all round him, and the rushing-down of worlds: Minister of Justice is his name; but Titan of the Forlorn Hope, and *Enfant Perdu* of the Revolution, is his quality,—and the man acts according to that. “We must put our enemies in fear!” Deep fear, is it not, as of its own accord, falling on our enemies? The Titan of the Forlorn Hope, he is not the man that would swiftest of all prevent its so falling. Forward, thou lost Titan of an *Enfant Perdu*; thou must dare, and again dare, and without end dare; there is nothing left for thee but that! “*Que mon nom soit flétri*, Let my name be blighted:” what am I? The Cause alone is great; and shall live, and not perish.—So, on the whole, here too is a Swallower of Formulas; of still wider gulp than Mirabeau: this Danton, Mirabeau of the Sansculottes. In the September days, this Minister was not heard of as cooperating with strict Roland; his business might lie elsewhere,—with Brunswick and the Hôtel-de-Ville. When applied to by an official person, about the Orléans Prisoners, and the risks they ran, he answered gloomily, twice over, “Are not these men guilty?”—When pressed, he ‘answered in a terrible voice,’ and turned his back.¹ A thousand slain in the Prisons; horrible if you will: but Brunswick is within a day’s journey of us; and there are Five-and-twenty Millions yet, to slay or to save. Some men have tasks,—frightfuller than ours! It seems strange, but is not strange, that this Minister of Moloch-

on the 3rd directions for the prisoners to be diverted to Saumur. Fournier on his own responsibility disobeyed this, and took them to Versailles, where the trained Paris murderers met and finished them. Fournier sent in an account of his expenses to Roland, and got them paid; he had also handsomely plundered his prisoners, especially de Brissac. He seems to have had a large escort of 1,500 men, but of course made no attempt to protect the prisoners; and the only attempt made was by Richaud, the Maire of Versailles. (Masson, *Affaires Etrangères*, 214 *sqq.*; Carnot, *Corresp. Gén.* i. 45; Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 369, 590, etc.)]

¹ *Biographie des Ministres*, p. 97.

Justice, when any suppliant for a friend's life got access to him, was found to have human compassion; and yielded and granted 'always;' 'neither did one personal enemy of Danton perish in these days.'¹

To shriek, we say, when certain things are acted, is proper and unavoidable. Nevertheless, articulate speech, not shrieking, is the faculty of man: when speech is not yet possible, let there be, with the shortest delay, at least—silence. Silence, accordingly, in this forty-fourth year of the business, and eighteen hundred and thirty-sixth of an 'Era called Christian as *lucus à non*,' is the thing we recommend and practise. Nay, instead of shrieking more, it were perhaps edifying to remark, on the other side, what a singular thing Customs (in Latin, *Mores*) are; and how fitly the Virtue, *Virtus* Manhood or Worth, that is in a man, is called his *Morality* or *Customariness*. Fell Slaughter, one of the most authentic products of the Pit you would say, once give it Customs, becomes War, with Laws of War; and is Customary and Moral enough; and red individuals carry the tools of it girt round their haunches, not without an air of pride,—which do thou nowise blame. While, see! so long as it is but dressed in hodden or russet; and Revolution, less frequent than War, has not yet got its Laws of Revolution, but the hodden or russet individuals are Uncustomary—O shrieking beloved brother block-heads of Mankind, let us close those wide mouths of ours; let us cease shrieking, and begin considering!

[*The Responsibility for the Massacres.*—To attempt to apportion the responsibility is not altogether easy. Granted that the idea originated with the *Comité de Surveillance* of the *Commune*, every one in authority who made no serious effort to stop the massacres was responsible to some extent for their continuance.

Now these authorities were: 1. The Assembly; 2. The Executive Council, especially the Minister of the Interior (Roland) and the Minister of Justice (Danton); 3. The *Commune* and the *Maire* of Paris.

1. The Massacre at the *Abbaye* began about 2 P.M. on Sept. 2nd. A deputation from the *Commune* arrived at 8 P.M. at the Assembly, and invited the Assembly to deliberate on 'the wish of the people to break into the prisons.' The Assembly sent 12 Commissioners to make a tour of the prisons and see what was going on, and before 11 P.M. these Commissioners returned, and, by the mouth of Dusaulx, reported that they had been unable to make the murderers listen to them, and "could not see much because of the darkness." At 11 P.M. the Assembly adjourned

¹ *Biographie des Ministres*, p. 103.

without further action, leaving a small number of members to represent the *Séance permanente* (which had lasted since Aug. 10th). At 2.30 A.M. on 3rd deputies from the *Commune* arrived (Tallien being one), and reported that a great number of scoundrels had been killed at the *Abbaye*, *Châtelet* and *La Force*, and that no National Guards could be spared from the Barriers to interfere. The Assembly met again at 9 A.M., and heard this report read, but took no steps or votes on it at all. On the evening of 3rd its Committee of twenty-one reported, by Gensonné, that it was 'urgently necessary to recall the people of the Capital 'to its dignity, character and duties, and to order the *Commune* to take steps to 'assure the security of life and property.' On the 4th a copy of this resolution was sent to each Section of Paris: no notice being taken of this, the Committee of twenty-one tendered its resignation, which was not accepted. It is thus pretty evident that the Assembly did nothing to stop the massacres.

2. Roland, a merciful man, who was capable on occasions of displaying obstinacy if not courage, was really horrified at the massacres; but on 2nd he did nothing: on 3rd he addressed to the Assembly his famous letter (. . . "it is perhaps necessary to draw a veil over the events of yesterday . . . I know that the people, terrible in its vengeance, yet exercises in it a sort of justice . . . it is directing its fury against those whom it believes to have been too long spared by the sword of the law"). On that evening Mme Roland gave a dinner party, at which Cloutz openly defended the massacres, and this horrified her. On 4th Roland wrote letters to the Assembly, to Petion and to Santerre, denouncing the massacres in a somewhat lukewarm manner, but asserting that he was powerless.

Granted that Roland was powerless, Danton stands at the bar; not for the massacres only, but for the circular as well. Mme Roland (who, owing to her personal hatred of Danton, is as good as no witness at all) believed the circular to be Danton's work; it certainly passed through his office and was the work of his subordinates Panis, Sergent, etc., but Danton notoriously paid no attention to the details of his office, and hardly ever signed papers. M. Aulard (*Etudes sur la Rév.*, Paris, 1893) and Mr. Belloc (Danton, 1899) fight hard for their hero, and I think that the stain of *direct* complicity in the massacres and the circular must be wiped from Danton's name. But neither of these writers nor any one else has been able to acquit Danton of cynical indifference to the events of these days; it seems that Danton must have known that Marat, Panis, Sergent, Robespierre, etc., were planning something of the kind; while the filling of the prisons with *Suspects* on 28th and 29th was a consequence of the domiciliary visits, which had been urged by Danton (*vid. supr.*, 287); several of his personal friends were removed from prison immediately before Sept. 2nd. Danton's only defence (and it is not a very good one for such a strong man) is that given in his speech of Jan. 21st 1793, 'No human power could have stopped the massacres when they were once begun.' It is true of course that the new government was totally unorganised, and that he was trying to organise it, and at the same time to raise troops for the defence of Paris; but such government as there was resided in his person: there was an armed force (the National Guard) and though it was in the hands of Santerre and the *Commune* he should, and he could have torn it from their hands, and used it to guard the prisons. I conclude then that Danton was far more guilty than Roland.

3. As for the *Commune* and the *Maire* (Petion) they did absolutely nothing on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday: on Thursday (the last day of the Paris massacres) Petion did go to *La Force* and actually told the murderers how horrible he thought them, bade them go away, and then went away himself: when he was gone they began again; Petion wrote several letters to Santerre ordering him to employ the National Guard, but Santerre was entirely the tool of the *Comité de Surveillance*. With this last body then the final responsibility rests; *i.e.*, with Marat (article in the *Ami du Peuple* Aug. 19th), Robespierre (who on 31st demanded the arrest of Roland, Brissot and thirty leading Girondists), Manuel, Hébert, Billaud, Panis, Sergent. No written orders from this body—or only one to a gaoler signed 'Panis, Sergent'—are extant, but Mortimer-Ternaux has collected (in his xi. book and his notes to vol. iii.) abundant evidence that verbal orders to

admit the murderers to the prisons were given by Panis, Sergent, Billaud and Hébert. Manuel (*Procureur-Syndic*), Billaud and Hébert (his two Substitutes) were present in person at several of the prisons; although Manuel was seized with horror at the sight, and tried to stop it, Billaud actually arranged on the spot for payment to the murderers, which seems to have varied from 20 to 5 fr. per man per day (*see* Mortimer-Ternaux, iii. 275, 528).

Finally we may note that, under the influence of emissaries from the *Commune*, some of the sections (notably *Louvre, Luxembourg*) voted the extermination of the prisoners (*ibid.* iii. 476): and the *Conseil-Général* of the *Commune* shut its eyes to the whole matter, consenting to vote (evening of 3rd) 12,000 fr. as payment for the work in the Prisons.]

CHAPTER VII

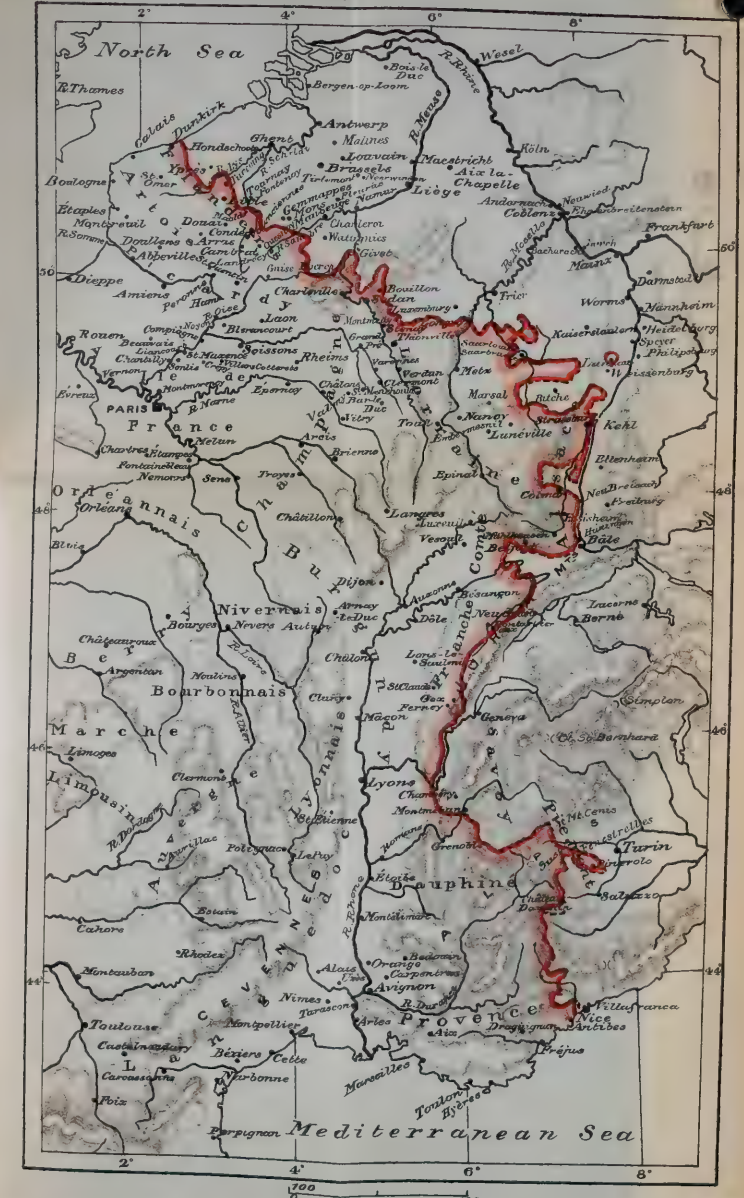
SEPTEMBER IN ARGONNE

PLAIN, at any rate, is one thing: that the *fear*, whatever of fear those Aristocrat enemies might need, has been brought about. The matter is getting serious then! Sansculottism too has become a Fact, and seems minded to assert itself as such? This huge mooncalf of Sansculottism, staggering about, as young calves do, is not mockable only, and soft like another calf; but terrible too, if you prick it; and, through its hideous nostrils, blows fire!—Aristocrats, with pale panic in their hearts, fly towards covert; and a light rises to them over several things; or rather a confused transition towards light, whereby for the moment darkness is only darker than ever. But what will become of this France? Here is a question! France is dancing its desert-waltz, as Sahara does when the winds waken; in whirlblasts twenty-five millions in number; waltzing towards Townhalls, Aristocrat Prisons and Election Committee-rooms; towards Brunswick and the frontiers;—towards a New Chapter of Universal History; if indeed it be not the *Finis*, and winding-up of that!

In Election Committee-rooms there is now no dubiety; but the work goes bravely along. The Convention is getting chosen,—really in a decisive spirit; in the Townhall we already date *First year of the Republic*. Some Two-hundred of our best Legislators may be re-elected, the Mountain bodily: Robespierre, with Mayor Petion, Buzot, Curate Grégoire, Rabaut, some three-score Old-Constituents; though we once had only ‘thirty voices.’ All these; and along with them, friends long known to Revolu-



MAP OF EASTERN FRONTIER.



tionary fame: Camille Desmoulins, though he stutters in speech; Manuel, Tallien and Company; Journalists Gorsas, Carra, Mercier, Louvet of *Faublas*; Cloutz Speaker of Mankind; Collot d'Herbois, tearing a passion to rags; Fabre d'Églantine, speculative Pamphleteer; Legendre, the solid Butcher; nay Marat, though rural France can hardly believe it, or even believe that there *is* a Marat, except in print. Of Minister Danton, who will lay down his Ministry for a Membership, we need not speak. Paris is fervent; nor is the Country wanting to itself.¹ Barbaroux, Rebecqui, and fervid Patriots are coming from Marseilles. Seven-hundred and forty-five men (or indeed forty-nine, for Avignon now sends Four) are gathering: so many are to meet; not so many are to part!

Attorney Carrier² from Aurillac, Ex-Priest Lebon³ from Arras, these shall both gain a *name*. Mountainous Auvergne re-elects her Romme;⁴ hardy tiller of the soil, once Mathematical Professor; who, unconscious, carries in petto a remarkable *New Calendar*, with Messidors, Pluviôses, and such like;—and having given it well forth, shall depart by the death they call Roman. Sieyès Old-Constituent comes; to make new Constitutions as

¹[Robespierre was elected first deputy for Paris, a fact which already marks his enormous importance in the eyes of the mob; it is true that the elections took place by open voting of the secondary electors, in the *Jacobins Hall* under Robespierre's presidency and that all electors who had ever been members of anti-Revolutionary Societies were excluded, while the mob in the galleries terrorised the rest (in the art of excluding enemies Cromwell was a clumsy infant compared to these men). Robespierre, Danton, Collot, Manuel, Billaud, Desmoulins, Marat, Laignelot, Lavicomterie, Robert, Fréron, Robespierre junior, Egalité were among the 24 deputies who represented Paris. The next most Radical deputation was that of the Pas-de-Calais, which sent Robespierre (who however chose to sit for Paris), Lebas, Guffroy, Maignet, Paine, Varlet, besides Carnot. (See *Les Conventiionnels* par J. Guiffrey (Paris, 1889), p. 47.)]

²[J. B. Carrier, born 1756 at Yolay, deputy for Cantal to the Convention: he first became famous on March 10th '93, as the proposer of the motion to create the Revolutionary Tribunal, was active on May 31st, was sent to Nantes in Oct. '93, where he invented the system of *Noyades* or wholesale drownings; the *Comité de Salut Public* recalled him on the eve of Thermidor. He was decreed accused Sept. 23rd '94, and after a long trial was executed December 16th.]

³[Lebon, born 1765, a friend of Robespierre at Arras, pupil of the Oratorians, 'Constitutional Curé,' *Maire* of Arras, 'proconsul' there 1793-4, member of *Comité de Sûreté Générale*, guillotined at Amiens Oct. 1795.]

⁴[Gilbert Romme, born at Riom 1750, deputy for Puy-de-Dôme to Legislative and Convention; arrested by the Girondins at Caen, when *en mission* there in June '93; author of the new *Calendar*; condemned to death for the insurrection of Prairial, he stabbed himself in court (June 20th '95).]

many as wanted: for the rest, peering out of his clear cautious eyes, he will cower low in many an emergency, and find silence safest. Young Saint-Just¹ is coming, deputed by Aisne in the North; more like a Student than a Senator; not four-and-twenty yet; who has written Books; a youth of slight stature, with mild mellow voice, enthusiast olive-complexion and long black hair. Féraud,² from the far valley D'Aure in the folds of the Pyrenees, is coming; an ardent Republican; doomed to fame, at least in death.

All manner of Patriot men are coming: Teachers, Husbandmen, Priests and Ex-Priests, Traders, Doctors; above all, Talkers, or the Attorney-species. Man midwives, as Levasseur³ of the Sarthe, are not wanting. Nor Artists: gross David,⁴ with the

¹[Louis Antoine de Saint-Just has found in M. Ernest Hamel (*Histoire de St. Just*, Paris 1859) an apologist of such ardour that one would be tempted to believe the book to be a satire, did not the same writer's 'Histoire de Robespierre' (1865--7) appear to prove his sincerity. Saint-Just was born in August 1767, of a poor family of *Noblesse*. His father was a Cavalry Officer, and he was brought up by the Oratorians at Soissons. He had the ill luck at the age of 19 to be confined for six months at Picpus, for stealing from his widowed mother's house various objects of value, in order to enjoy a sojourn at Paris on the proceeds (*see* *Rév. Fr.* xxxii. 97, *sg.*). He published a bad poem in 1789, and was introduced to C. Desmoulines in that year; commenced his Revolutionary career at Blérancourt with a flattering letter to Robespierre; published 'L'Esprit de la Révolution et de la Constitution Françaises'; stood for the Legislative, but was not of legal age: was elected to the Convention, and took a large part in all the most violent measures from Jan. '93 onwards; contributed more than any one to bring the Girondins to the scaffold: became a member of *Comité de Salut Public*, July 10th '93: went with Lebas to the Army of the Rhine, Oct. 17th, and established a fearful tyranny in Strasburg; fought bravely in the lines of Weissemburg; returned to Paris at the beginning of '94: took the lead (and perhaps forced Robespierre's hand) against the Hébertists and Dantonists (March—April '94), went to Army of North April 29th—June 28th; executed with Robespierre, 10th Thermidor. Altogether he passes for the incarnation of 'Virtue and Terror: the Virtue has often been questioned, the Terror never. (*Vid. infr.*, iii. 167.)]

²[Féraud or Ferraud, born 1764, sat for the Hautes-Pyrénées in the Convention: attached to the Girondin party, but escaped proscription, because he was absent *en mission* with the army of the E. Pyrenees: a leader of the Convention on the day of the 1st Prairial, he was massacred by the mob (*vid. infr.*, iii. 241) while defending the President's life.]

³[René Levasseur (not to be confounded with the soldier of the same name), born 1747, a surgeon and administrator of the district of Le Mans, deputy for the Sarthe to the Convention, Commissioner to the Army of the North, July 21st '93. Died 1834. The *Mémoires* published in his name in 1829 are not really by him, but by Achille Roche (*vid. infr.*, iii. 153).]

⁴[Jacques Louis David was born at Paris 1748, and educated for a painter from his childhood. He was already celebrated when, in 1774, he went to Rome, where he spent six years. In 1780 he returned to France to be the apostle of the 'antique' as opposed to the inheritors of the tradition of Watteau and Poussin. He became an Academician in 1783, and the most popular artist of his time. He sat for Paris in the Convention, and attached himself closely to Robespierre, was imprisoned for a short time after Thermidor, and again after Prairial, but then renounced

swoln cheek, has long painted, with genius in a state of convulsion; and will now legislate. The swoln cheek, choking his words in the birth, totally disqualifies him as an orator; but his pencil, his head, his gross hot heart, with genius in a state of convulsion, will be there. A man bodily and mentally swoln-cheeked, disproportionate; flabby-large, instead of great; weak withal as in a state of convulsion, not strong in a state of composure: so let him play his part. Nor are naturalised Benefactors of the Species forgotten: Priestley, elected by the Orne Department, but declining; Paine the rebellious Needleman, by the Pas-de-Calais, who accepts.

Few Nobles come, and yet not none. Paul-François Barras, 'noble as the Barrases, old as the rocks of Provence;' he is one. The reckless, shipwrecked man: flung ashore on the coast of the Maldives long ago, while sailing and soldiering as Indian Fighter: flung ashore since then, as hungry Parisian Pleasure-hunter and Half-pay, on many a Circe Island, with temporary enchantment, temporary conversion into beasthood and hoghood;—the remote Var Department has now sent him hither. A man of heat and haste; defective in utterance; defective indeed in any thing to utter; yet not without a certain rapidity of glance, a certain swift transient courage; who in these times, Fortune favouring, may go far. He is tall, handsome to the eye, 'only the complexion a little yellow;' but 'with a robe of purple, with a scarlet cloak and plume of tricolor, on occasions of solemnity,' the man will look well.¹ Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau,² Old-Con-

politics, and under the Empire was created a Baron and chief Court painter to Napoleon. He was exiled under the second Restoration, and died at Brussels 1825.]

¹ Dictionnaire des hommes marquans, § Barras. [Barras was born 1755, served in the American war, squandered his patrimony and looked to the Revolution to recoup him. He came to Paris in 1789, and took part in the Bastille day and on Aug. 10th; sat for the Var in the Convention, went *en mission* with Fréron to Toulon (where he probably made the acquaintance of Napoleon); a potent enemy of Robespierre in Thermidor, commanded the Sections who defended the Convention on that day, and in the subsequent insurrections of Germinal, Prairial and Vendémiaire: on the last occasion picked out Napoleon to help him; became a Director and made an immense fortune in office; adhered to the *Coup d'Etat* of Fructidor and to that of Brumaire, but retired to Brussels under the Empire (his early relations with Josephine made his presence at Paris awkward for Napoleon), and returned to Paris at the Restoration; died 1829.]

²[Lepelletier, *vid. supr.*, i. 420; *infr.*, 393.]

stituent, is a kind of noble, and of enormous wealth ; he too has come hither :—to have the Pain of Death *abolished* ? Hapless Ex-Parlementeer ! Nay, among our Sixty Old-Constituents, see Philippe D'Orléans, a Prince of the Blood ! Not now *D'Orléans* : for, Feudalism being swept from the world, he demands of his worthy friends the Electors of Paris, to have a new name of their choosing ; whereupon Procureur Manuel, like an antithetic literary man, recommends *Equality*, *Égalité*. A Philippe *Égalité*¹ therefore will sit ; seen of the Earth and Heaven.

Such a Convention is gathering itself together. Mere angry poultry in moulting season ; whom Brunswick's grenadiers and cannoneers will give short account of. Would the weather, as Bertrand is always praying, only mend a little !²

In vain, O Bertrand ! The weather will not mend a whit : nay even if it did ? Dumouriez Polymetis, though Bertrand knows it not, started from brief slumber at Sedan, on that morning of the 29th of August ; with stealthiness, with promptitude, audacity. Some three mornings after that, Brunswick, opening wide eyes, perceives the Passes of the Argonne all seized ; blocked with felled trees, fortified with camps ; and that it is a most shifty swift Dumouriez this, who has outwitted him !

The manœuvre may cost Brunswick 'a loss of three weeks,' very fatal in these circumstances. A Mountain-wall of forty miles lying between him and Paris : which he should have preoccupied ;—which how now to get possession of ? Also the rain it raineth every day ; and we are in a hungry Champagne Pouilleuse, a land flowing only with ditchwater. How to cross this Mountain-wall of the Argonne ; or what in the world to do with it ?—There are marchings and wet splashings by steep paths, with *sackerments* and guttural interjections ; forcings of Argonne Passes,—which unhappily will not force. Through the woods, volleying War reverberates, like huge gong-music, or Moloch's kettledrum, borne

¹[The name *Égalité* was given in an official permission by the *Commune* to 'Louis Philippe Joseph, Prince Français,' to change his name and that of his descendants for the future to *Égalité*, Sept. 15th 1792 (*see* *Moniteur*, Sept. 17th).]

²Bertrand-Moleville, *Mémoires*, ii. 225.

by the echoes ; swoln torrents boil angrily round the foot of rocks, floating pale carcasses of men. In vain ! Islettes Village, with its church-steeple, rises intact in the Mountain-pass, between the embosoming heights ; your forced marchings and climbings have become forced slidings, and tumbings back. From the hill-tops thou seest nothing but dumb crags, and endless wet moaning woods ; the Clermont *Vache* (huge Cow that she is) disclosing herself¹ at intervals ; flinging off her cloud-blanket, and soon taking it on again, drowned in the pouring Heaven. The Argonne Passes will not force : you must *skirt* the Argonne : go round by the end of it.

But fancy whether the Emigrant Seigneurs have not got their brilliancy dulled a little ; whether that ' Foot Regiment in red-facings with nankeen trousers ' could be in field-day order ! In place of gasconading, a sort of desperation, and hydrophobia from *excess* of water, is threatening to supervene. Young Prince de Ligne, son of that brave literary De Ligne the Thundergod of Dandies, fell backwards ; shot dead in Grand-Pré,² the Northmost of the Passes : Brunswick is skirting and rounding, laboriously, by the extremity of the South. Four days ; days of a rain as of Noah, —without fire, without food ! For fire you cut down green trees, and produce smoke ; for food you eat green grapes, and produce choleric, pestilential dysentery, ὀλέκοντο δὲ λαοί. And the Peasants assassinate us, they do not join us ; shrill women cry shame on us, threaten to draw their very scissors on us ! O ye hapless dulled-bright Seigneurs, and hydrophobic splashed Nankeens ;—but O, ten times more, ye poor *sackermenting* ghastly-visaged Hessians and Hulans, fallen on your backs ; who had no call to die there, except compulsion and three-halfpence a-day ! Nor has Mrs. Le Blanc of the Golden Arm a good time of it, in her bower of dripping rushes.

¹ See Helen Maria Williams, Letters, iii. 79-81.

² [Sept. 14th. This was Charles Joseph Emmanuel, aged 33, son of Charles Joseph the Austrian Field-Marshal, who was born 1735 of an ancient Belgian family ; the father fought in the Seven Years' War, and lived a great deal in Paris before the Revolution ; he wrote numerous works in French, notably the ' Journal de la Guerre de Sept Ans,' ' Vie du Prince Eugène,' ' Essai sur les Jardins,' etc. Mme de Staël, who published his ' Lettres et Pensées,' said of him that he was the only foreigner who wrote perfect French. He died in Vienna 1814.]

Assassinating Peasants are hanged ; Old-Constituent Honourable Members, though of venerable age, ride in carts with their hands tied : these are the woes of war.

Thus they ; sprawling and wriggling, far and wide, on the slopes and passes of the Argonne ;—a loss to Brunswick of five-and-twenty disastrous days. There is wriggling and struggling ; facing, backing and right-about facing ; as the positions shift, and the Argonne gets partly rounded, partly forced :—but still Dumouriez, force him, round him as you will, sticks like a rooted fixture on the ground ; fixture with many *hinges* ; wheeling now this way, now that ; showing always new front, in the most unexpected manner : nowise consenting to take himself away. Recruits stream up on him : full of heart ; yet rather difficult to deal with. Behind Grand-Pré, for example, Grand-Pré which is on the wrong-side of the Argonne, for we are now forced and rounded,—the full heart, in one of those wheelings and showings of new front, did as it were upset itself, as full hearts are liable to do ; and there rose a shriek of *saue qui peut*, and a death-panic which had nigh ruined all ! So that the General had to come galloping ; and, with thunder-words, with gesture, stroke of drawn sword even, check and rally, and bring back the sense of shame ;¹—nay to seize the first shriekers and ringleaders ; ‘shave their heads and eyebrows,’ and pack them forth into the world as a sign. Thus too (for really the rations are short, and wet camping with hungry stomach brings bad humour) there is like to be mutiny. Where-upon again Dumouriez ‘arrives at the head of their line, with his ‘staff, and an escort of a hundred hussars. He had placed some ‘squadrons behind them, the artillery in front ; he said to them : ‘“ As for you, for I will neither call you citizens, nor soldiers, nor ‘my men (*ni mes enfans*), you see before you this artillery, behind ‘you this cavalry. You have dishonoured yourselves by crimes. ‘If you amend, and grow to behave like this brave Army which ‘you have the honour of belonging to, you will find in me a good ‘father. But plunderers and assassins I do not suffer here. At ‘the smallest mutiny I will have you shivered in pieces (*hacher en*

¹ Dumouriez, Mémoires, iii. 29.

'*pièces*). Seek out the Scoundrels that are among you, and dismiss them yourselves ; I hold you responsible for them.'"¹

Patience, O Dumouriez ! This uncertain heap of shriekers, mutineers, were they once drilled and inured, will become a phalanxed mass of Fighters ; and wheel and whirl, to order, swiftly like the wind or the whirlwind : tanned mustachio-figures ; often barefoot, even bare-backed ; with sinews of iron ; who require only bread and gunpowder : very Sons of Fire, the adroitest, hastiest, hottest ever seen perhaps since Attila's time.² They may conquer and overrun amazingly, much as that same Attila did ;— whose Attila's-Camp and Battlefield thou now seest, on this very ground ;³ who, after sweeping bare the world, was, with difficulty, and days of tough fighting, checked *here* by Roman Ætius and Fortune ; and his dust-cloud made to vanish in the East again !—⁴

Strangely enough, in this shrieking Confusion of a Soldiery, which we saw long since fallen all suicidally out of square, in suicidal collision,—at Nanci, or on the streets of Metz, where brave Bouillé stood with drawn sword ; and which has collided and ground itself to pieces worse and worse ever since, down now to such a state : in this shrieking Confusion, and not elsewhere, lies the first germ of returning Order for France ! Round which, we say, poor France nearly all ground down suicidally likewise into rubbish and Chaos, will be glad to rally ; to begin growing, and new-shaping her inorganic dust ; very slowly, through centuries, through Napoleons, Louis-Philippes, and other the like media and phases,—into a new, infinitely preferable France, we can hope !—

¹ Dumouriez, *Memoires*, iii. 55. [Oct. 7th., *vid. infr.*, note p. 345.]

² [In estimating the causes of the ultimate success of France, one must not forget how much greater was the intelligence and education of the average Frenchman than that of the average German ; this was true not only of the private soldiers (whether insubordinate Volunteers, or orderly units of the old Army), but also of the officers. The science of the parade-ground was the only thing known to the Prussian Noble : the French Noble was in nine cases out of ten a highly educated man, as education then went : and even the non-commissioned officers of the old Army were probably not inferior to the Prussian noble in their knowledge of drill, and superior to him in most other things (*see* Chuquet, caps. 2 and 3 *passim*.)]

³ Helen Maria Williams, iii. 32.

⁴ [This refers to the so-called battle of Châlons, in the year 451.]

These wheelings and movements in the region of the Argonne, which are all faithfully described by Dumouriez himself, and more interesting to us than Hoyle's or Philidor's best Game of Chess, let us nevertheless, O Reader, entirely omit;—and hasten to remark two things: the first a minute private, the second a large public thing. Our minute private thing is: the presence, in the Prussian host, in that war-game of the Argonne, of a certain Man, belonging to the sort called Immortal; who, in days since then, is becoming visible more and more in that character, as the Transitory more and more vanishes: for from of old it was remarked that when the Gods appear among men, it is seldom in recognisable shape; thus Admetus's neatherds give Apollo a draft of their goatskin whey-bottle (well if they do not give him strokes with their oxrungs), not dreaming that he is the Sungod! This man's name is *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*. He is Herzog Weimar's Minister, come with the small contingent of Weimar; to do insignificant unmilitary duty here; very irrecognisable to nearly all! He stands at present, with drawn bridle, on the height near Sainte-Menehould, making an experiment on the 'cannon-fever;' having ridden thither against persuasion, into the dance and firing of the cannon-balls, with a scientific desire to understand what that same cannon-fever may be: 'The sound of them,' says he, 'is curious enough; as 'if it were compounded of the humming of tops, the gurgling of 'water and the whistle of birds. By degrees you get a very un-'common sensation; which can only be described by similitude. 'It seems as if you were in some place extremely hot, and at the 'same time were completely penetrated by the heat of it; so that 'you feel as if you and this element you are in were perfectly on 'a par. The eyesight loses nothing of its strength or distinctness; 'and yet it is as if all things had got a kind of brown-red colour, 'which makes the situation and the objects still more impressive 'on you.'¹

This is the cannon-fever, as a World-Poet feels it.—A man entirely irrecognisable! In whose irrecognisable head, meanwhile, there verily is the spiritual counterpart (and call it complement)

¹ Goethe, Campagne in Frankreich (Werke, xxx. 73).

of this same huge Death-Birth of the World ; which now effectuates itself, outwardly in the Argonne, in such cannon-thunder ; inwardly, in the irrecognisable head, quite otherwise than by thunder ! Mark that man, O Reader, as the memorablest of all the memorable in this Argonne Campaign. What we say of him is not dream, nor flourish of rhetoric, but scientific historic fact ; as many men, now at this distance, see or begin to see.

But the large public thing we had to remark is this : That the Twentieth of September 1792 was a raw morning covered with mist ; that from three in the morning, Sainte-Menehould, and those Villages and homesteads we know of old, were stirred by the rumble of artillery-wagons, by the clatter of hoofs and many-footed tramp of men : all manner of military, Patriot and Prussian, taking up positions, on the Heights of La Lune and other Heights ; shifting and shoving,—seemingly in some dread chess-game ; which may the Heavens turn to good ! The Miller of Valmy has fled dusty under ground ; his Mill, were it never so windy, will have rest to-day. At seven in the morning the mist clears off : see Kellermann, Dumouriez' second in command, with 'eighteen pieces of cannon,' and deep-serried ranks, drawn up round that same silent Windmill, on his knoll of strength ; Brunswick, also with serried ranks and cannon, glooming over to him from the Height of La Lune : only the little brook and its little dell now parting them.¹

So that the much-longed-for has come at last ! Instead of hunger and dysentery, we shall have sharp shot ; and then !—Dumouriez, with force and firm front, looks on from a neighbouring height ; can help only with his wishes, in silence. Lo, the eighteen pieces do bluster and bark, responsive to the bluster of La Lune ;

¹[The numbers at Valmy seem to have been fairly equal, about 30,000 on each side : one must remember that the other passes of the Argonne had to be held too. It was a mere skirmish and cannonade, the French losing 300, the Prussians 200, but it was a decisive battle for all that. Kellermann was an Alsatian and one of the simplest and most honourable of the Revolution Generals ; he was born 1735 ; served in the Seven Years' War ; *Maréchal de Camp*, 1788 ; Lieut.-General, March '92 ; Commander of Army of Centre, Aug. 22nd '92, *vice* Lüickner ; Commander of the Army of the Alps and Italy, May—Sept. '93 ; dismissed and denounced, Sept. '93 ; escaped with difficulty during the Terror ; was one of the first batch of Marshals created by Napoleon ; Duc de Valmy 1808 ; died 1820.]

and thunder-clouds mount into the air; and echoes roar through all dells, far into the depths of Argonne Wood (deserted now); and limbs and lives of men fly dissipated, this way and that. Can Brunswick make an impression on them? The dulled-bright Seigneurs stand biting their thumbs; these Sansculottes seem *not* to fly like poultry! Towards noontide a cannon-shot blows Kellermann's horse from under him; there bursts a powder-cart high into the air, with knell heard over all: some swaggering and swaying observable;—Brunswick will try! "*Camarades,*" cries Kellermann, "*Vive la Patrie! Allons vaincre pour elle,* Come let us conquer for her." "Live the Fatherland!" rings responsive to the welkin, like rolling-fire from side to side: our ranks are as firm as rocks; and Brunswick may recross the dell, ineffectual; regain his old position on La Lune; not unbattered by the way. And so, for the length of a September day,—with bluster and bark; with bellow far-echoing! The cannonade lasts till sunset; and no impression made. Till an hour after sunset, the few remaining Clocks of the District striking Seven; at this late time of day Brunswick tries again. With not a whit better fortune! He is met by rock-ranks, by shout of *Vive la Patrie*; and driven back, not unbattered. Whereupon he ceases; retires 'to the Tavern of La Lune;' and sets to raising a redoute lest *he* be attacked!

Verily so, ye dulled-bright Seigneurs, make of it what ye may. Ah, and France does not rise round us in mass; and the Peasants do not join us, but assassinate us: neither hanging nor any persuasion will induce them! They have lost their old distinguishing love of King, and King's-cloak,—I fear, altogether; and will even fight to be rid of it: that seems now their humour. Nor does Austria prosper, nor the siege of Thionville. The Thionvillers, carrying their insolence to the epigrammatic pitch, have put a Wooden Horse on their walls, with a bundle of Hay hung from him, and this Inscription: "When I finish my hay, you will take Thionville."¹ To such height has the frenzy of mankind risen.

¹ Hist. Parl. xix. 177.

The trenches of Thionville may shut ; and what though those of Lille open ? The Earth smiles not on us, nor the Heaven ; but weeps and blears itself, in sour rain, and worse. Our very friends insult us ; we are wounded in the house of our friends : ‘ His Majesty of Prussia had a greatcoat, when the rain came ; and (contrary to all known laws) he put it on, though our two ‘ French Princes, the hope of their country, had none ! ’ To which indeed, as Goethe admits, what answer could be made ?¹ —Cold and Hunger and Affront, Colic and Dysentery and Death ; and we here, cowering *redouted*, most unredoubtable, amid the ‘ tattered corn-shocks and deformed stubble,’ on the splashy Height of La Lune, round the mean Tavern de la Lune !—

This is the Cannonade of Valmy ; wherein the World-Poet experimented on the cannon-fever ;² wherein the French Sansculottes did not fly like poultry. Precious to France ! Every soldier did his duty, and Alsatian Kellermann (how preferable to old Lückner the dismissed !) began to become greater ; and *Égalité Fils*, Equality Junior, a light gallant Field-Officer, distinguished himself by intrepidity :—it is the same intrepid individual who now, as Louis-Philippe, without the Equality, struggles, under sad circumstances, to be called King of the French for a season.

CHAPTER VIII

EXEUNT

BUT this Twentieth of September is otherwise a great day. For, observe, while Kellermann’s horse was flying blown from under him at the Mill of Valmy, our new National Deputies, that shall be a NATIONAL CONVENTION, are hovering and gathering about the Hall of the Hundred Swiss : with intent to constitute themselves !

On the morrow, about noontide, Camus the Archivist is busy ‘ verifying their powers ; ’ several hundreds of them already here.

¹ Goethe, xxx. 49.

² [Carlyle omits to refer to Goethe’s hostile comments on the Revolution in ‘ Der Gross Cophtha ’ (1791), in ‘ Der Bürger-General ’ (1793), or to the well-known passage in ‘ Hermann und Dorothea ’ (Clio) which so closely resembles Wordsworth’s famous Sonnet.]

Whereupon the Old Legislative comes solemnly over, to merge its old ashes Phoenix-like in the body of the new ;—and so forthwith, returning all solemnly back to the Salle de Manège, there sits a National Convention, Seven-hundred and Forty-nine complete, or complete enough ; presided by Petion ;—which proceeds directly to do business.¹ Read that reported afternoon's-debate, O Reader ; there are few debates like it : dull reporting *Moniteur* itself becomes more dramatic than a very Shakespeare. For epigrammatic Manuel rises, speaks strange things ; how the President shall have a guard of honour, and lodge in the Tuileries :—*rejected*. And Danton rises and speaks ; and Collot d'Herbois rises, and Curate Grégoire, and lame Couthon of the Mountain rises ; and in rapid Melibœan stanzas, only a few lines each, they propose motions not a few : That the corner-stone of our new Constitution is, Sovereignty of the People ; that our Constitution shall be accepted by the People or be null ; further that the People ought to be avenged, and have right Judges ; that the Imposts must continue till new order ; that Landed and other Property be sacred forever ; finally that ' Royalty from this day is abolished in France : '—*Decreed* all, before four o'clock strike, with acclamation of the world !² The tree was all so ripe ; only shake it, and there fall such yellow cartloads.

And so over in the Valmy Region, as soon as the news come,

¹[Carlyle makes the common mistake of omitting the Session of 20th, at which 371 members out of 782 (not 749) were present ; and at which Ruhl, as eldest, took the chair. Very seldom in fact were half, or much more than half, the members present, except at great crises like the voting on the King's death. The great authority on the composition of the Convention is M. Jules Guiffrey, ' Les Conventiionnels ' (Paris, 1889). There were 75 ex-Constituents, 183 ex-Legislators, 48 " Constitutional Clergy : " there were also a great number of unknown men, who are hardly ever heard of during the sessions. The Official Reports of the sittings and acts are to be found in (i.) Bulletin de la Convention Nationale (which began in the Legislative, Sept. 5th, and went down to Jan. 3rd 1795), (ii.) Procès-Verbal de la Convention Nationale, which exists in 74 vols. for the whole period. M. Aulard says that both these are extremely mutilated, and that the latter contains barely one fourth of the Correspondence of the Convention, which exists in the Archives (Rec. Introd.). On 21st the Session was held in the Hall of the *Cent-Suisses*, whence it adjourned to the *Manège*, where it sat till May 10th 1793, at which date it moved into the Theatre of the Tuileries (*vid. infr.*, iii. 338).]

²Hist. Parl. xix. 19. [To Collot belongs the honour of suggesting, to Grégoire the honour of drafting the motion that ' Monarchy is abolished in France.' Billaud then proposed that all acts should be dated from the year I. of the Republic, and a new Great Seal made.]

what stir is this, audible, visible from our muddy Heights of La Lune?¹ Universal shouting of the French on their opposite hillside; caps raised on bayonets: and a sound as of *République*: *Vive la République* borne dubious on the winds!—On the morrow morning, so to speak, Brunswick slings his knapsacks before day,² lights any fires he has; and marches without tap of drum. Dumouriez finds ghastly symptoms in that camp; '*latrines* full of blood!'³ The chivalrous King of Prussia, for he, as we saw, is here in person, may long rue the day; may look colder than ever on these dulled-bright Seigneurs, and French Princes their Country's hope;—and, on the whole, put on his greatcoat without ceremony, happy that he has one. They retire, all retire with convenient despatch, through a Champagne trodden into a quagmire,⁴ the wild weather pouring on them: Dumouriez, through his Kellermans and Dillons, pricking them a little in the hinder parts. A little, not much; now pricking, now negotiating: for Brunswick has his eyes opened; and the Majesty of Prussia is a repentant Majesty.⁵

Nor has Austria prospered, nor the Wooden Horse of Thionville bitten his hay; nor Lille City surrendered itself. The Lille trenches opened,⁶ on the 29th of the month; with balls and shells,

¹ Williams, iii. 71.

²[Sept. 24th.]

³ 1st October 1792: Dumouriez, iii. 73.

⁴[Sept. 30th.]

⁵[Carlyle begins Brunswick's retreat too soon. Valmy had for the moment done little (except morally) for the French; Dumouriez's position was as desperate as ever. The negotiations here alluded to were carried on through Mannstein and Lombard (two of Frederick William's favourites), before the retreat began (*vis.*, Sept. 22nd—28th). Dumouriez merely intended to amuse Brunswick, while his own levies were being drilled; it was moreover on his own responsibility, and with some fear of being accused of treachery by the Convention, that he so acted. We know that Dumouriez always believed in a Prussian alliance, and Brunswick in a French one: Frederick William therefore honourably declared that he was ready to treat if the King of France were liberated and restored. Lucchesini arrived in the Prussian Camp Sept. 27th, soon discovered that Dumouriez was only fooling, and began in his turn to fool Dumouriez in order to secure the retreat, the necessity for which was simply caused by the wretched condition of the Prussian army: on 30th Brunswick gave the order to begin the retreat, and by Oct. 6th his Army was practically safe. Dumouriez at once turned his thoughts to Belgium again. Verdun was evacuated Oct. 12th, and the frontier recrossed Oct. 23rd. The Prussian troops withdrew to Coblenz with their eyes ever more and more fixed on Poland, while the Austrians kept theirs fixed on French Flanders.]

⁶[The siege of Lille really began on Sept. 16th (though the trenches were not open till 29th) under Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen. The garrison was a small one, about 4,000 regulars and 6,000 National Guards, but there was plenty of artillery.]

and redhot balls ; as if not trenches but Vesuvius and the pit had opened. It was frightful, say all eye-witnesses ; but it is ineffectual. The Lillers have risen to such temper ; especially after these news from Argonne and the East. Not a Sans-indispensables in Lille that would surrender for a King's ransom. Redhot balls rain, day and night ; 'six-thousand,' or so, and bombs 'filled internally with oil of turpentine which splashes up in flame ;'—mainly on the dwellings of the Sansculottes and Poor ; the streets of the Rich being spared. But the Sansculottes get water-pails ; form quenching-regulations : "The ball is in Peter's house !" "The ball is in John's !" They divide their lodging and substance with each other ; shout *Vive la République* ; and faint not in heart. A ball thunders through the main chamber of the Hôtel-de-Ville while the Commune is there assembled : "We are in permanence," says one, coldly, proceeding with his business ; and the ball remains permanent too, sticking in the wall, probably to this day.¹

The Austrian Archduchess (Queen's Sister) will herself see red artillery fired : in their over-haste to satisfy an Archduchess, 'two mortars explode and kill thirty persons.' It is in vain ; Lille, often burning, is always quenched again ; Lille will not yield. The very boys deftly wrench the matches out of fallen bombs : 'a man clutches a rolling ball with his hat, which takes fire ; when cool, they crown it with a *bonnet rouge*.' Memorable also be that nimble Barber, who when the bomb burst beside him, snatched up a sherd of it, introduced soap and lather into it, crying "*Voilà mon plat à barbe*, My new shaving-dish !" and shaved 'fourteen people' on the spot. Bravo, thou nimble Shaver ; worthy to shave old spectral Redcloak, and find treasures !—On the eighth day of this desperate siege, the sixth day of October, Austria finding it fruitless, draws off, with no pleasurable consciousness ; rapidly, Dumouriez tending thitherward ; and Lille too, black with ashes and smoulder, but jubilant sky-high,

The Austrians had not enough men to form a regular investment of the city, but they burnt a good number of buildings with their shells. The retreat of Brunswick allowed Dumouriez to reinforce Lille : the bombardment lasted in a desultory fashion till Oct. 5th.]

¹ Bombardement de Lille (in Hist. Parl. xx. 63-71).

flings its gates open. The *Plat à barbe* became fashionable; 'no Patriot of an elegant turn,' says Mercier several years afterwards, 'but shaves himself out of the splinter of a Lille bomb.'¹

Quid multa, Why many words? The Invaders are in flight;² Brunswick's Host, the third part of it gone to death, staggers disastrous along the deep highways of Champagne; spreading out also into 'the fields of a tough spongy red-coloured clay:—'like Pharaoh through a Red Sea of mud,' says Goethe; 'for here also lay broken chariots, and riders and foot seemed sinking around.'³ On the eleventh morning of October, the World-Poet, struggling Northwards out of Verdun, which he had entered Southwards, some five weeks ago, in quite other order, discerned the following Phenomenon and formed part of it:

'Towards three in the morning, without having had any sleep, we were about mounting our carriage, drawn up at the door; when an insuperable obstacle disclosed itself: for there rolled on already, between the pavement-stones which were crushed up into a ridge on each side, an uninterrupted column of sick-wagons through the Town, and all was trodden as into a morass. While we stood waiting what could be made of it, our Landlord the Knight of Saint-Louis pressed past us, without salutation.' He had been a Calonne's Notable in 1787, an Emigrant since; had returned to his home, jubilant, with the Prussians; but must now forth again into the wide world, 'followed by a servant carrying a little bundle on his stick.'

¹[I have in my possession a jug of Rouen *jaïence*, with a picture of this scene on it, and the inscription *Le Barbier Maes, rasant dans un éclat d'obus.*]

²[The wretched condition of the Prussian Army is well exposed in Chuquet (cap. iii., *esp.* p. 106 *sqq.*), especially the utter want of hospital accommodation. The whole military art had evaporated in manœuvres, parades and unnecessary exercises. Frederick the Great passed among these consummate generals as an heroic blunderer who never understood the art of war. But Frederick at least understood *verpflegung*, and would never have left his Commissariat in the state in which Brunswick left his. There were 700 bakers but there was no bread, there were 32,000 laundresses [incredible, but Chuquet's figures] but one doubts if there was much washing. Thousands of the men died for want of the commonest necessities of life. Nor was this all: the scientific side of warfare was entirely neglected by these scientific warriors; whereas the French scientific corps (Engineers and Artillery) were in an excellent condition, and had suffered comparatively little by emigration.]

³ *Campagne in Frankreich*, p. 103.

‘The activity of our alert Lisieux shone eminent, and on this
‘occasion too brought us on: for he struck into a small gap of the
‘wagon-row; and held the advancing team back till we, with our
‘six and our four horses, got intercalated; after which, in my
‘light little coachlet, I could breathe freer. We were now under
‘way; at a funeral pace, but still under way. The day broke;
‘we found ourselves at the outlet of the Town, in a tumult and
‘turmoil without measure. All sorts of vehicles, few horsemen,
‘innumerable foot-people, were crossing each other on the great
‘esplanade before the Gate. We turned to the right, with our
‘Column, towards Estain, on a limited highway, with ditches at
‘each side. Self-preservation, in so monstrous a press, knew now
‘no pity, no respect of aught. Not far before us there fell down
‘a horse of an ammunition-wagon; they cut the traces, and let it
‘lie. And now as the three others could not bring their load
‘along, they cut them also loose, tumbled the heavy-packed
‘vehicle into the ditch; and with the smallest retardation, we
‘had to drive on right over the horse, which was just about to
‘rise; and I saw too clearly how its legs, under the wheels,
‘went crashing and quivering.

‘Horse and foot endeavoured to escape from the narrow labo-
‘rious highway into the meadows: but these too were rained to
‘ruin; overflowed by full ditches, the connexion of the footpaths
‘everywhere interrupted. Four gentlemanlike, handsome, well-
‘dressed French soldiers waded for a time beside our carriage;
‘wonderfully clean and neat: and had such art of picking their
‘steps, that their foot-gear testified no higher than the ancle
‘to the muddy pilgrimage these good people found themselves
‘engaged in.

‘That under such circumstances one saw, in ditches, in mea-
‘dows, in fields and crofts, dead horses enough, was natural to
‘the case: by and by, however, you found them also flayed, the
‘fleshy parts even cut away; sad token of the universal distress.

‘Thus we fared on; every moment in danger, at the smallest
‘stoppage on our own part, of being ourselves tumbled overboard;
‘under which circumstances, truly, the careful dexterity of our

‘Lisieux could not be sufficiently praised. The same talent showed itself at Estain ; where we arrived towards noon ; and descried, over the beautiful well-built little Town, through streets and on squares, around and beside us, one sense-confusing tumult : the mass rolled this way and that ; and, all struggling forward, each hindered the other. Unexpectedly our carriage drew up before a stately house in the marketplace ; master and mistress of the mansion saluted as in reverent distance.’ Dexterous Lisieux, though we knew it not, had said we were the King of Prussia’s Brother !

‘But now, from the ground-floor windows, looking over the whole marketplace, we had the endless tumult lying, as it were, palpable. All sorts of walkers, soldiers in uniform, marauders, stout but sorrowing citizens and peasants, women and children, crushed and jostled each other, amid vehicles of all forms : ammunition-wagons, baggage-wagons ; carriages, single, double and multiplex ; such hundredfold miscellany of teams, requisitioned or lawfully owned, making way, hitting together, hindering each other, rolled here to right and to left. Horned-cattle too were struggling on ; probably herds that had been put in requisition. Riders you saw few ; but the elegant carriages of the Emigrants, many-coloured, lackered, gilt and silvered, evidently by the best builders, caught your eye.¹

‘The crisis of the strait, however, arose further on a little ; where the crowded marketplace had to introduce itself into a street,—straight indeed and good, but proportionably far too narrow. I have, in my life, seen nothing like it : the aspect of it might perhaps be compared to that of a swoln river which has been raging over meadows and fields, and is now again obliged to press itself through a narrow bridge, and flow on in its bounded channel. Down the long street, all visible from our windows, there swelled continually the strangest tide : a high double-seated travelling coach towered visible over the flood of things. We thought of the fair French-women we had seen in the morning. It was not they, however ; it was Count Haugwitz ; him

¹ See Hermann und Dorothea (also by Goethe), Buch *Kalliopé*.

‘you could look at, with a kind of sardonic malice, rocking on-wards, step by step, there.’¹

In such untriumphant Procession has the Brunswick Manifesto issued! Nay in worse, ‘in Negotiation with these miscreants,’—the first news of which produced such a revulsion in the Emigrant nature, as put our scientific World-Poet ‘in fear for the wits of several.’² There is no help: they must fare on, these poor Emigrants, angry with all persons and things, and making all persons angry in the hapless course they struck into. Landlord and landlady testify to you, at *tables-d’hôte*, how insupportable these Frenchmen are: how, in spite of such humiliation, of poverty and probable beggary, there is ever the same struggle for precedence, the same forwardness and want of discretion. High in honour, at the head of the table, you with your own eyes observe not a Seigneur, but the automaton of a Seigneur fallen into dotage; still worshipped, reverently waited on and fed. In miscellaneous seats is a miscellany of soldiers, commissaries, adventurers; consuming silently their barbarian victuals. ‘On all brows is to be read a hard destiny; all are silent, for each has his own sufferings to bear, and ‘looks forth into misery without bounds.’ One hasty wanderer, coming in, and eating without ungraciousness what is set before him, the landlord lets off almost scot-free. “He is,” whispered the landlord to me, “the first of these cursed people I have seen condescend to taste our German black bread.”³

And Dumouriez is in Paris;⁴ lauded and feasted, paraded in glittering saloons, floods of beautifullest blonde-dresses and broad-cloth-coats flowing past him, endless, in admiring joy. One night, nevertheless, in the splendour of one such scene,⁵ he sees himself suddenly apostrophised by a squalid unjoyful Figure, who has come in *uninvited*, nay despite of all lackeys; an unjoyful Figure!

¹ Campagne in Frankreich, Goethe's Werke (Stuttgart, 1829), xxx. 133-37.

² *Ibid.* 152.

³ *Ibid.* 210-12.

⁴ [Oct. 11th—18th. Dumouriez came to Paris mainly to obtain support for his views on the invasion of Belgium. Remember that he always wished to treat Belgium fairly, to make it a dependent Republic, and bulwark of France. But the *Montagne* insisted on incorporation and plundering, especially of the rich Belgian churches (*vid. infr.*, p. 368).]

⁵ [Oct. 16th.]

The Figure is come "in express mission from the Jacobins," to inquire sharply, better than later, touching certain things: "Shaven eyebrows of Volunteer Patriots, for instance?"¹ Also, "your threats of shivering in pieces?" Also, "why you have not chased Brunswick hotly enough?" Thus, with sharp croak, inquires the Figure.—"Ah, c'est vous qu'on appelle Marat, You are he they call Marat!" answers the General, and turns coldly on his heel²—"Marat!" The blonde-gowns quiver like aspens; the dress-coats gather round; Actor Talma (for it is his house), Actor Talma, and almost the very chandelier-lights, are blue: till this obscene Spectrum, swart unearthly Visual-Appearance, vanish, back into its native Night.³

General Dumouriez, in few brief days, is gone again, towards the Netherlands; will attack the Netherlands, winter though it be. And General Montesquiou,⁴ on the Southeast, has driven in the Sardinian Majesty; nay, almost without a shot fired, has taken Savoy from him, which longs to become a piece of the Republic. And General Custine,⁵ on the Northeast [East], has dashed forth on

¹[The accusation of Marat against Dumouriez was that he had deprived of their arms, and otherwise maltreated two battalions of Parisian Volunteers, who had at Rethel, on Oct. 7th, murdered, at the instigation of their commander Palloy, four deserters from the Prussian army, under pretence of their being *Émigrés*.]

²Dumouriez, iii. 115. Marat's account, in the *Débats des Jacobins* and *Journal de la République* (*Hist. Parl.* xix. 317-21), agrees to the turning on the heel; but strives to interpret it differently.

³[Dumouriez in his *Mémoires* does not say where this scene took place. Thiers (iii. 66) says at *Mdlle Candeille's*. The *Hist. Parl.*, giving Marat's account of the event to the Jacobins, is probably correct. Talma had married Julie Carreau, and lived in *Rue Chantereine*.]

⁴[Sept. 25th. The Marquis de Montesquiou, a respectable soldier of the *Ancien Régime*, invaded Savoy, Sept. 21st, and took Chambéry. He was well received; the Government of Turin was very unpopular in Savoy, and a nearly unanimous vote of the *Communes* of Savoy was taken in favour of union with France, seemingly without pressure (very different was the case in 1859). General Anselme at the same time, Sept. 30th, took Nice, but his troops behaved badly, and there was no enthusiasm there for France. Anselme had all sorts of wild ideas of invading and revolutionising Italy at once. It was apropos of Savoy that the question first presented itself to the Convention 'shall we extend the limits of the republic?' and 'if so how far?' On Nov. 27th the incorporation of Savoy with France was voted, but by this time the enthusiasm there had subsided, and the Savoyards wished to remain independent; when pressed to occupy and hold down the country by force, Montesquiou resigned his command and emigrated. He died at Paris 1820; the decree incorporating Nice was carried on Jan. 31st '93.]

⁵[It was a misfortune for Germany that her weakest and worst-governed States were those which fronted on France; but it was greatly to the credit of the patient

Spires and its Arsenal, and then on Electoral Mentz, not uninvited, wherein are German Democrats and no shadow of an Elector now : so that in the last days of October, Frau Forster, a daughter of Heyne's, somewhat democratic, walking out of the Gate of Mentz with her Husband, finds French Soldiers playing at bowls with cannon-balls there. Forster trips cheerfully over one iron bomb, with "Live the Republic!" A black-bearded National Guard answers: "*Elle vivra bien sans vous*, It will probably live independently of you." ¹

diplomacy of the old French Monarchy that these States had learned to lean upon France rather than on their natural head, Austria. The Ecclesiastical Electorates, Mainz, Trier, Köln, the Bishoprics of Speyer, Worms and Basel were at the mercy of any French army; a good deal of loose eleutheromaniac gabble was talked in the so-called 'cultivated' circles of these principalities, and a steady propaganda was kept up from Strasburg. Custine, a sort of inferior Dumouriez, *i. e.*, an adventurous noble, who had failed to make himself a career under the *Ancien Régime*, though he had served in the American War, and represented the *Noblesse* of Metz in the States-General, was in command of a detachment of Lückner's old army at Landau. He was now given a free hand for an attack on the middle Rhine. The importance of his 'campaign' (there was no fighting, for there was no resistance) is that he taught France the dangerous lesson, that the countries which she "liberated from their tyrants" could be made to pay heavily for the privilege. Speyer surrendered Sept. 30th, Worms Oct. 4th, Mainz (*vid. infr.*, iii. 21) Oct. 21st, Frankfort ransomed itself Oct. 28th. Custine would have done better to let Frankfort alone, and push north to clear the whole left bank of the Rhine; as it was he allowed the Prussians to occupy Coblenz while he was setting up a Republic at Mainz.]

¹ Johann Georg Forster's Briefwechsel (Leipzig, 1829), i. 88.

BOOK II

REGICIDE

CHAPTER I

THE DELIBERATIVE

FRANCE therefore has done two things very completely: she has hurled back her Cimmerian Invaders far over the marches; and likewise she has shattered her own internal Social Constitution, even to the minutest fibre of it, into wreck and dissolution. Utterly it is all altered: from King down to Parish Constable, all Authorities, Magistrates, Judges, persons that bore rule, have had, on the sudden, to alter themselves, so far as needful; or else, on the sudden, and not without violence, to be altered; a Patriot 'Executive Council of Ministers,' with a Patriot Danton in it, and then a whole Nation and National Convention, have taken care of that. Not a Parish Constable, in the farthest hamlet, who has said *De par le Roi*, and shown loyalty, but must retire, making way for a new improved Parish Constable who can say *De par la République*.

It is a change such as History must beg her readers to imagine, *undescribed*. An instantaneous change of the whole body-politic, the soul-politic being all changed;¹ such a change as few bodies, politic or other, can experience in this world. Say, perhaps, such as poor Nymph Semele's body did experience, when she would needs, with woman's humour, see her Olympian Jove as very Jove;—and so stood, poor Nymph, this moment Semele, next moment not Semele, but Flame and a Statue of red-hot Ashes! France has looked upon Democracy; seen it face to face.—The Cimmerian Invaders will rally, in humbler temper,

¹[Subsequent French History seems to refute the notion that it is possible to change 'the Soul-politic' of a people.]

with better or worse luck : the wreck and dissolution must *re-shape* itself into a social arrangement as it can and may. But as for this National Convention, which is to settle everything, if it do, as Deputy Paine and France generally expects, get all finished 'in a few months,' we shall call it a most deft Convention.

In truth, it is very singular to see how this mercurial French People plunges suddenly from *Vive le Roi* to *Vive la République* ; and goes simmering and dancing, shaking off daily (so to speak), and trampling into the dust, its old social garnitures, ways of thinking, rules of existing ; and cheerfully dances towards the Ruleless, Unknown, with such hope in its heart, and nothing but *Freedom, Equality and Brotherhood* in its mouth. Is it two centuries, or is it only two years, since all France roared simultaneously to the welkin, bursting forth into sound and smoke at its *Feast of Pikes*, "Live the Restorer of French Liberty?" Three short years ago there was still Versailles and an *Œil-de-Bœuf* : now there is that watched Circuit of the Temple, girt with dragon-eyed Municipals, where, as in its final limbo, Royalty lies extinct. In the year 1789, Constituent Deputy Barrère 'wept,' in his *Break-of-Day* Newspaper, at sight of a reconciled King Louis ; and now in 1792, Convention Deputy Barrère, perfectly tearless, may be considering, whether the reconciled King Louis shall be guillotined or not !

Old garnitures and social vestures drop off (we say) so fast, being indeed quite decayed, and are trodden under the National dance. And the new vestures, where are they ; the new modes and rules ? Liberty, Equality, Fraternity : not vestures, but the wish for vestures ! The Nation is for the present, figuratively speaking, *naked* ; it has no rule or vesture ; but is naked,—a Sansculottic Nation.

So far therefore, and in such manner, have our Patriot Brissots, Guadets triumphed. Vergniaud's Ezekiel-visions of the fall of thrones and crowns, which he spake hypothetically and prophetically in the Spring of the year, have suddenly come to fulfilment in the Autumn. Our eloquent Patriots of the Legis-

lative, like strong Conjurors, by the word of their mouth, have swept Royalism with its old modes and formulas to the winds; and shall now govern a France free of formulas. Free of formulas! And yet man lives not except with formulas; with customs, *ways* of doing and living: no text truer than this; which will hold true from the Tea-table and Tailor's shopboard up to the High Senate-houses, Solemn Temples; nay through all provinces of Mind and Imagination, onwards to the outmost confines of articulate being,—*Ubi homines sunt modi sunt*. There are modes wherever there are men. It is the deepest law of man's nature; whereby man is a craftsman and 'tool-using animal;' not the slave of Impulse, Chance and brute Nature, but in some measure their lord. Twenty-five millions of men, suddenly stript bare of their *modi*, and dancing them down in that manner, are a terrible thing to govern!

Eloquent Patriots of the Legislative, meanwhile, have precisely this problem to solve. Under the name and nickname of 'statesmen, *hommes d'état*,' of 'moderate men, *modérants*,' of Brissotins, Rolandins, finally of *Girondins*, they shall become world-famous in solving it. For the Twenty-five millions are Gallic effervescent too;—filled both with hope of the unutterable, of universal Fraternity and Golden Age; and with terror of the unutterable, Cimmerian Europe all rallying on us. It is a problem like few. Truly, if man, as the Philosophers brag, did to any extent look before and after, what, one may ask, in many cases would become of him? What, in this case, would become of these Seven-hundred and Forty-nine men? The Convention, seeing clearly before and after, were a paralysed Convention. Seeing clearly to the length of its own nose, it is not paralysed.

To the Convention itself neither the work nor the method of doing it is doubtful: To make the Constitution; to defend the Republic till that be made. Speedily enough, accordingly, there has been a 'Committee of the Constitution' got together.¹

¹[Oct. 11th. The Constitutional Committee (nominated Oct. 11th) comprised Sieyès, Paine, Brissot, Petion, Vergniaud, Gensonné, Barère, Danton, Condorcet. The first draft was presented on Feb. 15th '93, Condorcet being the reporter: but by that time the Girondists were too busy fighting for their power, and soon for

Sieyès, Old-Constituent, Constitution-builder by trade ; Condorcet, fit for better things ; Deputy Paine, foreign Benefactor of the Species, with that 'red carbuncled face, and the black beaming eyes ;' Héroult de Séchelles,¹ Ex-Parlementeer, one of the handsomest men in France : these, with inferior guild-brethren, are girt cheerfully to the work ; will once more 'make the Constitution ;' let us hope, more effectually than last time. For that the Constitution can be made, who doubts,—unless the Gospel of Jean Jacques came into the world in vain ? True, our last Constitution did tumble within the year, so lamentably. But what then ; except sort the rubbish and boulders, and build them up again better ? 'Widen your basis,' for one thing,—to Universal Suffrage, if need be ; exclude rotten materials, Royalism and such like, for another thing. And in brief, *build*, O unspeakable Sieyès and Company, unwearied ! Frequent perilous downrushing of scaffolding and rubblework, be that an irritation, no discouragement. Start ye always again, clearing aside the wreck ; if with broken limbs, yet with whole hearts ; and build, we say, in the name of Heaven,—till either the work do stand ; or else mankind abandon it, and the Constitution-builders be paid off, with laughter and tears ! One good time, in the course of Eternity, it was appointed that this of Social Contract too should try itself out. And so the Committee of Constitution shall toil : with hope and faith ;—with no disturbance from any reader of these pages.

their lives, to debate much on Constitutional questions ; the debate on the new 'Rights of man' dragged on till May 31st : during it Saint-Just first made known some of his remarkable schemes for the future of France ; perhaps the most interesting point raised was that by Rabaut-Pommier, who proposed (May 15th '93) that when a city exceeded 50,000 it should be divided into more than one Municipality ; this of course 'provoked Paris and the *Montagne*.' The Second Constitutional Committee was nominated on June 2nd (*vid. infr.*, iii. 82 ; Mortimer-Ternaux, vii. 210).]

¹[Héroult de Séchelles, born 1759, practised as an *avocat* before the *Châtelet*, was a favourite of the Queen, who procured for him the post of *Avocat-Général* at the *Châtelet* ; sat for Paris in the Legislative, for Seine-et-Oise in the Convention ; attempted a defence of the Convention on May 31st '93 (demanding Hanriot's arrest) ; presided at the *Fête* of Aug. 10th '93, and aroused the jealousy of Robespierre ; was a member of *Comité de Salut Public*, July—Dec. '93 ; *en mission* in Alsace, Sept. '93 ; denounced as an ex-noble in Dec., escaped for the time but fell with Danton, April '94 ; executed April 5th. There is a touch of Barère in Héroult's character.]

To make the Constitution, then, and return home joyfully in a few months; this is the prophecy our National Convention gives of itself; by this scientific program shall its operations and events go on. But from the best scientific program, in such a case, to the actual fulfilment, what a difference! Every reunion of men, is it not, as we often say, a reunion of incalculable Influences; every unit of it a microcosm of Influences;— of which how shall Science calculate or prophesy? Science, which cannot, with all its calculuses, differential, integral and of variations, calculate the Problem of Three gravitating Bodies, ought to hold her peace here, and say only: In this National Convention there are Seven-hundred and Forty-nine very singular Bodies, that gravitate and do much else;—who, probably in an amazing manner, will work the appointment of Heaven.

Of National Assemblages, Parliaments, Congresses, which have long sat; which are of saturnine temperament; above all, which are not 'dreadfully in earnest,' something may be computed or conjectured: yet even these are a kind of Mystery in progress,— whereby accordingly we see the Journalist Reporter find livelihood: even these jolt madly out of the ruts, from time to time. How much more a poor National Convention, of French vehemence; urged on at such velocity; without routine, without rut, track or landmark; and dreadfully in earnest every man of them! It is a Parliament literally such as there was never elsewhere in the world. Themselves are new, unarranged; they are the Heart and presiding centre of a France fallen wholly into maddest disarrangement. From all cities, hamlets, from the utmost ends of this France with its Twenty-five million vehement souls, thick-streaming influences storm-in on that same Heart, in the Salle de Manège, and storm-out again: such fiery venous-arterial circulation is the function of that Heart. Seven-hundred and Forty-nine human individuals, we say, never sat together on our Earth under more original circumstances. Common individuals most of them, or not far from common: yet in virtue of the position they occupied, so notable. How, in this wild piping of the whirlwind of human passions, with death, victory, terror,

valour, and all height and all depth pealing and piping, these men, left to their own guidance, will speak and act ?

Readers know well that this French National Convention (quite contrary to its own Program) became the astonishment and horror of mankind ; a kind of Apocalyptic Convention, or black *Dream become real* ; concerning which History seldom speaks except in the way of interjection : how it covered France with wo, delusion and delirium ; and from its bosom there went forth Death on the pale Horse. To hate this poor National Convention is easy ; to praise and love it has not been found impossible. It is, as we say, a Parliament in the most original circumstances. To us, in these pages, be it as a fuliginous fiery mystery, where Upper has met Nether, and in such alternate glare and blackness of darkness poor bedazzled mortals know not which is Upper, which is Nether ; but rage and plunge distractedly, as mortals in that case will do. A Convention which has to consume itself, suicidally ; and become dead ashes—with its World ! Behoves us, not to enter exploratively its dim embroiled deeps ; yet to stand with unwavering eyes, looking how it welters ; what notable phases and occurrences it will successively throw up.

One general superficial circumstance we remark with praise : the force of Politeness. To such depth has the sense of civilisation penetrated man's life ; no Drouet, no Legendre, in the maddest tug of war, can altogether shake it off. Debates of Senates dreadfully in earnest are seldom given frankly to the world ; else perhaps they would surprise it. Did not the Grand Monarque himself once chase his Louvois with a pair of brandished tongs ? But reading long volumes of these Convention Debates, all in a foam with furious earnestness, earnest many times to the extent of life and death, one is struck rather with the degree of continence they manifest in speech ; and how in such wild ebullition, there is still a kind of polite rule struggling for mastery, and the forms of social life never altogether disappear. These men, though they menace with clenched right-hands, do not clutch

one another by the collar ; they draw no daggers, except for oratorical purposes, and this not often : profane swearing is almost unknown, though the Reports are frank enough ; we find only one or two oaths, oaths by Marat, reported in all.

For the rest, that there is 'effervescence' who doubts ?¹ Effervescence enough ; Decrees passed by acclamation today, repealed by vociferation tomorrow ; temper fitful, most rotatory-changeful, always headlong ! The 'voice of the orator is covered with rumours ;' a hundred 'honourable Members rush with menaces towards the Left side of the Hall ;' President has 'broken three bells in succession,'—claps on his hat, as signal that the country is near ruined. A fiercely effervescent Old-Gallic Assemblage !—Ah, how the loud sick sounds of Debate, and of Life, which is a *debate*, sink silent one after another : so loud now, and in a little while so low ! Brennus, and those antique Gael Captains, in their way to Rome, to Galatia and such places, whither they were in the habit of marching in the most fiery manner, had Debates as effervescent, doubt it not ; though no *Moniteur* has reported them. They scolded in Celtic Welsh, those Brennuses ; neither were they Sansculotte ; nay rather breeches (*braccæ*, say of felt or rough-leather) were the only thing they had ; being, as Livy testifies, naked down to the haunches :—and, see, it is the same sort of work and of men still, now when they have got coats, and speak nasally a kind of broken Latin ! But, on the whole, does not TIME envelope this present National Convention ; as it did those Brennuses, and ancient august Senates in felt breeches ? Time surely : and also Eternity. Dim dusk of Time,—or noon which will be dusk ; and then there is night, and silence ; and Time with all its sick noises is swallowed in the still sea. Pity thy brother, O son of Adam ! The angriest frothy jargon that he utters, is it not properly the whimpering of an infant which cannot *speak* what ails it, but

¹[There was no proper 'Right' and 'Left' in the Convention ; the names survived from the arrangements at Versailles ; but after an alteration in the Hall of the Legislative (Dec. 30th '91) the nominal Right had become the Left, *i.e.*, sat on the left of the President's chair. In the Convention the *Montagne* sat at the extreme right top corner. (See Dulaure, *Physionomie de la Convention*, quoted in Biré, *Légende des Girondins*, 138-40.)]

is in distress clearly, in the inwards of it ; and so must squall and whimper continually, till its Mother take it, and it get—to sleep !

This Convention is not four days old, and the melodious Melibœan stanzas that shook down Royalty are still fresh in our ear, when there bursts out a new diapason,—unhappily, of Discord, this time. For speech has been made of a thing difficult to speak of well : the September Massacres. How deal with these September Massacres ; with the Paris Commune that presided over them ? A Paris Commune hateful-terrible ; before which the poor effete Legislative had to quail, and sit quiet. And now if a young omnipotent Convention will not so quail and sit, what steps shall it take ?¹ Have a Departmental Guard in its pay, answer the Girondins, and Friends of Order ! A Guard of National Volunteers, missioned from all the Eighty-three or Eighty-five Departments, for that express end ; these will keep Septemberers, tumultuous Communes in a due state of submissiveness, the Convention in a due state of sovereignty. So have the Friends of Order answered, sitting in Committee, and reporting ; and even a Decree has been passed of the required tenour. Nay certain Departments, as the Var or Marseilles, in mere expectation and assurance of a Decree, have their contingent of Volunteers already on march ; brave Marseillaise, foremost on the Tenth of August, will not be hindmost here ; ‘ fathers gave their sons a musket and twenty-five louis,’ says Barbaroux, ‘ and bade them march.’

Can any thing be properer ? A Republic that will found itself on justice must needs investigate September Massacres ; a Convention calling itself National, ought it not to be guarded by a National force ?—Alas, Reader, it seems so to the eye : and yet there is much to be said and argued. Thou beholdest here the

¹[It is quite clear that the Convention was no more able than the Legislative had been, to shake off the yoke of the *Commune* ; and that all the efforts to centralise Government against it were powerless until the creation of the *Comité de Salut Public* in April '93. But it is also clear that during the first 8 months of the Convention much greater efforts were made to shake off the yoke than had been made in the Legislative. The *Conseil-Général* of the *Commune* also repudiated the acts of its *Comité de Surveillance*, and ordered new elections (by which half its members would be renewed) to take place at once (Mortimer-Ternaux, iv. 18, *vid. infr.*, 361.)]

small beginning of a Controversy, which mere logic will not settle. Two small well-springs, September, Departmental Guard, or rather at bottom they are but one and the same small well-spring; which will swell and widen into waters of bitterness; ¹ all manner of subsidiary streams and brooks of bitterness flowing in, from this side and that; till it become a wide river of bitterness, of rage and separation,—which can subside only into the Catacombs. This Departmental Guard, decreed by overwhelming majorities, and then repealed for peace's sake, and not to insult Paris, is again decreed more than once; ² nay it is partially executed, and the very men that are to be of it are seen visibly parading the Paris streets,—shouting once, being overtaken with liquor: “*À bas Marat, Down with Marat!*” ³ Nevertheless, decreed never so often, it is repealed just as often; and continues, for some seven months, an angry noisy Hypothesis only: a fair Possibility struggling to become a Reality, but which shall never be one; which, after endless struggling, shall, in February next, sink into sad rest,—dragging much along with it. So singular are the ways of men and honourable Members.

But on this fourth day of the Convention's existence, as we said,

¹[Note Collot's speech at the Jacobins (Nov. 5th): ‘The terrible affair of Sept. 2nd is the great article in the creed of your liberty; without it the Revolution would never have been accomplished.’ There is no reasonable doubt that the Club as a whole set itself to defend and even glorify the massacres (Mortimer-Ternaux, iv. 341, 399.). The Gironde continued at intervals to protest against the massacres (but cf. *infra*, p. 372), and their majority in the Convention, could they have used it, was overwhelming. Morris (i. 603) makes this acute comment on the position of parties (Oct. 24th): “There are two parties, one of about half a dozen, the other “of some fifteen or twenty . . . each claims the merit of having begotten the “young Republic on the body of the Jacobin Club . . . and the people is as fond “of the child as if it were its own.”]

²[The motion was made by Buzot, Sept. 24th, supported by Kersaint and Lanjuinais; a committee of six was appointed to report on it, and reported, by Buzot, Oct. 8th. Robespierre spoke fiercely against the motion, and on 15th the *Commune* presented an insolent petition against it; without the question being ever actually shelved, the Gironde allowed it to be passed over, seeming to be content to hold the threat of the Guard over the heads of their rivals. On Jan. 11th '93 it was brought up again, but again dropped (Mortimer-Ternaux, bk. xvii. and v. 393).]

³Hist. Parl. xx. 184. [This is confirmed by the *Moniteur* of Nov. 5th. Legendre stated (on Nov. 4th) that on the previous day he had heard bands of *Fédérés* go through the streets shouting a song with the burden *La Tête de Marat, Robespierre et Danton et de tous ceux qui les défendent* (cf. also Moore's Journal, ii. 340).]

which is the 25th of September 1792, there comes Committee Report on that Decree of the Departmental Guard, and speech of repealing it; there come denunciations of Anarchy, of a Dictatorship,—which let the incorruptible Robespierre consider: there come denunciations of a certain *Journal de la République*, once called *Ami du Peuple*; and so thereupon there comes, visibly stepping up, visibly standing aloft on the Tribune, ready to speak,—the Bodily Spectrum of People's-Friend Marat! Shriek, ye Seven-hundred and Forty-nine; it is verily Marat, he and not another. Marat is no phantasm of the brain, or mere lying impress of Printer's Types; but a thing material, of joint and sinew, and a certain small stature; ye behold him there, in his blackness, in his dingy squalor, a living fraction of Chaos and Old Night; visibly incarnate, desirous to speak. "It appears," says Marat to the shrieking Assembly, "that a great many persons here are enemies of mine."—"All! all!" shriek hundreds of voices: enough to drown any People's-Friend. But Marat will not drown: he speaks and croaks explanation; croaks with such reasonableness, air of sincerity, that repentant pity smothers anger, and the shrieks subside, or even become applauses. For this Convention is unfortunately the crankiest of machines: it shall be pointing eastward with stiff violence, this moment; and then do but touch some spring dexterously, the whole machine, clattering and jerking seven-hundred-fold, will whirl with huge crash, and, next moment, is pointing westward! Thus Marat, absolved and applauded, victorious in this turn of fence, is, as the Debate goes on, prickt at again by some dexterous Girondin; and then the shrieks rise anew, and Decree of Accusation is on the point of passing; till the dingy People's-Friend bobs aloft once more; croaks once more persuasive stillness, and the Decree of Accusation sinks. Whereupon he draws forth—a Pistol; and setting it to his Head, the seat of such thought and prophecy, says: 'If they had passed their Accusation Decree, he, the People's-Friend, would have blown his brains out.' A People's-Friend has that faculty in him. For the rest, as to this of the two-hundred and sixty-thousand Aristocrat Heads, Marat candidly says, "*C'est là mon avis*,

Such is my opinion." Also is it not indisputable: "No power on Earth can prevent me from seeing into traitors, and unmasking them,"—by my superior originality of mind?¹ An honourable member like this Friend of the People few terrestrial Parliaments have had.

We observe, however, that this first onslaught by the Friends of Order, as sharp and prompt as it was, has failed. For neither can Robespierre, summoned out by talk of Dictatorship, and greeted with the like rumour on showing himself, be thrown into Prison, into Accusation; not though Barbaroux openly bear testimony against him, and sign it on paper. With such sanctified meekness does the Incorruptible lift his seagreen cheek to the smiter; lift his thin voice, and with jesuitic dexterity plead, and prosper; asking at last, in a prosperous manner: "But what witnesses has the Citoyen Barbaroux to support his testimony?" *Moi!*" cries hot Rebecqui, standing up, striking his breast with both hands, and answering "Me!"² Nevertheless the Seagreen pleads again, and makes it good: the long hurlyburly, 'personal merely,' while so much public matter lies fallow, has ended in the order of the day. O Friends of the Gironde, why will you occupy our august sessions with mere paltry Personalities, while the grand Nationality lies in such a state?—The Gironde has touched, this day, on the foul black-spot of its fair Convention Domain; has trodden on it, and

¹ *Moniteur* Newspaper, No. 271, 28c, 294, *Année première*; Moore's Journal, ii. 21, 157, etc. (which however may perhaps, as in similar cases, be only a copy of the Newspaper). [Both Carlyle and Dr. Moore here make a confusion between the Séances of Sept. 25th and Oct. 24th. It was on the latter occasion that the incident of the "heads" occurred. Marat himself in *L'Ami du Peuple* says '200,000 heads,' without mentioning 'aristocrat.' Carlyle does not mention the able speech of 25th, in which Vergniaud pointed out that Robespierre had, on Aug. 30th, denounced to the *Commune* him (Vergniaud), Brissot, Guadet, Condorcet and others; to this Marat replied, but as usual nothing but recrimination came of the debate.]

I have failed to find Carlyle's authority for the statement that Moore often copied the *Moniteur*; it is not improbable, but in some cases the information on the journal is entered on the day of the events. Carlyle apparently quotes from a Dublin edition (1799) of Dr. Moore: the British Museum contains two editions, London, 1793 and 1794. Dr. Moore was born at Stirling, was the father of Sir John Moore the soldier, had been physician to the English ambassador in Paris, and happened to be in Paris again Aug.—Dec., 1792; died at Richmond 1829.]

² *Moniteur*, *ut supra*: Séance du 25 Sept. [It was not Robespierre that asked the question, but Panis; there is no mention in the *Moniteur* of Rebecqui striking his breast, etc.]

yet *not* trodden it down. Alas, it is a *well-spring*, as we said, this black-spot; ¹ and will not tread down!

CHAPTER II

THE EXECUTIVE

MAY we not conjecture therefore that round this grand enterprise of Making the Constitution, there will, as heretofore, very strange embroilments gather, and questions and interests complicate themselves; so that after a few or even several months, the Convention will not have settled everything? Alas, a whole tide of questions comes rolling, boiling; growing ever wider, without end! Among which, apart from this question of September and Anarchy, let us notice three, which emerge oftener than the others, and promise to become Leading Questions: Of the Armies; of the Subsistences; thirdly, of the Dethroned King.

As to the Armies, Public Defence must evidently be put on a proper footing; for Europe seems coalising itself again; one is apprehensive even England will join it. Happily Dumouriez prospers in the North;—nay, what if he should prove *too* prosperous, and become *Liberticide*, Murderer of Freedom!—Dumouriez prospers, through this winter season; yet not without lamentable complaints. Sleek Pache, the Swiss Schoolmaster, he that sat frugal in his Alley, the wonder of neighbours, has got lately—whither thinks the Reader? To be Minister of War! ² Madame

¹[After eight days of these fierce personalities the Convention contented itself with demanding the accounts of the *Comité de Surveillance* of the *Commune* (Oct. 10th). Marat adroitly turned the flank of his enemies by demanding Roland's accounts at the same time: both demands were supported by the financier Cambon, who, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, had to deal with a frightful state of bankruptcy (over 2 *milliards* of *Assignats* out, and only 24 millions in the treasury), and who continually strove to check the depredations, individual and collective, of the members of the *Commune*, but almost in vain (see Mortimer-Ternaux, iv. 250-260).]

²[Pache (*vid. supr.*, i. 376), Minister of War (Oct. 3rd '92—Feb. 4th '93) in place of Servan. He did more to ruin the War Office than any one else, and was succeeded by a military adventurer Beurnonville, who however was at least not the tool of Marat and Hébert. On Oct. 11th Garat succeeded Danton as Minister of Justice. The Executive Council met in the King's old bedroom in the Tuileries, each minister presiding for a week in turn. Masson (*Affaires Étrangères*, 257-275) notices how enormously the staff of all departments was increased in order to find places for the political hangers on of the new Government. (Verily, as Hobbes said, "the

Roland, struck with his sleek ways, recommended him to her husband as Clerk ; the sleek Clerk had no need of salary, being of true Patriotic temper ; he would come with a bit of bread in his pocket, to save dinner and time ; and munching incidentally, do three men's work in a day ; punctual, silent, frugal,—the sleek Tartuffe that he was. Wherefore Roland, in the late Overturn, recommended him to be War-Minister. And now, it would seem, he is secretly undermining Roland ; playing into the hands of your hotter Jacobins and September Commune ; and cannot, like strict Roland, be the *Veto des Coquins* !¹

How the sleek Pache might mine and undermine, one knows not well ; this however one does know : that his War-Office has become a den of thieves and confusion, such as all men shudder to behold. That the Citizen Hassenfratz,² as Head-Clerk, sits there in *bonnet rouge*, in rapine, in violence, and some Mathematical calculation ; a most insolent, red-nightcapped man. That Pache munches his pocket-loaf, amid head-clerks and sub-clerks, and has spent all the War-Estimates. That Furnishers scour in gigs, over all districts of France, and drive bargains. And lastly that the Army gets next to no furniture : no shoes, though it is winter ; no clothes ; some have not even arms ; 'in the Army of the South,' complains an honourable Member, 'there are thirty-thousand pairs of breeches wanting,'—a most scandalous want.

Roland's strict soul is sick to see the course things take : but

favourites of a King are few, those of an Assembly are many.") The chief business of the Executive Council however was Foreign Affairs (nominally directed by Lebrun), and Revolutionary propaganda (at first guided by Danton). For this last purpose the secret service money of the Foreign Office was largely appropriated, and out of it the *Marseillais* murderers got 25,000 fr. in October. Maillard got 300 fr. a month, and even Marat managed to annex 1,200 fr. The register of the sittings of the *Conseil* and a summary of its minutes are given in Aulard's *Recueil* ; they are anything but interesting : all the real business of the Executive being done in the various Committees of the Convention, and later in the *Comité de Salut Public*. The Convention committees were 21 in number, comprising 418 members (*cf.* Mortimer-Ternaux, iv. 477).]

¹ Madame Roland, *Mémoires*, ii. 237, &c.

² [Hassenfratz, a chemist and mining engineer, collaborator of Pache, charged with the duty of furnishing war material, afterwards a leader in the Insurrections of Germinal and Prairial, imprisoned for the latter, amnestied at Brumaire, became Professor at the School of Mines, died 1827.]

what can he do? Keep his own Department strict; rebuke, and repress wheresoever possible; at lowest, complain. He can complain in Letter after Letter, to a National Convention, to France, to Posterity, the Universe; grow ever more querulous-indignant;—till at last, may he not grow wearisome? For is not this continual text of his, at bottom, a rather barren one: How astonishing that in a time of Revolt and abrogation of all Law but Cannon Law, there should be such Unlawfulness? Intrepid Veto-of-Scoundrels, narrow-faithful, respectable, methodic man, work thou in that manner, since happily it is thy manner, and wear thyself away; though ineffectual, not profitless in it—then nor *now*!—The brave Dame Roland, bravest of all French women, begins to have misgivings: The figure of Danton has too much of the ‘Sardanapalus character,’ at a Republican Rolandin Dinner-table: Cloutz, Speaker of Mankind, proses sad stuff about a Universal Republic, or union of all Peoples and Kindreds in one and the same Fraternal Bond; of which Bond, how it is to be *tied*, one unhappily sees not.

It is also an indisputable, unaccountable or accountable fact, that Grains are becoming scarcer and scarcer.¹ Riots for grain, tumultuous Assemblages demanding to have the price of grain fixed, abound far and near. The Mayor of Paris and other poor Mayors are like to have their difficulties. Petion was reelected Mayor of Paris; but has declined; being now a Convention Legislator. Wise surely to decline: for, besides this of Grains and all the rest, there is in these times an Improvised Insurrectionary Commune passing into an Elected legal one; getting their accounts settled,—not without irritancy! Petion has declined: nevertheless many do covet and canvass. After months of scrutinising, balloting, arguing and jargoning, one Doctor Chambon

¹[The harvest of 1792 had been fairly good, but the agitations of July, Aug., Sept. had led to fearful bread riots. It is amusing to see the *Montagnards* hurling against poor stupid Roland the same charges of *accaparement* that they had hurled against the *Ancien Régime*. It must also be remembered that '92 was the first harvest during the war, and that the principle of requisition for the armies, though not yet legalised, was largely practised (*see* Mortimer-Ternaux, bk. xviii.).]

gets the post of honour ;¹ who will not long keep it ; but be, as we shall see, literally *crushed* out of it.²

Think also if the private Sansculotte has not his difficulties, in a time of dearth ! Bread, according to the People's-Friend, may be some 'six sous per pound, a day's wages some fifteen ;' and grim winter here. How the Poor Man continues living, and so seldom starves ; by miracle ! Happily, in these days, he can enlist, and have himself shot by the Austrians, in an unusually satisfactory manner : for the Rights of Man.—But Commandant Santerre, in this so straitened condition of the flour-market, and state of Equality and Liberty, proposes, through the Newspapers, two remedies, or at least palliatives : *First*, that all classes of men should live two days of the week on potatoes ; then *second*, that every man should hang his dog. Hereby, as the Commandant thinks, the saving, which indeed he computes to so many sacks, would be very considerable. Cheerfuller form of inventive-stupidity than Commandant Santerre's dwells in no human soul. Inventive-stupidity, imbedded in health, courage and good-nature : much to be commended. "My whole strength," he tells the Convention once, "is, day and night, at the service of my fellow-Citizens : if they find me worthless, they will dismiss me ; I will return, and brew beer." ³

¹[Nov. 30th. The Electoral operations for choice of a *Maire* lasted from Oct. 4th—Nov. 30th. Many candidates were proposed. Pétion who was first re-elected (by over 13,000 out of 14,000 votes given from a constituency of 160,000) refused. Then d'Ormesson (former Controller-General) was actually elected by the respectable vote against Lhuillier, the Jacobins' candidate ; but he too refused. Finally Nicolas Chambon was elected (by 8,000 against 3,000 of Lhuillier) ; this was the last triumph of the moderates before Thermidor. Chambon had been head physician at the *Salpêtrière* ; he was so much crushed at a tumult at the *Théâtre de la Nation* a few days before the King's death, on the occasion of the representation of *L'Ami des Lois*, that he resigned his office (*vid. infr.*, 385) Feb. 1st '93. Pache was then elected *Maire* on Feb. 14th, and held office till May 10th '94, when he was replaced by Fleuriot-Lescot. The elections for the *Conseil-Général* (Dec. 2nd) were far less numerous attended : the votes averaged about 1 in 20 of possible voters ; only 28 of the 283 members of the Insurrectionary Commune found seats, but these included all the principal Radical leaders, Chaumette, Hébert, etc. Chaumette was elected *Procureur-Syndic* with Réal and Hébert as substitutes (Mortimer-Ternaux, v. 118-9). It was now that Chaumette took (instead of Pierre Gaspard) the name of Anaxagoras "who was hanged for his republican opinions." Republican Athens however was not the place likely to hang Anaxagoras ; the philosopher was condemned for impiety to the gods, but saved by Pericles and died B.C. 428.]

²Dictionnaire des Hommes Marquans, § Chambon.

³Moniteur (in Hist. Parl. xx. 412).

Or figure what correspondences a poor Roland, Minister of the Interior, must have, on this of Grains alone ! Free-trade in Grain, impossibility to fix the Prices of Grain ; on the other hand, clamour and necessity to fix them : Political Economy lecturing from the Home Office, with demonstration clear as Scripture ;—ineffectual for the empty National Stomach. The Mayor of Chartres, like to be eaten himself, cries to the Convention ; the Convention sends honourable Members in Deputation ; who endeavour to feed the multitude by miraculous spiritual methods ; but cannot. The multitude, in spite of all Eloquence, come bellowing round ; will have the Grain-Prices fixed, and at a moderate elevation ; or else—the honourable Deputies hanged on the spot ! The honourable Deputies, reporting this business, admit that, on the edge of horrid death, they did fix, or affect to fix the Price of Grain : for which, be it also noted, the Convention, a Convention that will not be trifled with, sees good to reprimand them.¹

But as to the origin of these Grain-Riots, is it not most probably your secret Royalists again ? Glimpses of Priests were discernible in this of Chartres,—to the eye of Patriotism. Or indeed may not ‘the root of it all lie in the Temple Prison, in the heart of a perjured King,’ well as we guard him ?² Unhappy perjured King !—And so there shall be Bakers’ Queues, by and by, more sharp-tempered than ever : on every Baker’s door-rabbit an iron ring, and coil of rope ; whereon, with firm grip, on this side and that, we form our Queue : but mischievous deceitful persons cut the rope, and our Queue becomes a ravelment ; wherefore the coil must be made of iron chain.³ Also there shall be Prices of Grain

¹ Hist. Parl. xx. 431-40. [Nov. 28th. The deputies sent to Chartres were Lecointe-Puyraveau, Maure and Biroteau ; they returned to report their ill success to the Convention Nov. 30th ; they avowed that they signed the demands of the mob at peril of their lives (*Moniteur*, Dec. 2nd).]

² *Ibid.* xx. 409.

³ Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*. [*Queues*, *vid. supr.*, i. 285. Not till July '93 can I find any order of the *Commune* regulating *Queues*: on July 20th there is an order to the Committees of Sections to place officers at the doors of each bakery, who are to regulate the *Queue*, and report each evening on the quantity distributed. I find no printed tickets entitling the citizens to so much bread before Dec. 12th '93 (order of *Commune*), and no vote of the Convention on the subject before March 15th '95, which gives each manual labourer 1½ lb. of bread a day, and all others of whatever age and sex 1 lb.]

well fixed ; but then no grain purchasable by them : bread not to be had except by Ticket from the Mayor, few ounces per mouth daily ; after long swaying, with firm grip, on the chain of the Queue. And Hunger shall stalk direful ; and Wrath and Suspicion, whetted to the Preternatural pitch, shall stalk ; as those other preternatural ' shapes of Gods in their wrathfulness ' were discerned stalking, ' in glare and gloom of that fire-ocean, ' when Troy Town fell !¹ —

CHAPTER III

DISCROWNED

BUT the question more pressing than all on the Legislator, as yet, is this third : What shall be done with King Louis ?²

King Louis, now King and Majesty to his own family alone, in their own Prison Apartment alone, has been Louis Capet and the Traitor Veto with the rest of France. Shut in his Circuit of the Temple, he has heard and seen the loud whirl of things ; yells

¹[' Apparent diræ facies, inimicæque Trojæ
' Numina magna Deum.
' Tum vero omne mihi visum considerare in ignes
' Ilium, et ex imo verti Neptunia Troja.'

—Virgil, *Æneid*, ii. 622-5.]

²[Carlyle rather fails to see that the question 'what to do with the King' was inextricably bound up with the question of the War ; was it to continue as a war of defence merely, or as a war of propaganda, or a war of conquest ? The really strong men, like Danton, knew that there must be a limit both to propaganda and conquest, that the republic must one day fix its limits, and negotiate with the surrounding 'tyrants,' it might be from within a girdle of daughter republics, it might be from the limits of old Gaul (Rhine, Alps, Pyrenees). For either of these at present a continuance of the war was necessary, and the King's death was the surest means of engaging the Convention to continue the war. Nothing else could 'steep them to the lips.' With the baser *Montagnards* like Collot, it was simply a question of their life or his ; only as absolute masters of France were they safe for an hour from the vengeance, not only of the Allies but of the majority of Frenchmen. With the Gironde it was different ; they never desired a war of conquest, but they were wedded to the idea of propaganda, and failed to see that peace was impossible while propaganda continued. We know now that to have sent the Royal Family to Spain would not have endangered the armed Republic at the moment ; but what would have happened in Oct. '95, when the discredited Convention stank in the nostrils even of the Paris mob ? Had the King been alive then, and promised a constitution, he would certainly have been restored. A most interesting letter from Lacuée to Bourgoing (French ambassador in Spain) is quoted in Carnot's *Corresp.* (i. 321). 'The mad idea of republicanising Europe is extinct' (this in December '92) 'or never existed except in a few hot heads . . . if we are offered a solid peace 'and the recognition of the Republic, if Belgium and Liège are left to go their own way, if they will abandon to us Nice, Savoy and Avignon, I am sure that the 'Convention will treat the ex-King well.']

of September Massacres, Brunswick war-thunders dying off in disaster and discomfiture ; he passive, a spectator merely ; waiting whither it would please to whirl with him. From the neighbouring windows, the curious, not without pity, might see him walk daily, at a certain hour, in the Temple Garden, with his Queen, Sister and two Children, all that now belongs to him in this Earth.¹ Quietly he walks and waits ; for he is not of lively feelings, and is of a devout heart. The wearied Irresolute has, at least, no need of resolving now. His daily meals, lessons to his Son, daily walk in the Garden, daily game at ombre or drafts, fill up the day : the morrow will provide for itself.

The morrow indeed ; and yet How ? Louis asks, How ? France, with perhaps still more solicitude, asks, How ? A King dethroned by insurrection is verily not easy to dispose of. Keep him prisoner, he is a secret centre for the Disaffected, for endless plots, attempts and hopes of theirs. Banish him, he is an open centre for them ; his royal war-standard, with what of divinity it has, unrolls itself, summoning the world. Put him to death ? A cruel questionable extremity that too : and yet the likeliest in these extreme circumstances, of insurrectionary men, whose own life and death lies staked : accordingly it is said, from the last step of the throne to the first of the scaffold there is short distance.

But, on the whole, we will remark here that this business of Louis looks altogether different now, as seen over Seas and at the distance of forty-four years, from what it looked then, in France, and struggling confused all round one. For indeed it is a most lying thing that same Past Tense always : so beautiful, sad, almost Elysian-sacred, 'in the moonlight of Memory,' it seems ; and *seems* only. For observe, always one most important element is surreptitiously (we not noticing it) withdrawn from the Past Time : the haggard element of Fear ! Not *there* does Fear dwell, nor Uncertainty, nor Anxiety ; but it dwells *here* ; haunting us, tracking us ; running like an accursed ground-discord

¹ Moore, i. 123 ; ii. 224, &c.

through all the music-tones of our Existence ;—making the Tense a mere Present one ! Just so is it with this of Louis. Why smite the fallen ? asks Magnanimity, out of danger now. He is fallen so low this once-high man ; no criminal nor traitor, how far from it ; but the unhappiest of Human Solecisms : whom if abstract Justice had to pronounce upon, she might well become concrete Pity, and pronounce only sobs and dismissal !

So argues retrospective Magnanimity : but Pusillanimity, present, prospective ? Reader, thou hast never lived, for months, under the rustle of Prussian gallows-ropes ; never wert thou portion of a National Sahara-waltz, Twenty-five millions running distracted to fight Brunswick ! Knights Errant themselves, when they conquered Giants, usually slew the Giants : quarter was only for other Knights Errant, who knew courtesy and the laws of battle. The French Nation, in simultaneous, desperate dead-pull, and as if by miracle of madness, has pulled down the most dread Goliath, huge with the growth of ten centuries ; and cannot believe, though his giant bulk, covering acres, lies prostrate, bound with peg and packthread, that he will not rise again, man-devouring ; that the victory is not partly a dream. Terror has its scepticism ; miraculous victory its rage of vengeance. Then as to criminality, is the prostrated Giant, who will devour us if he rise, an innocent Giant ? Curate Grégoire, who indeed is now Constitutional Bishop Grégoire, asserts, in the heat of eloquence, that Kingship by the very nature of it is a crime capital ; that Kings' Houses are as wild-beasts' dens.¹ Lastly consider this : that there is on record a Trial of Charles First ! This printed *Trial of Charles First* is sold and read everywhere at present :²—*Quelle spectacle !* Thus did the English People

¹ *Moniteur*, Séance du 21 Sept., An 1^{er} (1792). [During a debate on the question of what was to be preserved, what abandoned, of the old laws (Sept. 21st) at the second session of the Convention, Grégoire said : 'Certainly no one will ever propose to us to preserve the fatal race of Kings ; we know too well that all dynasties have never been anything but voracious races, living exclusively on human flesh. . . . Kings are in the spiritual world what monsters are in the physical ; courts are the workshops of crime and the dens of tyrants' (*Moniteur*, Sept. 22nd, in *loc. cit.*.)]

² Moore's Journal, ii. 165. [Remember that Carlyle in his *Cromwell* (edition 1871, ii. 94) goes out of his way to glorify the execution of Charles as "the most

judge their Tyrant, and become the first of Free Peoples : which feat, by the grace of Destiny, may not France now rival ? Scepticism of terror, rage of miraculous victory, sublime spectacle to the universe,—all things point one fatal way.

Such leading questions, and their endless incidental ones,—of September Anarchists and Departmental Guard ; of Grain-Riots, plaintive Interior Ministers ; of Armies, Hassenfratz dilapidations ; and what is to be done with Louis,—beleguer and embroil this Convention ; which would so gladly make the Constitution rather. All which questions too, as we often urge of such things, are in *growth* ; they grow in every French head ; and can be *seen* growing also, very curiously, in this mighty welter of Parliamentary Debate, of Public Business which the Convention has to do. A question emerges, so small at first ; is put off, submerged ; but always reemerges bigger than before. It is a curious, indeed an indescribable sort of growth which such things have.

We perceive, however, both by its frequent reemergence and by its rapid enlargement of bulk, that this Question of King Louis will take the lead of all the rest. And truly, in that case, it will take the *lead* in a much deeper sense. For as Aaron's Rod swallowed all the other serpents ! so will the Foremost Question, whichever may get foremost, absorb all other questions and interests ; and from it and the decision of it will they all, so to speak, be *born*, or new-born, and have shape, physiognomy and destiny corresponding. It was appointed of Fate that, in this wide-weltering, strangely growing, monstrous stupendous imbroglio of Convention Business, the grand First-Parent of all the questions, controversies, measures and enterprises which were to be evolved there to the world's astonishment, should be this Question of King Louis.

daring action of any body of men to be met with in History . . . honour to the brave who deliver us from phantom dynasties . . . a thing whereof flunkyism, cant, cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since."

The Executive Council saw the parallel too, and subsidised a wretched poetaster called Lebrun, for an ode in which Charles is represented as dragging Louis down to Hell (Aulard, Recueil, i. 303.)]

CHAPTER IV

THE LOSER PAYS

THE Sixth of November 1792 was a great day for the Republic : outwardly, over the Frontiers ; inwardly, in the *Salle de Manège*.

Outwardly : for Dumouriez, overrunning the Netherlands, did, on that day, come in contact with Saxe-Teschen and the Austrians ; Dumouriez wide-winged, they wide-winged ; at and around the village of Jemappes, near Mons. And fire-hail is whistling far and wide there, the great guns playing, and the small ; so many green Heights getting fringed and maned with red Fire. And Dumouriez is swept back on this wing, and swept back on that, and is like to be swept back utterly ; when he rushes up in person, the prompt Polymetis ; speaks a prompt word or two ; and then, with clear tenor-pipe, 'uplifts the Hymn of the Marseillaise, *entonna la Marseillaise*,' ten-thousand tenor or bass pipes joining ; or say, some Forty-thousand in all ; for every heart leaps at the sound ; and so with rhythmic march-melody, waxing ever quicker, to double and to treble quick, they rally, they advance, they rush, death-defying, man-devouring ; carry batteries, redoutes, whatsoever is to be carried ; and, like the fire-whirlwind, sweep all manner of Austrians from the scene of action. Thus, through the hands of Dumouriez, may Rouget de Lille,¹ in figurative speech, be said to have gained, miraculously, like another Orpheus, by his Marseillaise fiddle-strings (*fidibus canoris*), a Victory of Jemappes ; and conquered the Low Countries.

Young General Égalité, it would seem, shone brave among the bravest on this occasion. Doubtless a brave Égalité ;—whom however does not Dumouriez rather talk of oftener than need were ? The Mother-Society has her own thoughts. As for the Elder Égalité he flies low at this time ; appears in the Convention for some half-hour daily, with rubicund, preoccupied or impassive quasi-contemptuous countenance ; and then takes himself away.²

¹[*Sic* for Lisle.]

²Moore, ii. 148. [Several times during December the Girondists proposed to include Égalité in the general proscription of the Bourbons, or at least to banish

The Netherlands are conquered, at least overrun. Jacobin missionaries, your Prolys, Pereiras, follow in the train of the Armies; also Convention Commissioners, melting church-plate, revolutionising and remodelling,—among whom Danton, in brief space, does immensities of business; not neglecting his own wages and trade profits, it is thought. Hassenfratz dilapidates at home; Dumouriez grumbles and they dilapidate abroad: within the walls there is sinning, and without the walls there is sinning.¹

But in the Hall of the Convention, at the same hour with this victory of Jemappes, there went another thing forward:² Report, of great length, from the proper appointed Committee, on the Crimes of Louis. The Galleries listen breathless; take comfort, ye Galleries: Deputy Valazé, Reporter on this occasion, thinks Louis very criminal; and that, if convenient, he should be tried;—poor Girondin Valazé, who may be tried himself, one day! Comfortable so far. Nay here comes a second Committee-reporter, Deputy Mailhe, with a Legal Argument, very prosy to read now, very refreshing to hear then, That, by the Law of the Country, Louis Capet was only called Inviolable by a figure of rhetoric; but at bottom was perfectly violable, triable; that he can, and

him from France, but he was saved by the *Montagnards*: on Dec. 16th a decree against him was actually carried, but rescinded three days later, and the question did not come up again till the spring of '93. This gave the Girondins a chance to accuse the *Montagnards* of 'Orléanism' (see Mortimer-Ternaux, v. 362).]

¹ Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. 174. [The army with which Dumouriez overran Belgium amounted in all to some 80,000; the Austrians under Saxe-Teschen had not quite 30,000; their advanced post was at Mons; about 40,000 of Dumouriez's troops were actually engaged at Jemappes, and after the victory the revolutionising of Belgium began from Mons; an elected Provisional Government was set up: on November 14th Dumouriez entered Brussels; the remnants of all Belgian parties which had risen against Joseph II. coalesced and began to form a National Republic. Before all things the Belgians dreaded the influx of French *Assignats*, and this was just what the Convention Commissioners, who followed in the wake of Dumouriez, determined to force on them. Before Brussels had been long in French hands the question was raised both there and in Paris, 'Why should not Holland be treated in the same way?' Paris was full of Dutch exiles of the year '87; the declaration that the Scheldt was open to all commerce (Nov. 19th), with its accompaniment. (*vid. infr.* 383) was practically a declaration of war on the Stadtholder, and Dumouriez himself was full of ardour to overrun Holland. Two things prevented it for a time, first the unexpected firmness of England, and secondly the suspicion already felt in Paris against Dumouriez. In his own *Mémoires* (iii. 234) Dumouriez professed to regard the refusal of the Convention to allow him to attack Holland as a favouring of Custine (whose plan was rather an invasion of Germany) at his expense. But he did his best to resist the shameless plundering of Belgium, which ensued at the hands of the Convention Commissioners, and thereby earned their lasting hatred (*vid. infr.* 386).]

²[Nov. 6th.]

even should be tried. • This Question of Louis, emerging so often as an angry confused possibility, and submerging again, has emerged now in an articulate shape.¹

Patriotism growls indignant joy. The so-called reign of Equality is not to be a mere name, then, but a thing! Try Louis Capet? scornfully ejaculates Patriotism: Mean criminals go to the gallows for a purse cut; and this chief criminal, guilty of a France cut; of a France slashed asunder with Clotho-scissors and Civil war; with his victims 'twelve-hundred on the Tenth of August alone' lying low in the Catacombs, fattening the passes of Argonne Wood, of Valmy and far Fields; *he*, such chief criminal, shall not even come to the bar?—For, alas, O Patriotism! add we, it was from of old said, *The loser pays!* It is he who has to pay *all* scores, run up by whomsoever; on him must all breakages and charges fall; and the twelve-hundred on the Tenth of August are not rebel traitors, but victims and martyrs: such is the law of quarrel.

Patriotism, nothing doubting, watches over this Question of the trial, now happily emerged in an articulate shape; and will see it to maturity, if the gods permit. With a keen solicitude Patriotism watches; getting ever keener, at every new difficulty, as Girondins and false brothers interpose delays; till it get a keenness as of fixed-idea, and will have this Trial and no earthly thing instead of it,—if Equality be not a name. Love of Equality; then scepticism of terror, rage of victory, sublime spectacle to the universe: all these things are strong.

But indeed this Question of the Trial, is it not to all persons a most grave one; filling with dubiety many a Legislative head! Regicide? asks the Gironde Respectability:² To kill a king, and

¹[A special commission of 24 persons had been appointed, on Oct. 1st, to report on the papers found in the Tuileries as to the King's actions. It was as reporters of this Committee that Valazé and Mailhe spoke. Mailhe's report concluded with an open threat that the Queen should be tried too, but by the ordinary tribunals, not by the Convention.]

²[The Gironde, it is to be feared, saw in the King's trial merely an opportunity for a display of eloquence on their own parts, and a theatrical parade of the power of the Republic. Many of them probably at heart wished to save him, but as the terror exercised over the Convention by the *Commune*, with the mob at their backs, increased, few dared to vote anything but death.]

become the horror of respectable nations and persons? But then also, to save a king; to lose one's footing with the decided Patriot; the undecided Patriot, though never so respectable, being mere hypothetic froth and no footing?—The dilemma presses sore; and between the horns of it you wriggle round and round. Decision is nowhere, save in the Mother-Society and her Sons. These have decided, and go forward: the others wriggle round uneasily within their dilemma-horns, and make way nowhither.

CHAPTER V

STRETCHING OF FORMULAS

BUT how this Question of the Trial grew laboriously, through the weeks of gestation, now that it has been articulated or conceived, were superfluous to trace here. It emerged and submerged among the infinite of questions and embroilments. The Veto of Scoundrels writes plaintive Letters as to Anarchy; 'concealed Royalists,' aided by Hunger, produce Riots about Grain. Alas, it is but a week ago, these Girondins made a new fierce onslaught on the September Massacres!

For, one day, among the last of October, Robespierre, being summoned to the tribune by some new hint of that old calumny of the Dictatorship, was speaking and pleading there, with more and more comfort to himself;¹ till rising high in heart, he cried out valiantly: Is there any man here that dare specifically accuse me? "*Moi!*" exclaimed one. Pause of deep silence: a lean angry little Figure, with broad bald brow, strode swiftly towards the tribune, taking papers from its pocket: "I accuse thee, Robespierre,"—I, Jean Baptiste Louvet! The Seagreen became tallowgreen; shrinking to a corner of the tribune: Danton cried, "Speak, Robespierre, there are many good citizens that listen;" but the tongue refused its office. And so Louvet, with a shrill tone, read and recited crime after crime: dictatorial temper, exclusive popularity, bullying at elections, mob-retinue, September Massacres;—till all the Convention shrieked again, and

¹[Oct. 29th.]

had almost indicted the Incorruptible there on the spot. Never did the Incorruptible run such a risk. Louvet, to his dying day, will regret that the Gironde did not take a bolder attitude, and extinguish him there and then.

Not so, however: the Incorruptible, about to be indicted in this sudden manner, could not be refused a week of delay. That week he is not idle; nor is the Mother-Society idle,—fierce-tremulous for her chosen son. He is ready at the day with his written Speech; smooth as a Jesuit Doctor's; and convinces some. And now? Why now lazy Vergniaud does *not* rise with Demosthenic thunder; poor Louvet, unprepared, can do little or nothing: Barère proposes that these comparatively despicable 'personalities' be dismissed by order of the day! Order of the day it accordingly is. Barbaroux cannot even get a hearing; not though he rush down to the Bar, and demand to be heard there as a petitioner.¹ The Convention, eager for public business (with that first articulate emergence of the Trial just coming on), dismisses these comparative *misères* and despicabilities; splenetic Louvet must digest his spleen, regretfully forever: Robespierre, dear to Patriotism, is dearer for the dangers he has run.²

This is the second grand attempt by our Girondin Friends of Order, to extinguish that black-spot in their domain; and we see they have made it far blacker and wider than before! Anarchy, September Massacre: it is a thing that lies hideous in

¹ Louvet, *Mémoires* (Paris, 1823), p. 52; *Moniteur* (Séances, 29 Octobre, 5 Novembre, 1792); Moore, ii. 178, &c.

² [Louvet's attack on Robespierre was on the occasion of the reading of Roland's "Report on the State of the Capital since Aug. 10th," a report which gravely incriminated Robespierre. The Gironde was taken by surprise by this action of their *enfant terrible*; it was a great tactical mistake to allow Robespierre five days to prepare his defence, which he delivered Nov. 4th; bad speaker and debater as he was, it was not difficult for him to refute much of Louvet's frothy rhetoric; he proved, *e.g.*, that he had no intimate relations with Marat, he tentatively defended the September massacre; he showed that Louvet was really attacking Paris through his person. Both speeches may be read in full in Stephens' *Orators*, and with them should be read Danton's excellent short speech of Oct. 29th, making for peace and union of parties. Note that Louvet's was not the first attack on Robespierre. On Sept. 25th Rebecqui and Lasource had both said much the same, but Louvet's was an elaborately prepared impeachment; note also that Barere here commenced his famous career of 'weathercock' (*see* Mortimer-Ternaux, iv. 298, 327).]

the general imagination; very detestable to the undecided Patriot, of Respectability: a thing to be harped on as often as need is. Harp on it, denounce it, trample it, ye Girondin Patriots:—and yet behold, the black-spot will not trample down; it will only, as we say, trample blacker and wider: fools, it is no black-spot of the surface, but a well-spring of the deep! Consider rightly, it is the Apex of the everlasting Abyss, this black-spot, looking up as water through thin ice;—say, as the region of Nether Darkness through your thin film of Gironde Regulation and Respectability: trample it *not*, lest the film break, and then—!

The truth is, if our Gironde Friends had an understanding of it, where were French Patriotism, with all its eloquence, at this moment, had *not* that same great Nether Deep, of Bedlam, Fanaticism and Popular wrath and madness, risen unfathomable on the Tenth of August? French Patriotism were an eloquent Reminiscence; swinging on Prussian gibbets. Nay, where, in few months, were it still, should the same great Nether Deep subside?—Nay, as readers of Newspapers pretend to recollect, this hatefulness of the September Massacre is itself partly an after-thought: readers of Newspapers can quote Gorsas and various Brissotins approving of the September Massacre, at the time it happened; and calling it a salutary vengeance.¹ So that the real grief, after all, were not so much righteous horror, as grief that one's own power was departing? Unhappy Girondins!

In the Jacobin Society, therefore, the decided Patriot complains that here are men who with their private ambitions and animosities will ruin Liberty, Equality and Brotherhood, all

¹ See Hist. Parl. xvii. 401; newspapers by Gorsas and others cited *ibid.* 428. [Gorsas, *Courrier des Départemens*, No. 4 (*cf.* also No. 6). 'A hundred thousand citizens, or rather all Paris, went to the prisons which were encumbered with brigands, with the intention of sacrificing them all to the public safety; but the innocent were saved, only the conspirators and rascals have been killed.' Biré (*Légende des Girondins*, p. 127) quotes passages in the same strain from Louvet's *Sentinelles*, the *Moniteur* (Sept. 6th), *Thermomètre du jour* (Sept. 4th), *Feuille Villageoise* (Sept. 6th), and Carra's *Annales Patriotiques*. Even Condorcet in *Chronique de Paris* (Sept. 4th) speaks of "the people being compelled to exercise this vengeance." (*Cf.* also Mortimer-Ternaux, iv. 411, *sqq.*)

three: they check the spirit of Patriotism; throw stumbling-blocks in its way; and instead of pushing on, all shoulders at the wheel, will stand idle there, spitefully clamouring what foul ruts there are, what rude jolts we give! To which the Jacobin Society answers with angry roar;—with angry shriek, for there are Citoyennes too, thick crowded in the galleries here. Citoyennes who bring their seam with them, or their knitting-needles; and shriek or knit as the case needs; famed *Tricoteuses*, Patriot Knitters; *Mère Duchesse*,¹ or the like Deborah and Mother of the Faubourgs, giving the key-note. It is a changed Jacobin Society; and a still changing. Where Mother Duchess now sits, authentic Duchesses have sat. High-rouged dames went once in jewels and spangles; now, instead of jewels, you may take the knitting-needles and leave the rouge: the rouge will gradually give place to natural brown, clean washed or even unwashed: and Demoiselle Théroigne herself get scandalously fustigated. Strange enough; it is the same tribune raised in mid-air, where a high Mirabeau, a high Barnave and Aristocrat Lameths once thundered; whom gradually your Brissots, Guadets, Vergniauds, a hotter style of Patriots in *bonnet rouge*, did displace; red heat, as one may say, superseding light. And now your Brissots in turn, and Brissotins, Rolandins, Girondins, are becoming supernumerary; must desert the sittings, or be expelled: the light of the Mighty Mother is burning not red but blue!—Provincial Daughter-Societies loudly disapprove these things; loudly demand the swift reinstatement of such eloquent Girondins, the swift ‘erasure of Marat,² *radiation de Marat*.’ The Mother-Society, so far as natural reason can predict, seems

¹[I cannot find any satisfactory account of this woman, whom Mercier in the ‘Nouveau Paris’ calls *l’archiduchesse* (evidently a street nickname). She was a market woman of great stature and ferocity, who led the *claque* in the galleries. There were several publications under the title of *Mère Duchesne*, and eighteen consecutive issues were printed on the same blue paper as Père Duchesne, and signed ‘Pétrouille Mackefer, Femme du Père Duchesne.’ The first of these was Feb. 20th ’91, the day of the departure of *Mesdames Tantes* for Rome (see Tourneux, *Bibliographie de l’Hist. de Paris pendant la Rév.* (Paris, 1890—1900), ii. 758-9).]

²[Dec. 16th. This refers to an address of the *Société* of Châtellerault (in Poitou), in which the demand was made for the expulsion of Marat and Robespierre. (*Journal des Débats des Jacobins*, No. 321, Dec. 18th.)]

ruining herself. Nevertheless she has at all crises seemed so; she has a *preternatural* life in her, and will not ruin.

But, in a fortnight more, this great Question of the Trial, while the fit Committee is assiduously but silently working on it, receives an unexpected stimulus. Our readers remember poor Louis's turn for smith-work: how, in old happier days, a certain *Sieur Gamain* of Versailles was wont to come over and instruct him in lock-making;—often scolding him, they say, for his numbness. By whom, nevertheless, the royal Apprentice had learned something of that craft. Hapless Apprentice; perfidious Master-Smith! For now, on this 20th of November 1792, dingy, Smith Gamain comes over to the Paris Municipality over to Minister Roland, with hints that he, Smith Gamain, knows a thing; that, in May last, when traitorous Correspondence was so brisk, he and the royal Apprentice fabricated an 'Iron Press, *Armoire de Fer*,' cunningly inserting the same in a wall of the royal chamber in the Tuileries; invisible under the wainscot; where doubtless it still sticks! Perfidious Gamain, attended by the proper Authorities, finds the wainscot panel which none else can find; wrenches it up; discloses the Iron Press,—full of Letters and Papers! Roland clutches them out; conveys them over in towels to the fit assiduous Committee, which sits hard by. In towels, we say, and without notarial inventory; an oversight on the part of Roland.

Here, however, are Letters enough: which disclose to a demonstration the Correspondence of a traitorous self-preserving Court; and this not with Traitors only, but even with Patriots, so-called! Barnave's treason, of Correspondence with the Queen, and friendly advice to her, ever since that Varennes Business, is hereby manifest: how happy that we have him, this Barnave, lying safe in the Prison of Grenoble, since September last, for he had long been suspect! Talleyrand's treason, many a man's treason, if not manifest hereby, is next to it. Mirabeau's treason: wherefore his Bust in the Hall of the Convention 'is veiled with gauze,' till we ascertain. Alas, it is too ascertainable! His

Bust in the Hall of the Jacobins, denounced by Robespierre from the tribune in mid-air, is not veiled, it is instantly broken to sherds; a Patriot mounting swiftly with a ladder, and shivering it down on the floor;—it and others: amid shouts.¹ Such is *their* recompense and amount of wages, at this date: on the principle of supply and demand. Smith Gamain, inadequately recompensed for the present, comes, some fifteen months after, with a humble Petition; setting forth that no sooner was that important Iron Press finished off by him, than (as he now bethinks himself) Louis gave him a large glass of wine. Which large glass of wine did produce in the stomach of Sieur Gamain the terriblest effects, evidently tending towards death, and was then brought up by an emetic; but has, notwithstanding, entirely ruined the constitution of Sieur Gamain; so that he cannot work for his family (as he now bethinks himself). The recompense of *which* is ‘Pension of Twelve-hundred francs,’ and ‘honourable mention.’ So different is the ratio of demand and supply at different times.²

Thus, amid obstructions and stimulating furtherances, has the Question of the Trial to grow; emerging and submerging; fostered by solicitous Patriotism. Of the Orations that were spoken on it, of the painfully devised Forms of Process for managing it, the Law Arguments to prove it lawful, and all the infinite floods of Juridical and other ingenuity and oratory, be no syllable reported in this History. Lawyer ingenuity is good: but what

¹ Journal des Débats des Jacobins (in Hist. Parl. xxii. 296). [The papers in the Iron Press disclosed the venality, or suggested venality, of every leading Revolutionist except Robespierre: in particular they disclosed the ‘scheme’ of Mirabeau, and the efforts of Bertrand and his friends to imitate it. It was evidently a common belief that Roland manipulated the papers and suppressed evidence against his own friends, though Lafayette (Mém. ii. 434) is not a good witness to that effect. Morris (i. 592) distinctly says that ‘nothing about Lafayette was found, which did not breathe the purest sentiments of freedom; this correspondence (Lafayette’s) therefore is kept secret, while he stands accused of designs in conjunction with the King to enslave his country’. Roland was at once accused by the Jacobins and defended himself well at the Bar of the Convention, Nov. 21st.]

²[Gamain (*vid. sup.*, note i. 40) had sent a report to the Legislative Assembly to the same effect after the return of the King from Varennes. It was not till May 1794 that the Convention accorded Gamain the pension here referred to, but made it date from May 22nd 1792, the date of the alleged ‘poisoning.’ Gamain died 1795.]

can it profit here? If the truth must be spoken, O august Senators, the only Law in this case is: *Væ victis*, The loser pays! Seldom did Robespierre say a wiser word than the hint he gave to that effect, in his oration, That it was needless to speak of Law; that here, if never elsewhere, our Right was Might. An oration admired almost to ecstasy, by the Jacobin Patriot:¹ who shall say that Robespierre is not a thorough-going man; bold in Logic at least? To the like effect, or still more plainly, spake young Saint-Just, the black-haired, mild-toned youth. Danton is on mission, in the Netherlands, during this preliminary work. The rest, far as one reads, welter amid Law of Nations, Social Contract, Juristics, Syllogistics; to us barren as the East wind. In fact, what can be more unprofitable than the sight of Seven-hundred and Forty-nine ingenious men struggling with their whole force and industry, for a long course of weeks, to do at bottom this: To stretch out the old Formula and Law Phraseology, so that it may cover the new, contradictory, entirely *uncoverable* Thing? Whereby the poor Formula does but *crack*, and one's honesty along with it! The thing that is palpably *hot*, burning, wilt thou prove it, by syllogism, to be a freezing-mixture? This of stretching out Formulas till they crack, is, especially in times of swift change, one of the sorrowfullest tasks poor Humanity has.

CHAPTER VI

AT THE BAR

MEANWHILE, in a space of some five weeks, we have got to another emerging of the Trial, and a more practical one than ever.

On Tuesday, eleventh of December, the King's Trial has *emerged*, very decidedly: into the streets of Paris; in the shape

¹[Dec. 3rd. Robespierre's speech was for him unusually practical, though he felt compelled to drag in his wonted references to Rousseau. He well pointed out that 'this is not a trial, nor are you judges, you are merely statesmen choosing a particular course; you are making too much fuss about it, also: your object should be to show contempt for Kings. Either the King is condemned already, or the Republic is condemned for dethroning him' (see Stephens' *Orators of the Fr. Rev.*).]

of that green Carriage of Mayor Chambon, within which sits the King himself, with attendants, on his way to the Convention Hall! Attended, in that green carriage, by Mayors Chambon, Procureurs Chaumette;¹ and outside of it by Commandants Santerre, with cannon, cavalry and double row of infantry; all Sections under arms, strong Patrols scouring all streets; so fares he, slowly through the dull drizzling weather: and about two o'clock we behold him, 'in walnut-coloured greatcoat, *redingote noisette*,' descending through the Place Vendôme, towards that Salle de Manège; to be indicted, and judicially interrogated. The mysterious Temple Circuit has given up its secret; which now, in this walnut-coloured coat, men behold with eyes. The same bodily Louis who was once Louis the Desired, fares there: hapless King, he is getting now towards port; his deplorable farings and voyagings draw to a close. What duty remains to him henceforth, that of placidly enduring, he is fit to do.

The singular Procession fares on; in silence, says Prudhomme, or amid growlings of the Marseillaise Hymn; in silence, ushers itself into the Hall of the Convention, Santerre holding Louis's arm with his hand. Louis looks round him, with composed air, to see what kind of Convention and Parliament it is. Much changed indeed:—since February gone two years, when our Constituent, then busy, spread fleur-de-lys velvet for us; and we came over to say a kind word here, and they all started up swearing Fidelity; and all France started up swearing, and made it a Feast of Pikes; which has ended in this! Barrère,² who once 'wept' looking up from his Editor's-Desk, looks down now from his President's-Chair, with a list of Fifty-seven Questions; and says, dry-eyed: "Louis, you may sit down." Louis sits down: it is the very seat, they say, same timber and stuffing,

¹[And Coulombeau, Secretary of the *Commune*. The dates are these: Nov. 6th, first report of Committee on Louis' 'crimes'; Nov. 13th—20th, debate whether and how he shall be tried; Dec. 3rd, decree that he shall be tried by the Convention; Dec. 11th, first appearance at the Bar; Dec. 26th, second appearance at the Bar, and Desèze's defence; Jan. 15th, 16th to 17th, 19th, the voting.]

²[It was Barrère who contributed largely to seal the King's fate, by proposing that the voting should be open and not by ballot; it was Danton who carried the rejection of Lanjuinais' motion, that (as by the old French law) three-fourths of the votes should be necessary for condemnation to death.]

from which he accepted the Constitution, amid dancing and illumination, autumn gone a year. So much woodwork remains identical; so much else is not identical. Louis sits and listens, with a composed look and mind.

Of the Fifty-seven Questions we shall not give so much as one. They are questions captiously embracing all the main Documents seized on the Tenth of August, or found lately in the Iron Press; embracing all the main incidents of the Revolution History; and they ask, in substance, this: Louis, who wert King, art thou not guilty to a certain extent, by act and written document, of trying to continue King? Neither in the Answers is there much notable. Mere quiet negations, for most part; an accused man standing on the simple basis of *No*: I do not recognise that document; I did not do that act; or did it according to the law that then was. Whereupon the Fifty-seven Questions, and Documents to the number of a Hundred and Sixty-two,¹ being exhausted in this manner, Barrère finishes, after some three hours, with his: "Louis, I invite you to withdraw."

Louis withdraws, under Municipal escort, into a neighbouring Committee-room; having first, in leaving the bar, demanded to have Legal Counsel. He declines refreshment, in this Committee-room; then, seeing Chaumette busy with a small loaf which a grenadier had divided with him, says, he will take a bit of bread. It is five o'clock; and he had breakfasted but slightly, in a morning of such drumming and alarm. Chaumette breaks his half-loaf: the King eats of the crust; mounts the green Carriage, eating; asks now, what he shall do with the crumb? Chaumette's clerk takes it from him; flings it out into the street. Louis says,

¹ [The heads of the accusation may be thus summed up:—

(1) Participation in Bouillé's "plots against the Nation."

(2) Payment of wages to the former Body Guards after they had emigrated.

(3) Favouring of emigration generally.

(4) Buying up corn in order to create a famine.

(5) Project of reversing the Constitution contrary to his oath.

Bertrand wrote from London, offering proof that the King had ordered all payments to *Émigrés* to cease since July '91 (Bertrand ii. 364, etc.). Lally-Tollendal, Malouet, and Necker also wrote and published defences of the King; and tried to have them scattered all over France.

No copy of the indictment was given to the King before his first interrogatory.]

It is pity to fling out bread, in a time of dearth. "My grandmother," remarks Chaumette, "used to say to me, Little boy, never waste a crumb of bread; you cannot make one." "Monsieur Chaumette," answers Louis, "your grandmother seems to have been a sensible woman."¹ Poor innocent mortal; so quietly he waits the drawing of the lot;—fit to do this at least well; Passivity alone, without Activity, sufficing for it! He talks once of travelling over France by and by, to have a geographical and topographical view of it;² being from of old fond of geography.—The Temple Circuit again receives him, closes on him; gazing Paris may retire to its hearths and coffeehouses, to its clubs and theatres: the damp Darkness has sunk, and with it the drumming and patrolling of this strange Day.

Louis is now separated from his Queen and Family;³ given up to his simple reflections and resources. Dull lie these stone walls round him; of his loved ones none with him. 'In this state of uncertainty,' providing for the worst, he writes his Will: a Paper which can still be read; full of placidity, simplicity, pious sweetness. The Convention, after debate, has granted him Legal Counsel, of his own choosing. Advocate Target feels himself 'too old,' being turned of fifty-four; and declines.⁴ He had gained great honour once, defending Rohan the Necklace-Cardinal; but will gain none here. Advocate Tronchet,⁵ some ten years older, does not decline. Nay behold, good old Males-

¹ Prudhomme's Newspaper (in Hist. Parl. xxi. 314).

² [Carlyle has mixed up the events of the two drives to the Convention (those of 17th and 26th).

The story about the intended journey is (1) ludicrous; the King evidently had no illusions about his fate; (2) wrongly quoted from the *Rév. de Paris* (No. 181), which only says the King said he 'had once intended to make such a journey'—a very different thing.]

³ [This was by the order of the *Commune*, and was fiercely opposed in the Convention, as were all the orders of the *Commune* for the cruel treatment of and espionage on the King.]

⁴ [Target however was not too old to accept a judgeship in the new *Régime* (Forneron, i. 88).]

⁵ [Tronchet, born 1726, one of the leaders of the Paris Bar before the Revolution, sat for the *Tiers-État* of Paris in the States-General, and helped to organise the New Judicial System; sat afterwards in the Council of Ancients, and, after 18th Brumaire, became President of the *Cour de Cassation*; died 1806.]

herbes steps forward voluntarily ; to the last of his fields, the good old hero ! He is gray with seventy years : he says, " I was twice called to the Council of him who was my Master, when all the world coveted that honour ; and I owe him the same service now, when it has become one which many reckon dangerous." These two, with a younger Desèze,¹ whom they will select for pleading, are busy over that Fifty-and-sevenfold Indictment, over the Hundred and Sixty-two Documents ; Louis aiding them as he can.

A great Thing is now therefore in open progress ; all men, in all lands, watching it. By what Forms and Methods shall the Convention acquit itself, in such manner that there rest not on it even the suspicion of blame ? Difficult that will be ! The Convention, really much at a loss, discusses and deliberates. All day from morning to night, day after day, the Tribune drones with oratory on this matter ; one must stretch the old Formula to cover the new Thing. The Patriots of the Mountain, whetted ever keener, clamour for despatch above all ; the only good Form will be a swift one. Nevertheless the Convention deliberates ; the Tribune drones,—drowned indeed in tenor, and even in treble, from time to time ; the whole Hall shrilling up round it into pretty frequent wrath and provocation. It has droned and shrilled wellnigh a fortnight, before we can decide,² this shrillness getting ever shriller, That on Wednesday 26th of December, Louis shall appear and plead. His Advocates complain that it is fatally soon ; which they well might as Advocates : but without remedy ; to Patriotism it seems endlessly late.

On Wednesday therefore, at the cold dark hour of eight in the morning, all Senators are at their post.³ Indeed they warm the cold hour, as we find, by a violent effervescence, such as is too common now ; some Louvet or Buzot attacking some Tallien,

¹ [Desèze, born 1748, came from Bordeaux and made a great name at the Paris Bar. He returned to Bordeaux after the King's death, was arrested there for having defended Louis, and kept in prison till Thermidor ; lived in seclusion till the Restoration, when he became President of the *Cour de Cassation* ; died 1828. (See letters from him printed in Mortimer-Ternaux, v. 567.)]

² [Dec. 15th.]

³ [Dec. 26th.]

Chabot; and so the whole Mountain effervescing against the whole Gironde. Scarcely is this done, at nine, when Louis and his three Advocates, escorted by the clang of arms and Santerre's National force, enter the Hall.

Desèze unfolds his papers; honourably fulfilling his perilous office, pleads for the space of three hours.¹ An honourable Pleading, 'composed almost overnight;' courageous yet discreet; not without ingenuity, and soft pathetic eloquence: Louis fell on his neck, when they had withdrawn, and said with tears, "*Mon pauvre Desèze!*" Louis himself, before withdrawing, had added a few words, "perhaps the last he would utter to them:" how it pained his heart, above all things, to be held guilty of that bloodshed on the Tenth of August; or of ever shedding or wishing to shed French blood. So saying, he withdrew from that Hall;—having indeed finished his work there. Many are the strange errands he has had thither; but this strange one is the last.

And now, why will the Convention loiter? Here is the Indictment and Evidence; here is the Pleading: does not the rest follow of itself? The Mountain, and Patriotism in general, clamours still louder for despatch; for Permanent-session, till the task be done. Nevertheless a doubting, apprehensive Convention decides that it will still deliberate first; that all Members, who desire it, shall have leave to speak.—To your desks, therefore, ye eloquent Members! Down with your thoughts, your echoes and hearsays of thoughts; now is the time to show oneself; France and the Universe listens! Members are not wanting: Oration, spoken Pamphlet follows spoken Pamphlet, with what eloquence it can: President's List swells ever higher with names claiming to speak; from day to day, all days and all hours, the constant Tribune drones;—shrill Galleries supplying,

¹[Morellet (i. 406) says that Desèze took a day and two nights to compose his speech, and that the King insisted on striking out many pathetic passages, including the peroration, as he considered it beneath his dignity to bewail his misfortune. The defence (the substance of which may be read in Mortimer-Ternaux, v. 282-9) ends with the words, "Reflect that it is History that will judge *you*, and that hers will be the judgment of all future ages."]

very variably, the tenor and treble. It were a dull tone otherwise.

The Patriots, in Mountain and Galleries, or taking counsel nightly in Section-house, in Mother-Society, amid their shrill *Tricoteuses*, have to watch lynx-eyed; to give voice when needful; occasionally very loud. Deputy Thuriot, he who was Advocate Thuriot, who was Elector Thuriot, and from the top of the Bastille saw Saint-Antoine rising like the ocean; this Thuriot can stretch a Formula as heartily as most men. Cruel Billaud is not silent, if you incite him. Nor is cruel Jean-Bon¹ silent; a kind of Jesuit he too;—write him not, as the Dictionaries too often do, *Jambon*, which signifies mere *Ham*!

But, on the whole, let no man conceive it possible that Louis is not guilty. The only question for a reasonable man is, or was: Can the Convention judge Louis? Or must it be the whole People; in Primary Assembly, and with delay? Always delay, ye Girondins,² false *hommes d'état*! so bellows Patriotism, its patience almost failing.—But indeed, if we consider it, what shall these poor Girondins do? Speak their conviction that Louis is a Prisoner of War; and cannot be put to death without injustice, solecism, peril? Speak such conviction; and lose utterly your footing with the decided Patriot! Nay properly it is not even a conviction, but a conjecture and dim puzzle. How many poor Girondins are sure of but one thing: That a man and Girondin

¹[Jean Bon-Saint-André, born at Montauban 1749 (a Protestant pastor before the Revolution), sat for the Lot in the Convention; member of *Comité de Salut Public*, where he confined himself to naval matters; was present in person at the battle of June 1st '94, hence Canning's famous lines on him in the Anti-Jacobin,

'. . . in battles much delighting,
'He fled full soon on the first of June,
'But he bade the rest keep fighting.'

He seems to have been honest, and not inefficient; but the task of reorganising the Navy, after its practical destruction by the Revolution, was hopeless. The Directory gave him a Consular appointment at Smyrna, there he was taken prisoner by the Turks; he served the Empire as a prefect, and died 1813. His letters to the *Comité de Salut Public* (printed in Aulard's *Recueil*) strike me not only as more honest, but as more free both from bloodthirstiness and absurdity than those of most of his colleagues.]

²[The leading Girondist argument in favour of delay was the certainty of war with England and Spain if Louis were executed—a bad argument to use against the *Montagnards*. (See especially Vergniaud's speech Dec. 31st, and Brissot's Jan. 1st.)]

ought to *have* footing somewhere, and to stand firmly on it; keeping well with the Respectable Classes! *This* is what conviction and assurance of faith they have. They must wriggle painfully between their dilemma-horns.¹

Nor is France idle, nor Europe. It is a Heart this Convention, as we said, which sends out influences, and receives them. A King's Execution, call it Martyrdom, call it Punishment, were an influence!—Two notable influences this Convention has already sent forth over all Nations; much to its own detriment. On the 19th of November, it emitted a Decree, and has since confirmed and unfolded the details of it, That any Nation which might see good to shake off the fetters of Despotism was thereby, so to speak, the Sister of France, and should have help and countenance. A Decree much noised of by Diplomats, Editors, International Lawyers; such a Decree as no living Fetter of Despotism, nor Person in Authority anywhere, can approve of! It was Deputy Chambon the Girondin who propounded this Decree;—at bottom perhaps as a flourish of rhetoric.²

The second influence we speak of had a still poorer origin: in the restless loud-rattling slightly-furnished head of one Jacob Dupont from the Loire country. The Convention is speculating on a plan of National Education: Deputy Dupont in his speech says, "I am free to avow, M. le Président, that I for my part am

¹ See Extracts from their Newspapers, in Hist. Parl. xxi. 1-38, &c.

²[This was not 'Chambon's' (Carlyle means Cambon's) decree at all. When the news of Jemappes arrived there was some discussion as to how it should be celebrated; and this decree, the substance of which was proposed by Ruhl, supported by Brissot, Barras, Treilhard and Larevellière, was the outcome of it. The words were finally drafted thus, "The Convention, in the name of the French nation, declares that it will grant fraternity and succour to all peoples who desire their liberty, and charges its Executive power to give to its Generals the orders necessary to carry such succour to such peoples, and to defend all citizens who have been or shall be persecuted for liberty's sake" (Nov. 19th).

Such a decree was a dead letter at once wherever the political interests of France worked against it: it would have been of course nothing less than a declaration of war against all the Governments of the World. At once however one finds French diplomatists apologising for it everywhere, as a 'snatch vote,' carried by a few fanatics. Much more important was Cambon's decree of Dec. 15th, that, *wherever French arms penetrated*, the existing government should be overturned, and the people convoked in primary assemblies, to set up a provisional government under the protection of France.]

an Atheist,"¹—thinking the world might like to know that. The French world received it without commentary; or with no audible commentary, so *loud* was France otherwise. The Foreign world received it with confutation, with horror and astonishment; ² a most miserable influence this! And now if to these two were added a third influence and sent pulsing abroad over all the Earth: that of Regicide?

Foreign Courts interfere in this Trial of Louis; Spain, England: not to be listened to; though they come, as it were, at least Spain comes, with the olive-branch in one hand, and the sword without scabbard in the other. But at home too, from out of this circumambient Paris and France, what influences come thick-pulsing! Petitions flow in; pleading for equal justice, in a reign of so-called Equality. The living Patriot pleads;—O ye National Deputies, do not the dead Patriots plead? The Twelve-hundred that lie in cold obstruction, do not they plead; and petition, in Death's dumb-show, from their narrow house there, more eloquently than speech? Crippled Patriots hop on crutches round the Salle de Manège, demanding justice. The Wounded of the Tenth of August, the Widows and Orphans of the Killed petition in a body; and hop and defile, eloquently mute, through the Hall: one wounded Patriot, unable to hop, is borne on his bed thither, and passes shoulder-high, in the horizontal posture.³ The Convention Tribune, which has paused at such sight, commences again,—droning mere Juristic Oratory. But out of doors Paris is piping ever higher. Bull-voiced St.-Huruge is heard; and the hysteric eloquence of Mother Duchess; 'Varlet,⁴ Apostle

¹ Moniteur, Séance du 14 Déc. 1792. [Jacob Louis Dupont was deputy to Legislative and Convention for Indre-et-Loire, and must be carefully distinguished from the great economist, Dupont de Nemours.]

² Mrs. Hannah More, Letter to Jacob Dupont (London, 1793); &c. &c.

³ Hist. Parl. xxii. 131; Moore, &c. [From Christmas onwards the ferment in Paris was very dangerous. The *Commune* ordered all churches to be shut on Christmas-eve. Mortimer-Ternaux (v. 420) quotes many violent motions in the various Section Committees, which prove how much the lives of the Moderates were in danger. The *Commune* was quite prepared to raise an insurrection if the King were not condemned. Pache played into its hands, and allowed it to fetch thirty-two pieces of cannon from Saint-Denis.]

⁴ [This Jean Varlet, a former clerk in the post office, who had got up the petition for the King's deposition on Aug. 6th, and who took part in all Hébertist movements till the spring of '94, must not be confused with Charles Varlet who was one

of Liberty,' with pike and red cap, flies hastily, carrying his oratorical folding-stool. Justice on the Traitor! cries all the Patriot world. Consider also this other cry, heard loud on the streets: "Give us Bread, or else kill us!" Bread and Equality; Justice on the Traitor, that we may have Bread!

The Limited or undecided Patriot is set against the Decided. Mayor Chambon heard of dreadful rioting at the *Théâtre de la Nation*: it had come to rioting, and even to fist-work, between the Decided and the Undecided, touching a new Drama called *Ami des Lois* (Friend of the Laws).¹ One of the poorest Dramas ever written; but which had didactic applications in it; wherefore powdered wigs of Friends of Order and black hair of Jacobin heads are flying there; and Mayor Chambon hastens with Santerre, in hopes to quell it. Far from quelling it, our poor Mayor gets so 'squeezed,' says the Report, and likewise so blamed and bullied, say we,—that he, with regret, quits the brief Mayoralty altogether, 'his lungs being affected.' This miserable *Ami des Lois* is debated of in the Convention itself; so violent, mutually-enraged, are the Limited Patriots and the Unlimited.²

Between which two classes, are not Aristocrats enough, and Crypto-Aristocrats, busy? Spies running over from London with important Packets; spies pretending to run! One of these latter, Viard was the name of him, pretending to accuse Roland, and even the Wife of Roland: to the joy of Chabot and the Mountain. But the Wife of Roland came, being summoned, on the instant, to the Convention Hall; came, in her high clearness; and, with few clear words, dissipated this Viard into despicability and air; all

of the few Moderates who sat in the Convention for Pas-de-Calais, and who had been a Colonel of Engineers before the Revolution, had protested against June 2nd and was imprisoned till Thermidor.]

¹[Jan. 12th, 1793. Laya's *l'Ami des Lois* was performed at the *Théâtre de la Nation* for the first time on Jan. 2nd, by the best actors of the *Comédie Française* (not yet arrested), and was suspended by the order of the *Commune* on 11th. It teemed with allusions to the tyranny of the *Montagne*, which were rapturously taken up by the respectable audience. On 12th there was a great riot at the theatre, as the audience called for the same play. The play is printed in Moland, '*Théâtre de la Révolution*' (Paris, 1877), and is analysed in Dauban's *Paris en 1793* (p. 16, *sqq.*). (For Chambon's accident *vid. supr.*, 361.)]

²*Ibid.* xxiii. 31, 48, &c.

Friends of Order applauding.¹ So, with Theatre-riots, and 'Bread, or else kill us ;' with Rage, Hunger, preternatural Suspicion, does this wild Paris pipe. Roland grows ever more querulous, in his Messages and Letters ; rising almost to the hysterical pitch. Marat, whom no power on Earth can prevent seeing into traitors and Rolands, takes to bed for three days ; almost dead, the invaluable People's-Friend, with heartbreak, with fever and headache : ' *O Peuple babillard, si tu savais agir*, People of Babblers, if 'thou couldst but act !'

To crown all, victorious Dumouriez, in these New-year's days, is arrived in Paris ;²—one fears, for no good. He pretends to be complaining of Minister Pache, and Hassenfratz dilapidations ; to be concerting measures for the spring Campaign : one finds him much in the company of the Girondins. Plotting with them against Jacobinism, against Equality, and the Punishment of Louis ? We have Letters of his to the Convention itself. Will he act the old Lafayette part, this new victorious General ? Let him withdraw again ; not undenounced.³

And still, in the Convention Tribune, it drones continually, mere Juristic Eloquence, and Hypothesis without Action ; and there are still fifties on the President's List. Nay these Gironde Presidents give their own party preference : we suspect they play foul with the List ; men of the Mountain cannot be heard. And still it drones, all through December into January and a New year ; and there is no end ! Paris pipes round it ; multitudinous ;

¹ Moniteur, Séance du 7 Déc. 1792. [Chabot accused Roland and Fauchet of corresponding with the *Émigrés*. Viard was probably a tool of Roland's enemies ; Mme Roland interviewed him, discovered as much, and said so to the Convention. The real reason of the bitter hostility to the Rolands was the knowledge that they alone had seen all the secret papers in the Tuileries. (See Dauban, *Étude sur Mme Roland*, clv. sqq.)]

² [Jan. 1st—26th.]

³ Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. p. 304. [Dumouriez lost all popularity by this journey to Paris. His object was to save the King, and to get the decree of Dec. 15th (which upset all his wise plans for pacifying Belgium) revoked ; perhaps also to throw for the Dictatorship. He arrived in Paris Jan. 1st, and remained quite quiet till his departure on 26th. The first open attack on him was not till the day after his departure (by Hassenfratz at the Jacobins, *Journal des Débats des Jac.*, Nos. 346-7). His bolt in the Revolution was shot, and he returned to his army a thoroughly distrusted and discontented man.]

ever higher, to the note of the whirlwind. Paris will 'bring cannon from Saint-Denis;' there is talk of 'shutting the Barriers,'—to Roland's horror.

Whereupon, behold, the Convention Tribune suddenly ceases droning: we cut short, be on the List who likes; and *make end*. On Tuesday next, the Fifteenth of January 1793, it shall go to the Vote, name by name; and one way or other, this great game play itself out!

CHAPTER VII

THE THREE VOTINGS¹

Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against Liberty? Shall our Sentence be itself final, or need ratifying by Appeal to the People? If guilty, what Punishment? This is the form agreed to, after uproar and 'several hours of tumultuous indecision:' these are the Three successive Questions, whereon the Convention shall now pronounce. Paris floods round their Hall; multitudinous, many-sounding. Europe and all Nations listen for their answer. Deputy after Deputy shall answer to his name: Guilty or Not guilty?

As to the Guilt there is, as above hinted, no doubt in the mind of Patriot men. Overwhelming majority pronounces Guilt; the unanimous Convention votes for Guilt, only some feeble twenty-eight voting not Innocence, but refusing to vote at all. Neither does the Second Question prove doubtful, whatever the Girondins might calculate. Would not Appeal to the People be another name for civil war?² Majority of two to one answers that there shall be no Appeal: this also is settled. Loud Patriotism, now

¹[Jan. 15th, 720 present, 683 voted guilty.

Jan. 15th, 717 present, 484 voted against appeal.

Jan. 16th-17th, 721 present, 361 voted death, 26 voted death with some reservation.

Jan. 19th, 690 present, 380 voted against respite.

Jan. 20th (early in the morning), it was voted to carry out the sentence within 24 hours.]

²[The Girondins as a whole were inclined to 'appeal to the people,' but the weakness of their position was that it was just this principle of the *Referendum* which they were anxious to oppose on other matters. Robespierre was strong for the *Referendum* as a principle, but against this particular use of it.]

at ten o'clock, may hush itself for the night ; and retire to its bed not without hope. Tuesday has gone well. On the morrow comes, What Punishment ? On the morrow is the tug of war.

Consider therefore if, on this Wednesday morning, there is an affluence of Patriotism ; if Paris stands a-tiptoe, and all Deputies are at their post ! Seven-hundred and Forty-nine honourable Deputies ; only some twenty absent on mission, Duchâtel and some seven others absent by sickness. Meanwhile expectant Patriotism and Paris standing a-tiptoe, have need of patience. For this Wednesday again passes in debate and effervescence ; Girondins proposing that a 'majority of three-fourths' shall be required ; Patriots fiercely resisting them. Danton, who has just got back from mission in the Netherlands, does obtain 'order of the day' on this Girondin proposal ; nay he obtains further that we decide *sans désenparer*, in Permanent-session, till we have done.

And so, finally, at eight in the evening this Third stupendous Voting, by roll-call or *appel nominal*, does begin.¹ What Punishment ? Girondins undecided, Patriots decided, men afraid of Royalty, men afraid of Anarchy, must answer here and now. Infinite Patriotism, dusky in the lamp-light, floods all corridors, crowds all galleries ; sternly waiting to hear. Shrill-sounding Ushers summon you by Name and Department ; you must rise to the Tribune, and say.

Eye-witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Voting, and of the votings that grew out of it ; a scene protracted, like to be endless, lasting, with few brief intervals, from Wednesday till Sunday morning,—as one of the strangest seen in the Revolution. Long night wears itself into day, morning's paleness is spread over all faces ; and again the wintry shadows sink, and the dim lamps are lit : but through day and night and the vicissitudes of hours, Member after Member is mounting continually those Tribune-steps ; pausing aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to speak his Fate-word ; then diving down into the dusk and throng again.

¹[Jan. 16th—17th.]

Like Phantoms in the hour of midnight ; most spectral, pandemonial ! Never did President Vergniaud,¹ or any terrestrial President, superintend the like. A King's Life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts ; the buzz hushes itself till he have spoken : Death ; Banishment ; Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say, Death ; with what cautious well-studied phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too say, Banishment ; something short of Death. The balance trembles, none can yet guess whitherward. Whereat anxious Patriotism bellows : irrepressible by Ushers.

The poor Girondins, many of them, under such fierce bellowing of Patriotism, say Death ; justifying, *motivant*, that most miserable word of theirs by some brief casuistry and jesuitry. Vergniaud himself says, Death ; justifying by jesuitry. Rich Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau had been of the Noblesse, and then of the Patriot Left side, in the Constituent ; and had argued and reported, there and elsewhere, not a little, *against* Capital Punishment : nevertheless he now says, Death ; a word which may cost him dear. Manuel did surely rank with the Decided in August last ; but he has been sinking and backsliding ever since September and the scenes of September. In this Convention, above all, no word he could speak would find favour ; he says now, Banishment ; and in mute wrath quits the place forever,—much hustled in the corridors. Philippe Égalité votes, in his soul and conscience, Death : at the sound of which and of whom, even Patriotism shakes its head ; and there runs a groan and shudder through this Hall of Doom. Robespierre's vote cannot be doubtful ; his speech is long. Men see the figure of shrill Sieyès ascend ; hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, "*La Mort sans phrase*, Death without phrases ;" and fares onward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial !

¹[Vergniaud had been elected President on Jan. 10th. The voting was by deputations, *i.e.*, the Deputation of the Haute-Garonne voted first, then Gers, then Gironde, etc. Every deputy had to make his way to the Hall through a howling mob of the worst scum of Paris. The Convention was no more really free than on the following May 31st and June 2nd. (See Mortimer-Ternaux, v. 41.)]

And yet if the Reader fancy it of a funereal, sorrowful or even grave character, he is far mistaken: 'the Ushers in the Mountain quarter,' says Mercier, 'had become as Box-keepers at the Opera;' opening and shutting of Galleries for privileged persons, for 'D'Orléans Égalité's mistresses,' or other high-dizened women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolor. Gallant Deputies pass and repass thitherward, treating them with ices, refreshments and small-talk; the high-dizened heads beck responsive; some have their card and pin, pricking down the Ayes and Noes, as at a game of *Rouge-et-Noir*. Further aloft reigns Mère Duchesse with her unrugged Amazons; she cannot be prevented making long *Hahas*, when the vote is not *La Mort*. In these Galleries there is refection, drinking of wine and brandy 'as in open tavern, *en pleine tabagie*.' Betting goes on in all coffeehouses of the neighbourhood. But within doors, fatigue, impatience, uttermost weariness sits now on all visages; lighted up only from time to time by turns of the game. Members have fallen asleep; Ushers come and awaken them to vote: other Members calculate whether they shall not have time to run and dine. Figures rise, like phantoms, pale in the dusky lamp-light; utter from this Tribune, only one word: Death. '*Tout est optique*,' says Mercier, 'The world is all an optical shadow.'¹ Deep in the Thursday night, when the Voting is done, and Secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchâtel, more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapt in blankets, in 'nightgown and nightcap,' to vote for Mercy: one vote it is thought may turn the scale.

Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergniaud, with a voice full of sorrow, has to say: "I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is that of Death."² Death by a small majority of Fifty-three. Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a certain Twenty-six, who said Death but coupled some faintest ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but *One*.³

¹ Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, vi. 156-9; Montgaillard, iii. 348-87; Moore, ii. 548.

² [8 P.M. 17th.]

³ [Several absent members, among whom were Collot, Merlin, Lasource, Grégoire, Hérault, wrote begging that their votes in favour of death might be recorded,

Death is the sentence : but its execution ? It is not executed yet ! Scarcely is the vote declared when Louis's Three Advocates enter ; with Protest in his name, with demand for Delay, for Appeal to the People. For this do Desèze and Tronchet plead, with brief eloquence : brave old Malesherbes pleads for it with eloquent want of eloquence, in broken sentences, in embarrassment and sobs ; that brave time-honoured face, with its gray strength, its broad sagacity and honesty, is mastered with emotion, melts into dumb tears.¹—They reject the Appeal to the People ; that having been already settled. But as to the Delay, what they call *Sursis*, it *shall* be considered ; shall be voted for tomorrow : at present we adjourn. Whereupon Patriotism 'hisses' from the Mountain : but a 'tyrannical majority' has so decided, and adjourns.

There is still this *fourth* Vote then, grows indignant Patriotism :—this vote, and who knows what other votes, and adjournments of voting ; and the whole matter still hovering hypothetical ! And at every new vote those Jesuit Girondins, even they who voted for Death, would so fain find a loophole ! Patriotism must watch and rage. Tyrannical adjournments there have been ; one, and now another at midnight on plea of fatigue,—all Friday² wasted in hesitation and higgling ; in *re-counting* of the votes,

though Grégoire in his *Mémoires*, i. 411, hypocritically tried to excuse himself for this. (*See* Aulard, *Recueil des Actes du Comité de Salut Public* (Paris, 1889—91), i. 346, 409, 464.) Carnot, on the other hand (who had been to the Pyrenees), seems to have tried to delay his return, in order if possible not to be present at the trial. He was unable however to delay it long enough, returned Jan. 12th, and voted death : he says (*Corresp.* i. 349), 'no duty ever came harder to him than to give that vote.'

Carlyle's figures are right. The absolute majority of the Convention on that day was 361. Some of the votes are interesting : Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Ducos, Boyer-Fonfrède, Petion, Buzot, Barbaroux, Isnard, Boileau, Carra, Rebecqui, Lesage, among the Girondin leaders voted death. Brissot and Louvet voted death, but respite till the new Constitution was ratified ; Valazé death, but respite till the fate of the Royal Family was settled. Condorcet the gravest penalty short of death (*viz.* the galleys). So much for the legend that the Gironde tried to save the King.

The only man who tried openly to save him was Lanjuinais, and he, because he afterwards with equal bravery tried to save the Gironde, has had the misfortune to be classed as a Girondin. He alone openly said that the Convention had no power to judge the King, alone spoke against the open voting, alone invoked the old French law of three-fourths majority.]

¹ *Moniteur* (in *Hist. Parl.* xxiii. 210). See Boissy d'Anglas, *Vie de Malesherbes*, ii. 139.

²[18th.]

which are found correct as they stood! Patriotism bays fiercer than ever; Patriotism, by long watching, has become red-eyed, almost rabid.

"Delay: yes or no?" men do vote it finally, all Saturday, all day and night.¹ Men's nerves are worn out, men's hearts are desperate; now it shall end. Vergniaud, spite of the baying, ventures to say Yes, Delay; though he had voted Death. Philippe Égalité says, in his soul and conscience, No. The next Member mounting: "Since Philippe says No, I for my part say Yes, *moi je dis Oui.*" The balance still trembles. Till finally, at three o'clock on Sunday morning, we have: *No Delay*, by a majority of Seventy; *Death within four-and-twenty hours!*

Garat, Minister of Justice, has to go to the Temple with this stern message: he ejaculates repeatedly, "*Quelle commission affreuse, What a frightful function!*"² Louis begs for a Confessor; for yet three days of life, to prepare himself to die. The Confessor is granted; the three days and all respite are refused.³

There is no deliverance, then? Thick stone walls answer, None. Has King Louis no friends? Men of action, of courage grown desperate, in this his extreme need? King Louis's friends are feeble and far. Not even a voice in the coffeehouses rises for him. At Méot the Restaurateur's no Captain Dampmartin now dines; or sees death-doing whiskerandoes on furlough exhibit daggers of improved structure. Méot's gallant Royalists on furlough are far across the marches; they are wandering distracted over the world: or their bones lie whitening Argonne Wood. Only some weak Priests 'leave Pamphlets on all the bournestones,' this night, calling for a rescue: calling for the pious women to rise; or are taken distributing Pamphlets, and sent to prison.⁴

Nay there is one death-doer, of the ancient Méot sort, who,

¹[19th.]

²Biographie des Ministres, p. 157.

³[In refusing the respite the Convention promised to take care of the King's family: "the Nation *always great and always just* will attend to the fortune of the Family in question."]

⁴See Prudhomme's Newspaper, Révolutions de Paris (in Hist. Parl. xxiii. 318).

with effort, has done even less and worse: slain a Deputy, and set all the Patriotism of Paris on edge! It was five on Saturday evening when Lepelletier St. Fargeau, having given his vote, *No Delay*, ran over to Février's in the Palais-Royal to snatch a morsel of dinner. He had dined, and was paying. A thickset man 'with black hair and blue beard,' in a loose kind of frock, stepped up to him; it was, as Février and the bystanders bethought them, one Pâris of the old King's-Guard. "Are you Lepelletier?" asks he.—"Yes."—"You voted in the King's Business—?"—"I voted Death."—"Scélérat, take that!" cries Pâris, flashing out a sabre from under his frock, and plunging it deep in Lepelletier's side. Février clutches him: but he breaks off; is gone.

The voter Lepelletier lies dead; he has expired in great pain, at one in the morning;—two hours before that Vote of *No Delay* was fully summed up. Guardsman Pâris is flying over France; cannot be taken; will be found some months after, self-shot in a remote inn.¹—Robespierre sees reason to think that Prince d'Artois himself is privately in Town; that the Convention will be butchered in the lump. Patriotism sounds mere wail and vengeance: Santerre doubles and trebles all his patrols. Pity is lost in rage and fear; the Convention has refused the three days of life and all respite.

CHAPTER VIII

PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together, these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine; dead, blind; not

¹Hist. Parl. xxiii. 275, 318. Félix Lepelletier, Vie de Michel Lepelletier son Frère, p. 61, &c.: Félix, with due love of the miraculous, will have it that the Suicide in the inn was not Pâris, but some *double-ganger* of his. [Lepelletier's death was at 6 P.M. on 20th, not on 10th, as Carlyle indicates (Dauban, Paris en 1793, p. 27). Pâris was found dead at Forges-les-Eaux on 30th. (Aulard, Recueil, ii. 27.)]

what it should be ; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures ;—like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull ! It is ever so ; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man : injustice breeds injustice ; curses and falsehoods do verily return ‘always home,’ wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations : he too experiences that man’s tribunal is not in this Earth ; that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination ; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom it is not the King dying, but the man ! Kingship is a coat : the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more* ? Lally went on his hurdle ; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded ; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all : thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied !

A Confessor has come ; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mission.¹ Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King ; it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains : the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us ; to be left *here* ! Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet

¹[Another non-juring priest, René Legris-Duval, offered his services, but was promptly arrested by the *Commune*. Edgeworth was Mme Elisabeth’s Confessor, and was well known to the King. He remained in Paris till the death of Mme Elisabeth, emigrated and died at Mittau 1807. His ‘*Dernières Heures de Louis XVI*’ are printed by MM. Berville and Barrière in their 9th volume, p. 101 *sqq.*]

Cléry, through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches; and see the cruellest of scenes:

'At half-past eight, the door of the ante-room opened: the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand; then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth: they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes; interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty towards the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them: "No," said the King, "let us go into the dining-room, it is that there only I can see you." They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince remained standing between his Father's legs. They all leaned towards him, and often held him embraced. This scene of wo lasted an hour and three quarters; during which we could hear nothing; we could see only that always when the King spoke, the sobbings of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that then the King began again to speak.'¹—And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more!—NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. "Promise that you will see us on the morrow."

¹Cléry's Narrative, London 1798, cited in Weber, iii. 312. [The details of the King's last days are given not only by his own valet Cléry, but by his former valet Hue, who got them direct from Malesherbes, when they were fellow-prisoners at the *Abbaye*. Malesherbes was permitted to visit the King frequently, but always searched on going in and out (Mortimer-Ternaux, v. 348). Cléry had been in attendance on the King since Aug. 26th, when Hue had been imprisoned. Cléry had been formerly valet to the Dauphin. His *Journal de ce qui s'est passé à la tour du Temple pendant la captivité de Louis XVI* was edited by the Countess of Schomberg. He was imprisoned on the King's death till Thermidor, and died at Vienna 1809. His son was in the service of the King's daughter Mme Royale when she became Duchess of Angoulême.]

He promises:—Ah yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me!—It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the ante-room, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and, with woman's vehemence, said through her tears, "*Vous êtes tous des scélérats.*"

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair; while this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Sacrament; and continued in devotion, and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter: the King gives them his Will, and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse¹ to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes,² who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. 'Stamping on the ground with his right-foot, Louis answers: "*Partons, Let us go.*"—How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife; soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover: all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angoulême, will live,—not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from

¹[The 'Municipal' who refused was Jacques Roux, one of the two 'Constitutional priests' charged to accompany Louis to the scaffold (Claude Bernard was the other). Roux was an idolater of Marat and proposed to continue *L'Ami du Peuple* (for his own profit) after his hero's death. He was arrested in Aug. '93 and committed suicide. Bernard perished with Robespierre's 'tail' at Thermidor. (*Rev. de la Rév.* ix. 118.)]

²[They were not returned to Malesherbes, and no one knows what became of them; at Malesherbes' trial they were made an article of accusation against him. (*Mortimer-Ternaux*, v. 491.)]

voices of pitiful women: "Grace! Grace!" Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there: the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbours.¹ All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty-thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men;² cannons bristle, caunoneers with match burning, but no word or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone: one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze: the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis!³ Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men: spectators crowding in the rear; D'Orléans Égalité there in cabriolet.

¹[There is no doubt that the Baron de Batz aimed at exciting an insurrection in the street to save the King; it was hushed up by the Government, and the only persons known to have had a hand in it were the Marquis de Guiche and one Devaux a clerk in the treasury, secretary to Batz. Campardon (in Trib. Rév. i. 364) quotes a letter from the *Comité de Sécurité Générale* to Fouquier, apropos of the trial of Devaux (June 13th '94), alleging that Batz (whose hiding place they seek to discover) was one of the four persons who were heard on the *Boulevard* on Jan. 21st crying *À nous, ceux qui veulent sauver le Roi*. If the conspiracy was an extensive one, it left little trace, and evidently few of the conspirators turned up at the *rendezvous*. Batz afterwards made two attempts to rescue the Queen, one from the Temple, the other from the *Conciergerie*: all his accomplices gradually suffered death, but he could never be caught. He belonged to one of the oldest families in Béarn, and one of his ancestors was the original of the immortal D'Artagnan. He sat in the States-General, emigrated, returned in hopes of saving the King, remained in Paris always evading capture, and was the soul of every plot against the Government down to Vendémiaire, when he was one of the Royalist leaders. Under the Empire he seems to have lived quietly. He died *maréchal de camp*, 1822. (See Le Nôtre, Jean de Batz (Paris, 1896); cf. also Robinet, *Procès des Dantonistes*, 316 sqq.)]

²[Mortimer-Ternaux (v. 449) gives an account of the adroit way in which Santerre had disposed of the armed force, so that no battalion of the National Guard was drawn up in its own quarter of the city. The place of honour (round the scaffold) was reserved for the Marseillais *Fédérés*.]

³[That pedestal was then empty. For the *Fête* of Aug. 10th '93 it was surmounted by the huge statue of Liberty which Mme Roland apostrophised at her death scene (*vid. infr.*, iii. 118): the guillotine stood midway between the pedestal and the gate of the Champs Elysées.]

Swift messengers, *hoquetons*, speed to the Townhall, every three minutes: near by is the Convention sitting,—vengeful for Le-pelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the Carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

The drums are beating: "*Taisez-vous*, Silence!" he cries 'in a terrible voice, *d'une voix terrible*.' He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waist-coat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, 'his face very red,' and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France——" A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: "*Tambours!*" The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Axe clanks down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of January 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days.¹

¹Newspapers, Municipal Records, &c. &c. (in Hist. Parl. xxiii. 298-349); Deux Amis, ix. 369-373; Mercier, Nouveau Paris, iii. 3-8. [Deux Amis (in *loc. cit.*) say nothing of the King struggling on the scaffold, but Morris, writing on 25th, says 'the executioners threw him down and were in such haste as to let the axe fall

Executioner Samson shows the Head: fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orléans drives off in his cabriolet: the Townhall Councillors rub their hands, saying, "It is done, It is done." There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it,¹ sells locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings.²—And so, in some half-hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries: the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffeehouses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

A grave thing it indisputably is; and will have consequences. On the morrow morning, Roland, so long steeped to the lips in disgust and chagrin, sends in his demission.³ His accounts lie all ready, correct in black-on-white to the uttermost farthing: these he wants but to have audited, that he might retire to remote obscurity, to the country and his books. They will never be audited, those accounts; he will never get retired thither.⁴

before his neck was properly placed, so that he was mangled' (ii. 31). Morris adds that the great mass of the people mourned the King's fate, 'I have seen grief such as for the untimely death of a beloved parent.' The account given by Carlyle tallies very closely with the *Récit Authentique* of Rouy, quoted from *Le Magicien Républicain* by Dauban (Paris en 1793, p. 31 *sqq.*). Rouy is almost the only person who mentions the frantic joy and dances round the scaffold, which are illustrated in an engraving from the Hennin collection in the Bibl. Nat. reproduced in Dauban (Paris en 1793), p. 35. Sanson's letter to the *Thermomètre du jour*, Feb. 20th (quoted in Mortimer-Ternaux, v. 505), bears witness to the King's perfect calmness, and refutes Mercier's story.]

¹ His Letter in the Newspapers (Hist. Parl. *ubi supra*).

² Forster's Briefwechsel, i. 473.

³ [Jan. 23rd.]

⁴ [Roland had prepared his report on the state of Paris, and it was discussed Oct. 29th (*vid. supr.*, ii. 371); in it was included an account of the sums demanded by the *Commune* from the Treasury (presumably for wages of Septemberers, etc.).

It was on Tuesday that Roland demitted. On Thursday comes Lepelletier St. Fargeau's Funeral,¹ and passage to the Pantheon of Great Men. Notable as the wild pageant of a winter day. The Body is borne aloft, half-bare; the winding-sheet disclosing the death-wound: sabre and bloody clothes parade themselves; a 'lugubrious music' wailing harsh *neniae*. Oak-crowns shower down from windows; President Vergniaud walks there, with Convention, with Jacobin Society, and all Patriots of every colour, all mourning brotherlike.

Notable also for another thing, this Burial of Lepelletier: it was the last act these men ever did with concert! All Parties and figures of Opinion, that agitate this distracted France and its Convention, now stand, as it were, face to face, and dagger to dagger; the King's life, round which they all struck and battled, being hurled down. Dumouriez, conquering Holland, growls ominous discontent, at the head of Armies. Men say Dumouriez will have a King; that young D'Orléans Égalité shall be his King. Deputy Fauchet, in the *Journal des Amis*, curses his day, more bitterly than Job did; invokes the poniards of Regicides, of 'Arras Vipers' or Robespierres, of Pluto Dantons, of horrid Butchers Legendre and Simulacra d'Herbois, to send him swiftly to another world than *theirs*.² This is *Te-Deum* Fauchet, of the Bastille Victory, of the *Cercle Social*. Sharp was the death-hail rattling round one's Flag-of-truce, on that Bastille day: but it was soft to such wreckage of high Hope as this; one's New Golden Era going down in leaden dross, and sulphurous black of the Everlasting Darkness!

At home this Killing of a King has divided all friends; and abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of social order in this world! All Kings, and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition; as in a war for life.

This report was printed by order of the Convention, but Roland could never get the accompanying accounts of his own office discussed or audited. He therefore resigned. (See Mme Roland, 321 *sqq.*)

¹[Jan. 24th.]

²Hist Parl. *ubi supra*.

England signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador or rather Ambassador's-Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight days. Ambassador's-Cloak and Ambassador, Chauvelin and Talleyrand, depart accordingly.¹ Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

England has cast out the Embassy: England declares war,—being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condition of the River Scheldt.² Spain declares war; being shocked principally at some other thing; which doubtless the Manifesto indicates.³ Nay we find it was not England that declared war first, or Spain first; but that France herself declared war first on both of

¹ Annual Register of 1793, pp. 114-28. [The attitude of England is of the greatest importance. Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution' had appeared in Oct. '90. Great as their influence was in England, one may safely say it was greater on the Continent. The Court of the Tuileries agreed with the Constituent Assembly in one thing only, *viz.*, in attributing some share of the French troubles to the machinations of England. Nothing could be more false. Pitt was too busy with schemes of economic reform to interfere in France. The silly intrigues of Frederick William of Prussia in the East of Europe had greatly strained the Anglo-Prussian alliance, and a *rapprochement* with England had been Leopold's first success for Austria; Pitt looked at the restoration of order in Belgium (1791) with great satisfaction. On May 6th '91 occurred the famous rupture between Burke and Fox. After Varennes Pitt steadily refused anything more than polite expressions of interest in the fate of the King; it was noticed that the English funds had never stood so high. That England coveted San Domingo and other French West Indies is indubitable; but the best way to get them was to sit still. When the French war with Austria broke out in April '92, England contented herself with saying "but hands off Holland" (*vid. sup.* 146). After Aug. 10th Lord Gower was recalled, and Pitt put in a strongly worded remonstrance against any attempt on the King's life. The September massacres excited English feeling enormously. Dumouriez's advance after Jemappes, his threats on Holland together with the decrees of Nov. 19th and Dec. 15th, made war probable; Chauvelin and Noël, the French agents, were rude and incapable, and Maret, though much wiser, found English feeling growing more and more hostile. A spy of the Convention called Gorani was in communication with many Revolutionary Societies in England, and addresses from these, fostered by him, were read in the Convention Nov. 7th, 22nd, 29th, and thereupon naturally became known to the English Government. On Nov. 16th Auckland, Minister at the Hague, announced that Holland might rely on being defended by England. Parliament met on Dec. 13th with a warlike King's Speech, and the Opposition amendment to the address only got 50 votes. On Dec. 31st Chauvelin was refused audience, and the Alien Bill rapidly run through both houses. Chauvelin was dismissed on Jan. 24th, and universal mourning was worn for Louis in London. On Feb. 1st Chauvelin departed, and on Feb. 7th France declared war on England and Holland.]

² [It is utterly untrue to say that England was "principally shocked at the condition of the River Scheldt." It is most unlikely that such a freetrader as Pitt would have gone to war to defend the settlements of 1648 and 1713, which closed the Scheldt. England went to war for two reasons: (i.) the threatened danger to Holland, (ii.) the feeling (of all classes of the English people) of horror at the execution of Louis.]

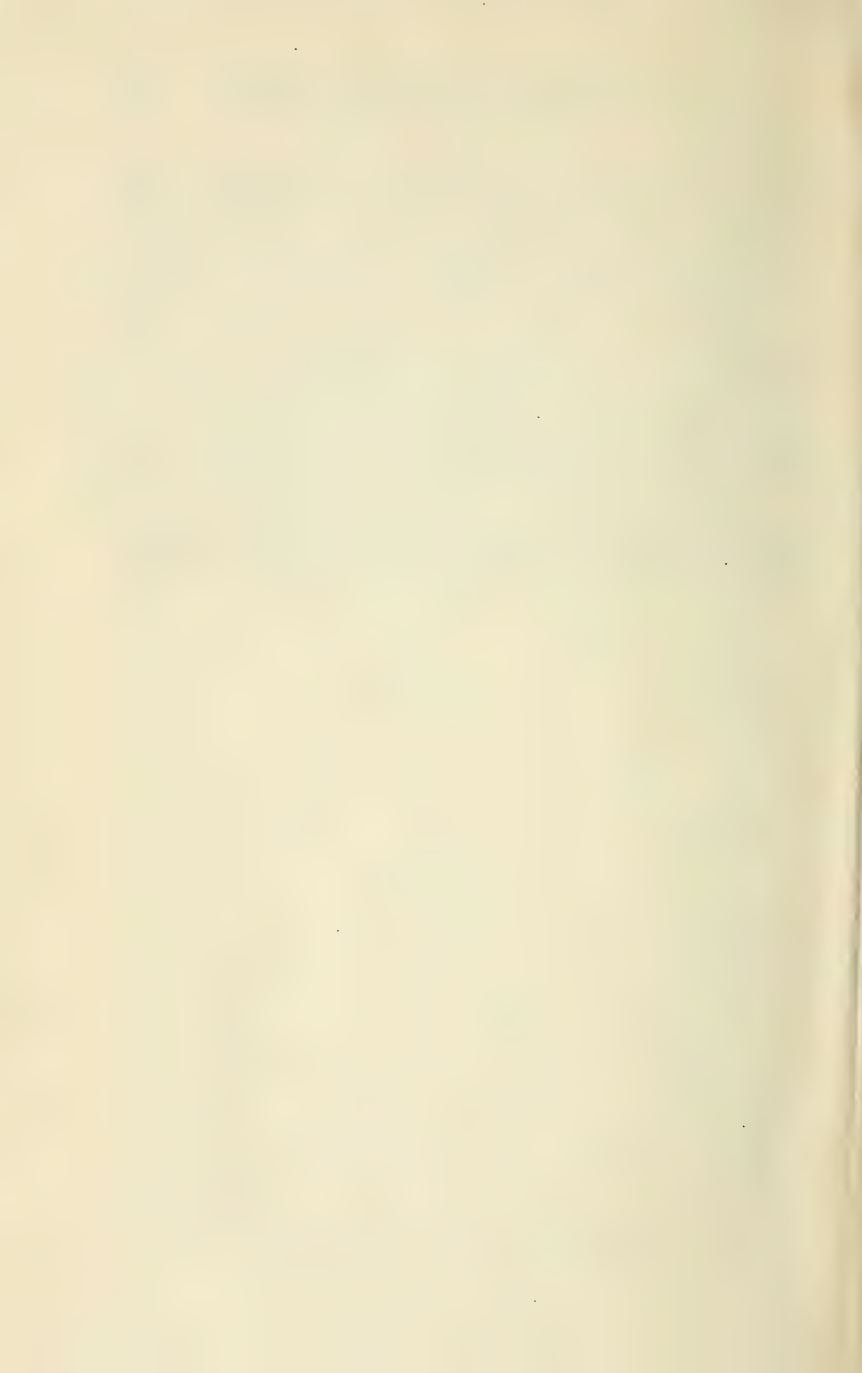
³ 23rd March (*ibid.* p. 161).

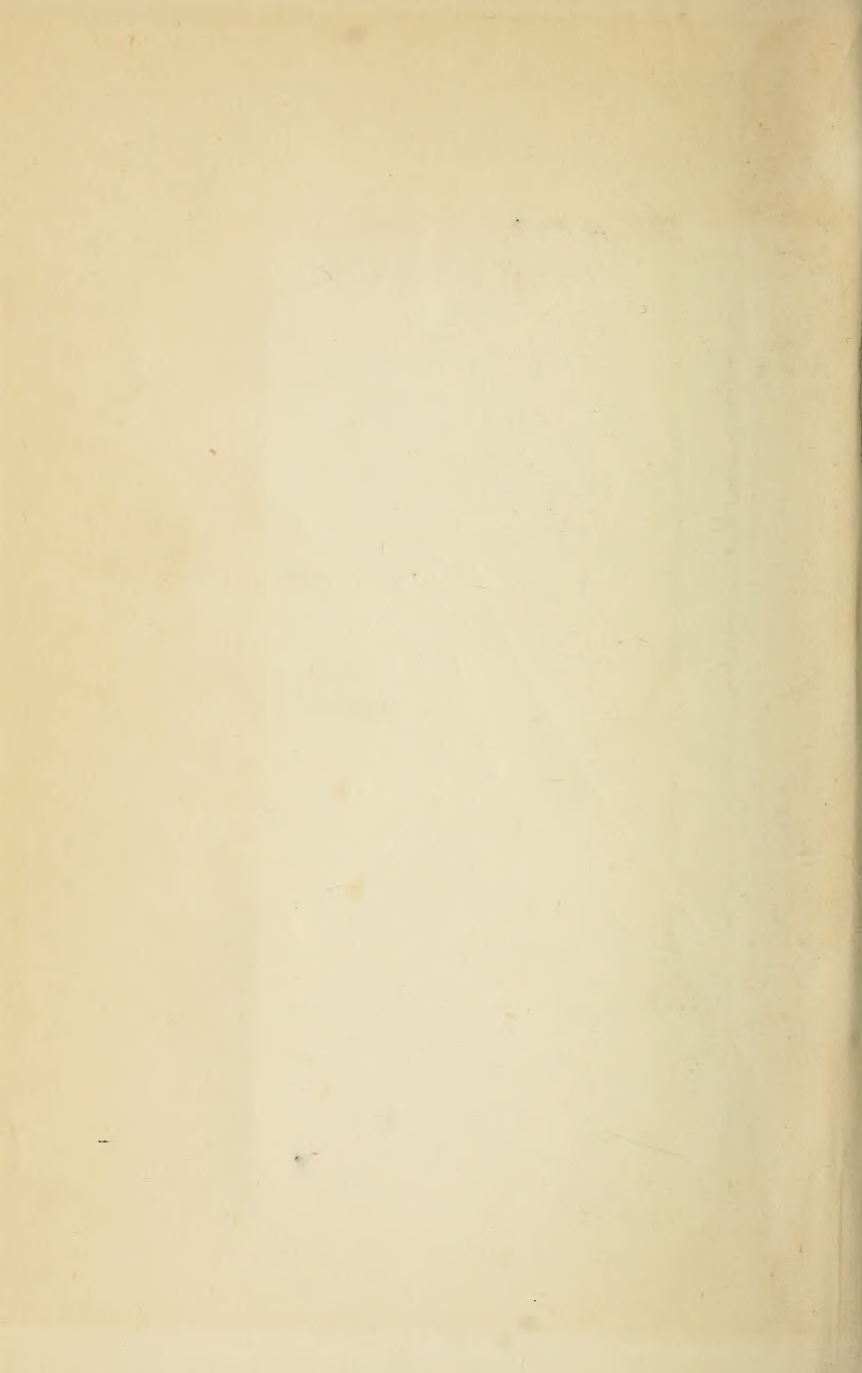
them;¹—a point of immense Parliamentary and Journalistic interest in those days, but which has become of no interest whatever in these. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too gigantic figures: “The coalised Kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the Head of a King.”²

¹ February 1st, March 7th (Moniteur of these dates). [Spain was powerless at all events, and the Government of Charles IV. knew it; it had remonstrated after Varennes, welcomed the Declaration of Pillnitz, and sent a few *pesetas* to the *Émigrés*; but it dreaded above all being forced by its old alliance with France into a war with England. The wicked Godoy became minister in Oct. '92, yet it is greatly to the honour of the Spanish Court that the last and much the strongest protests in favour of Louis came from Madrid. Bourgoing quitted Madrid Feb. 23rd; his letters should be read in Carnot's Corresp. (especially vol. i. 210, 232, 246) together with Carnot's report of Jan. 12th '93 (*ibid.* p. 323).]

² [Jan. 31st. Sweden under her new Regent, anxious to reverse the policy of Gustavus III., Switzerland admirably managed by Barthélemy, and the United States, alone remained on friendly terms with the French Republic.]

END OF VOL. II.





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